THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)
PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office)

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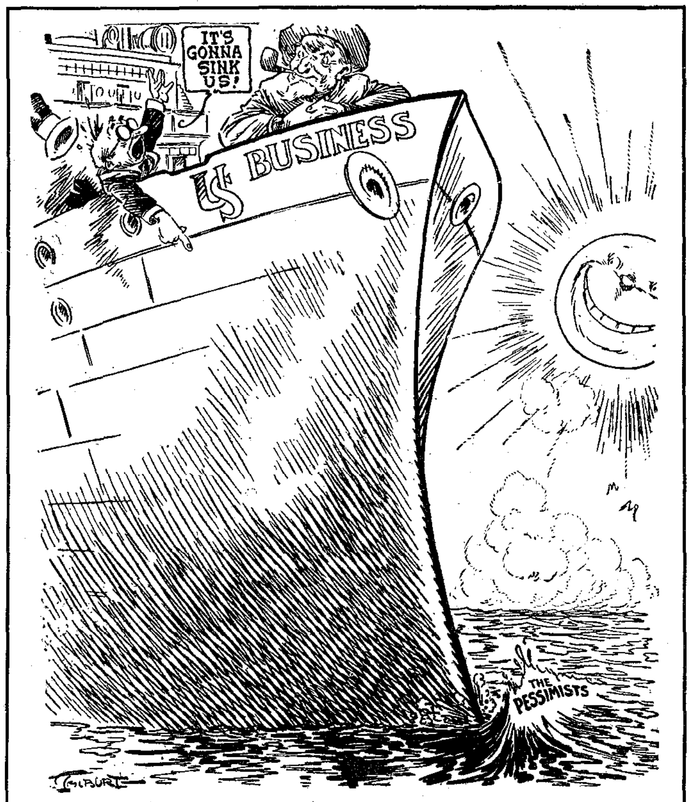
TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

FEELING PROSPERITY'S PULSE

THE HUSKY BUSINESS GIANT of American industry, who was declared fit to whip the world in 1926, is now surrounded by the doctors of finance who are feeling his pulse, thumping his chest, and listening carefully to the workings of his heart. Every few days one of the attending experts issues a statement that he is perfectly sound—then there is more listening and thumping and consultation. Whether the ailments of industry are imaginary, or, if real, only so by contrast with the exuberant record-breaking prosperity of last year, is a question that has during recent weeks been engaging the attention of all the business physicians, professional and amateur. The stock market has been slowing up, and some sharp reactions have shaken a good deal of the "bullish" confidence in Wall Street. And some of the business reports for the first nine months of the year are a little disappointing. So President Coolidge one day last month took it upon himself to issue a favorable bulletin, stating that prosperity was actually on the increase. And ever since, it would seem, somebody has been feeling the pulse of our national prosperity and gravely reporting thereon. In such a multiplicity of counsel, unanimity is hard to find, but a careful weighing of all the diverse diagnoses might give some such result as this: Industry in general is not considered quite as active as in 1926; even where the volume of business is as great as ever, profits are reported smaller; the stock market has rather overreached itself as a forecaster of a boom; money is still plentiful; the farm situation is said to be decidedly better; there is no lack of employment at high wages; retail trade is brisk, and there is every expectation of a record-breaking Christmas shopping season. The outgivings from the bankers' convention at Houston were notably optimistic, but steel men, while expecting better days, are worrying over excessive competition, and they agree with representatives of manufacturers in general that average profits are altogether too small. Some of the more careful analysts harp upon the phrase "profitless prosperity," arguing that in these days of mass production and falling prices the margin of profit must be very small indeed, with sad consequences for the inefficient and the weak.



IT'LL TAKE A BIGGER WAVE THAN THAT TO UPSET US
—Talburt in the Washington *News*.

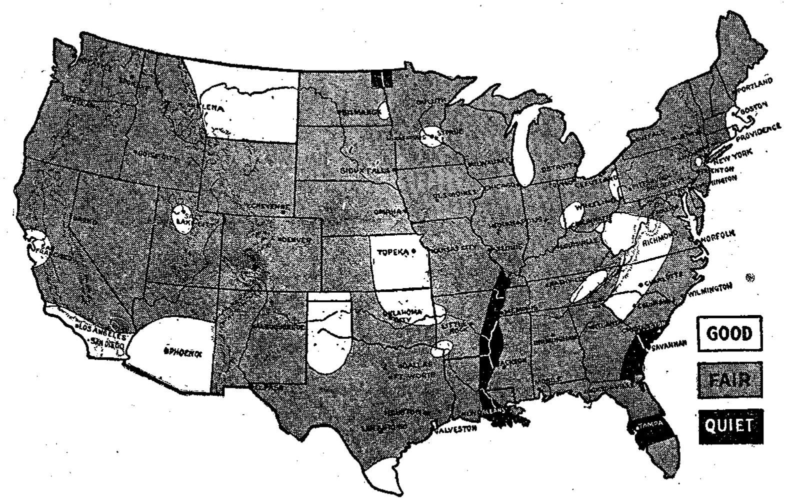
Few venture to make definite predictions for the future. But most of those ventured are cheerful. *The Brookmire Forecaster* sees no particular optimistic indications "for the balance of 1927, altho for a period of six months to a year the situation continues to look good for business volume." The Silberling Business Service, of California, thinks that plans may safely be made "looking toward resumption of more active trade conditions in the spring of 1928." Present indications, according to the Alexander Hamilton Institute, of New York, "are that industrial activity will strengthen during the next six months, and that the summer and fall of 1928 will run ahead of 1927." A more specific prophecy is made by Franklyn Hobbs, research expert of the Central Trust Company of Illinois, who, the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* tells us, finds business trends indicating "that 1928 trade will rank slightly below 1927, that 1929 will be slightly below 1928, that there will be a rise in the latter part of 1929, and that a new high point will be reached in the years 1930 and 1931."

But—to return to the present—the most impressive of all the favorable diagnoses come from the bankers who held their annual meeting this year at Houston, Texas. Mindful of the bankers' reputation for conservatism of speech, *The American Banker* declares that if they "speak cheerfully of business, the rest of us may feel content that conditions are at least as good as outlined." There was general agreement at Houston, notes the Baltimore *Sun*, that "nothing on the business horizon spreads a shadow which threatens continuance of generally satisfactory business." Resolutions adopted at the convention and summing up opinions of delegates read in part:

> "It is true all lines have not enjoyed the same high level of prosperity in 1927 so characteristic of 1926. At the same time, there is nothing in recent developments to indicate that we are likely to have anything in the nature of a depression. There has been a marked absence of speculative tendencies in commerce and

industry. Both labor and capital have been happily and profitably employed. Agricultural conditions are improving, tho there is still much room for betterment."

The advertisers are perhaps even more optimistic. The President of the Association of National Advertisers, which boasts an annual business for its members of more than five billions, reports that "we expect business to run on an even keel, and most of our members expect to do a better job in 1928 than they did in 1927." This is based on the fact that most of the members expect to increase or to continue their advertising appropriations for next year.



From *The Nation's Business*

AN AUTUMN MAP OF OUR BUSINESS LANDSCAPE

Conditions as of October 1, published in the November *Nation's Business*. Last year, writes Frank Greene, there was depression in the cotton States and in the Northwest, but this year conditions are infinitely better in those areas. "In the Central West and the industrial areas, generally, however, there is not the optimism that distinguished the third quarter of 1926."

If employment conditions are an index of the general economic situation, then, writes Herbert S. Hollander, for the Ullman Feature Service, "despite irregularities in the business structure here and there, the United States has nothing of which to be fearful, in so far as fundamentals are concerned; unofficial reports from all sections of the country, as well as official reports compiled by the United States Department of Labor, point unmistakably to the fact that labor generally is rather well employed throughout the country, with no difficulties of major proportions visible." Similarly we find J. C. Royle, correspondent for the Consolidated Press, writing from New York on employment conditions throughout the country:

"The most significant fact facing the business world to-day is that employment is increasing instead of declining. General employment means free circulation of money, and money must circulate freely or the retailers, wholesalers, manufacturers, and producers of raw materials must suffer and, in consequence, must reduce employment, producing a vicious circle. The present situation presages the most active fall and holiday trade this country has experienced in years. The white-collar workers, usually the first to feel the pinch of bad times, are fully employed.

"The greater part of construction work now is represented by public-utility facilities, including highways, municipal buildings, and engineering projects. This means that the industry is furnishing employment to large numbers of unskilled laborers."

The same writer is enthusiastic over the fact that the volume of wholesale buying for the Christmas holidays indicates "the largest year since the boom year of 1920 in the retail stores":

"This has done much to inject a more fervid activity into the apparel trade and into the operations of some of the textile manufacturers. The toy people have done a big business, particularly the doll manufacturers, who seem to have outdistanced the foreign manufacturers."

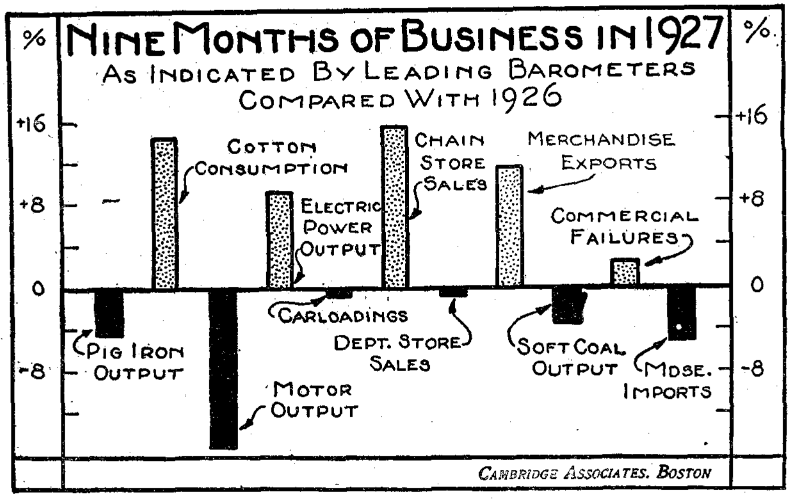
So close an observer of business as the National Association of Credit Men anticipates no marked change for four or five months. It finds agricultural conditions fair or slightly better than fair, money easy, and credit under good control, while two encouraging factors are the bankers' optimism "and the fact that the new Ford models are now being turned out and that the company will soon begin deliveries against a total of about 375,000 accumulated orders."

Summing up business conditions as seen by traveling salesmen, *The Magazine of Wall Street* finds them encouraging:

"The upward trend of prices of farm commodities lends a brighter outlook to agricultural conditions. On the other hand, lower costs of manufactured commodities do not seem to cause any apprehension. Singularly enough, buying for seasonal fall and winter goods is of liberal nature."

A number of the great banks share the optimism exprest at Houston. *The Guaranty Survey*, published by the Guaranty Trust Company, of New York, admits that the autumn revival is a little less pronounced than usual, but in the face of favorable retail-trade reports, "combined with high levels of employment and wages and very low money rates, there is little ground for anticipating any prolonged or violent decline in general business activity." Similarly, the National City Bank, of New York, says in its November letter that it can see no likelihood of a decline of sufficient magnitude to threaten seriously the good record thus far established for 1927. *The Bache Review* suggests that the only cause for pessimism is "the comparison with 1926—the banner year," and that even here there is ground for optimism in the argument that "the lull in general industrial activity has tended to clear the way for revival later on, since it has prevented any large accumulation of goods. *The Wall Street Journal* calls attention to the fact that aggregate net profits of 622 companies reporting for the first half of 1927 show that business profits available for dividends were at the same high level as in the first half of 1926. Whatever may be the diversity of views about the future, "the agreement on existing prosperity is well-nigh unanimous," declares the Boston *News Bureau*. Certain important favorable and unfavorable trade factors are noted in the Cambridge Associates' chart reprinted on page nine.

When we turn to consider the views of those who are frankly more or less worried, we find Mr. Charles M. Schwab, who has just succeeded the late Judge Gary as President of the American Iron and Steel Institute, mingling his customary optimism with a word or two of caution. In his first forecast as President he observed that steel has "been through a pretty bad time." He declares that there must be more economic distribution in selling and less destructive competition—"think of the fact that eight or nine billions of dollars are invested in the steel industry, and on the average we are not earning as much on our investment as we would be if we had put our money in gilt-edged bonds." On the same occasion President Campbell of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company remarked that "there is nothing wrong with the steel industry except that prices are too low, and none of us will be able to live long with such prices." Incidentally, the United States Steel earnings for the third quarter are lower than for the same period in 1926, and *The Iron Age* points out that on November 1 there were 172 blast furnaces making 87,600 tons of iron a day as against 219 producing 108,760 on November 1, 1926. On the other hand, a Pittsburgh correspondent of the



NINE MONTHS OF BUSINESS IN 1927

AS INDICATED BY LEADING BAROMETERS COMPARED WITH 1926

CAMBRIDGE ASSOCIATES, BOSTON

New York *Evening Post* calls attention to a favorable factor for the steel business, which is that year by year, "our steel is gradually supplanting other materials, while there is not a single known instance of any consequence of steel being supplanted by other things."

The National Association of Manufacturers met at Chattanooga about the same time the bankers convened at Houston. Their annual survey of the nation's trade, covering twenty-two specific industries, showed business slightly less flourishing than last year, a larger percentage of manufacturers being overstocked, a small decrease in employment, practically unchanged volume of production, with a very slight decrease in sales quantities and a much heavier drop in sales values. But tho this would seem to show very little change, President John R. Edgerton of the Association made a sensational address, declaring that our present prosperity will not bear analysis because never in history was the margin of profit to the average manufacturer as small as it is to-day—"less than half of those who are operating at all are earning regular net profits." The statisticians, says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, support the statement of the National Association of Manufacturers' head. For—

> "They have shown a large increase in the number of failures, particularly in banking failures, a steady recession of profits both of industrials and rails as compared with last year, and a general increase in severity of competition, consequent upon the gradual reduction of the price-level.
>
> "Mr. Edgerton has accepted and has given emphatic utterance to what is generally admitted in circles which are not concerned with stock market and other financial booming."

A thread of disappointment runs through much of the comment on the trade outlook, remarks one financial writer. We read in *Dun's Review* that "the basic industries which, as a rule, are accepted as dependable barometers of trade, are not functioning so well as they did a year ago." The Federal Reserve Board's recent reports indicate a smaller volume of industrial and trade activity in the early fall as compared with last year. *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle* finds general business unsatisfactory at the end of October. The changes in business conditions during recent weeks, tho small, have been unfavorable, we read in the financial section of *Forbes*. A writer in the financial columns of the New York *Times* tries to correct the prevailing impression in Wall Street that there has been an unaccountably sudden reversal of form in trade and industry. There were signs of a decline three or four months ago, we are told, and "the autumn's testimony in the way of September railway earnings, steel production, and prices, profits of the great industrial companies, has outlined the situation much more definitely." "With steel production continuing, at the height of autumn, 20 per cent. below the rate of a year ago, and practically unchanged from July and August, with a decrease ranging from 20 to 60 per cent. in September-quarter profits of some producing corporations, and with weekly railway loadings 6 or 7 per cent. below last October, the idea of a momentary halt, precedent to an autumn boom became inadmissible." True, 1926 was an exceptional year, but "steel output and the net earnings lately reported by numerous great industrial and transportation companies have fallen below those of 1925 also."

This brings us to the frequently heard assertion that what we are now enjoying is to a large extent "profitless prosperity." Behind the new records of huge totals in production, sales, transportation, and financing, declares President Alexander of the National Industrial Conference Board, "lies the dramatic story of a keen competitive struggle, increasing in intensity and indicating that business to-day is not as easy to get as it was, for instance, in 1918 and 1919, and that profits to-day go to those who are able to cope with a steadily narrowing profit margin."

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What Presidential possibility boasts of Indian blood? (p. 16).
2. Are missionaries welcome in India? (p. 31).
3. What nationality was the author of the play "The Good Hope"? (p. 27).
4. What is the present designation of the old New York Seventh Regiment? (p. 29).
5. What Mexican personage claims that no General can resist a gun loaded with fifty thousand dollars? (p. 18).
6. What is the doctrine of transubstantiation? (p. 30).
7. What American poet translated the "Divine Comedy"? (p. 28).
8. What Indian paper has dared to print news regarding revolutionary plots against the Government? (p. 19).
9. Who is Lajpat Rai, and what does he stand for politically? (p. 20).
10. What noted English Bishop has been accused of heresy? (p. 30).
11. Who received the woman's prize for "outstanding achievement" in 1926? (p. 26).
12. Who is said to be the only Mexican civilian who could successfully run for President against Obregon? (p. 19).
13. What are the two chief articles of diet in Japan? (p. 23).
14. What two political parties contend in the Roumanian imbroglio? (p. 14).
15. How many varieties of religion are there in America? (p. 32).
16. What legal recourse has the United States against foreign tariff discrimination? (p. 14).
17. How many performances in New York had "Abie's Irish Rose"? (p. 29).
18. Is there a Modernist-Fundamentalist controversy in England? (p. 31).
19. Who are chiefly on Carol's side in the Roumanian struggle? (p. 15).
20. Does all static come from the air? (p. 24).
21. What is the present status of non-cooperation in India? (p. 20).
22. What great new State is coming into being in Africa? (p. 21).
23. Is color prejudice an important factor in South African politics? (p. 21).
24. When was the East Indian Revolutionary movement centered in America? (p. 20).
25. Has segregation proved successful in British Africa as a solution of the race problem? (p. 21).

THE MELLON TAX PROPOSALS

THE BATTLE FOR AND AGAINST heavy tax-reduction, which began November 2, when Secretary of the Treasury Mellon recommended a reduction not greater than $225,000,000, "will be between financial and corporation giants," observes Robert Barry, Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening World*. Unlike the 1921, 1924, and 1926 tax-reduction battles, Mr. Average Citizen, who is found in the lower brackets, will gain only indirectly from whatever slashes may result from the Mellon recommendations. He simply is not in the picture this year; the issue is not whether there shall be relief for the small income-tax payer, but what the amount of the reduction in the higher levels shall be. Basing their argument primarily on the ground that the Treasury has in the past consistently underestimated its revenue, the Democrats, says the Springfield *Union*, "are virtually united in proposing a total reduction of $400,000,000, or even $500,000,000." Mr. Mellon's reply to this is that such a heavy cut would threaten a budget deficit in the fiscal year 1929; that a tax policy must be based, not on past revenues, but on those likely to be available in the future. The Secretary of the Treasury, remarks the New York *Sun*, "arrives at his figures by simple arithmetic—a science all too unfamiliar in legislative halls."

Taxable net income	*Revenue Act 1924* *Normal tax*	*Surtax*	*Total tax*	*Revenue Act 1926* *Normal tax*	*Surtax*	*Total tax*	*Sug. Surtax Rates* *Surtax*	*Total tax*
$10,000..	$141	——	$141	$83.25	——	$83.25	——	$83.25
12,000..	235	$20	255	143.25	$20	163.25	$20	163.25
14,000..	355	40	395	237.25	40	277.25	40	277.25
16,000..	475	80	555	337.25	80	417.25	80	417.25
18,000..	595	140	735	437.25	140	577.25	120	557.25
20,000..	715	220	935	537.25	220	757.25	180	717.25
22,000..	835	320	1,155	637.25	320	957.25	240	877.25
24,000..	955	440	1,395	737.25	440	1,177.25	320	1.057.25
26,000..	1,075	580	1,655	837.25	580	1,417.25	400	1,237.25
28,000..	1,195	740	1,935	937.25	720	1,657.25	500	1,437.25
30,000..	1,315	920	2,235	1,037.25	880	1,917.25	600	1,637.25
32,000..	1,435	1,120	2,555	1,137.25	1,040	2,177.25	720	1,857.25
36,000..	1,675	1,540	3,215	1,337.25	1,400	2,737.25	980	2,317.25
40,000..	1,915	2,040	3,955	1,537.25	1,800	3,337.25	1,280	2,817.25
45,000..	2,215	2,730	4,945	1,787.25	2,360	4,147.25	1,710	3,497.25
50,000..	2,515	3,540	6,055	2,037.25	2,980	5,017.25	2,200	4,237.25
55,000..	2,815	4,470	7,285	2,287.25	3,660	5,947.25	2,760	5,047.25
60,000..	3,115	5,480	8,595	2,537.25	4,400	6,937.25	3,380	5,917.25
65,000..	3,415	6,570	9,985	2,787.25	5,210	7,997.25	4,060	6,847.25
70,000..	3,715	7,780	11,495	3,037.25	6,060	9.097.25	4,800	7,837.25
75,000..	4,015	9,090	13,105	3,287.25	6.960	10,247.25	5,600	8,887.25
80,000..	4,315	10,480	14,795	3,537.25	7,860	11,397.25	6,450	9,987.25
90,000..	4,915	13,540	18,455	4,037.25	9,760	13,797.25	8.250	12,287.25
100,000..	5,515	17,020	22,535	4,537.25	11,660	16,197.25	10,150	14,687.25
150,000..	8,515	30,520	39,035	7,037.25	21,660	28,697.25	20,150	27,187.25
200,000..	11,515	54,020	65,535	9,537.25	31,660	41,197.25	30,150	39,687.25
300,000..	17,515	92,020	109,535	14,537.25	51,660	66,197.25	50,150	64,687.25
500,000..	29,515	170,020	199,535	24,537.25	91,660	116,197.25	90,150	114,687.25
1,000,000..	59,515	370,020	429,535	49,537.25	191,660	241,197.25	190,150	239,687.25

HOW THE NEW RATES WOULD COMPARE WITH THE OLD

Secretary Mellon submits this table to show how his proposed new rates, when applied to certain incomes, would compare with present and former rates. The income in each case is supposed to be that of a married person with two dependents and no capital gains.

Chairman Green, of the House Ways and Means Committee, following the hearings between November 2 and 12, hopes to have the tax-reduction bill ready for introduction with the opening of Congress, and passed by the House before the holidays. What Congress must decide, we are told, is the amount of the cuts which can be made without leaving a deficit. "Curiously enough," notes the Providence *Journal*, "the United States Chamber of Commerce has a tax-curtailment program that more closely resembles the Democratic proposals than it does the Administration's tentative outline." This outline, as submitted by Secretary Mellon and summarized by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, contains these five basic recommendations:

"1. Reduction of the corporation tax from 13½ to 12 per cent., involving a revenue loss of $135,000,000.

"2. Permitting corporations with net income of $25,000 or less, and with not more than ten stockholders, to file returns and pay the tax as partnerships or corporations, at their option. This would mean a reduction of $30,000,000 to $35,000,000.

"3. Readjusting the intermediate brackets of the surtax rates, applying to incomes between $18,000 and $70,000 and involving a revenue loss of $50,000,000.

"4. Repealing the estate tax, involving a loss of $7,000,000.

"5. Exempting from taxation the income from American bankers' acceptances held by foreign central banks of issue."

Altho admitting that there had been underestimates by the Treasury for several years, Mr. Mellon stoutly defended his department by saying that this had not occurred as the result of any deliberate intention or policy, but because it has been impossible to foresee the increase of the special revenues. He further declared that—

"Financial policy, to be sound, must not be based upon the experience of a single year. We must not be unduly impress by the revenue results of a year of unusual prosperity or a year of large receipts from temporary sources.

"Leaving out of consideration the fact that the 1928 surplus largely exceeds the prospective surplus for 1929, a reduction in revenue which would be fully justified if the present year were considered alone, would almost certainly produce a substantial deficit in the fiscal year 1929.

"We have eliminated most of our excise taxes. There remain for revenue purposes the excise tax on tobacco and automobile sales, the admissions tax, and a few stamp taxes. All of these should be retained in the interest of a well-balanced tax system.

"Corporations last received relief from taxation in the Revenue act of 1921, which repealed the excess profits tax, and even then the income-tax rate was increased. Since that time, while other classes of taxpayers have been benefited either by the repeal of war taxes or the sharp reduction of wartime rates, corporations have continued to bear a heavy burden. The time has come to revise the corporation tax rates downward.

"The Federal appropriation for good roads in the fiscal year 1928 runs as high as $71,000,000, and in the fiscal year 1929 will be $75,000,000. These expenditures by the Government are for the direct and immediate benefit of automobile owners. They should make some contribution in return.

"The automobile is a semi-luxury article of such wide-spread use that it furnishes a broad base on which to apply a low tax. The rate being low, there is no appreciable hardship to the taxpayer; the base being broad, the tax is a good revenue producer. Unless we are to rely almost exclusively on direct taxes paid by a few and are prepared to see our Government supported, not by the entire body of our citizens, but by a limited class, this is the kind of tax which should be retained.

"So far as expenditures are concerned, the estimates have been furnished by the Bureau of the Budget. It should be remembered that estimates do not include any expenditures that may be incurred by reason of new legislation. The Treasury believes that tax-reduction should not in any event be in excess of approximately $225,000,000."

The Treasury's tax-reduction proposals will be more fully discust later. That there will be considerable criticism of the Mellon proposals is indicated by the fact that Representative Garner and Senator Simmons, Democrats, are unlimbering their big guns with which to shoot holes in the Administration program. On the whole, however, Democratic dailies such as the New York *Times* and *World*, and the Baltimore *Sun* seem to favor the Mellon program. "The Treasury's plans," points out *The Times*, "are in general to be commended. They are conservative and in accord with the views of sober business men and economists." In this two widely read Republican papers—the Washington *Post* and New York *Herald Tribune*—concur. Says the New York daily: "The Mellon proposals are conservative, and conservatism is better than overboldness just now, in view of the fact that Treasury surpluses are applied automatically to extinction of the public debt."

SQUARING HOOVER WITH THE FARMERS

IF THERE EVER WAS ANY DOUBT that Secretary of Commerce Hoover is a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination next year, it is removed, thinks the Newark *News*, by the publication on October 28 of Dr. Harry Garfield's letter showing that Mr. Hoover had nothing whatever to do with the fixing of wheat prices during the war. The basic price of wheat was fixt at $2.20 per bushel in 1917, says Dr. Garfield, by the fair-price committee of twelve, appointed by President Wilson, of which Dr. Garfield was the chairman. "The wisdom of that act could probably be established," thinks the Minneapolis *Journal*, in the wheat region. But, it adds: "That is not in issue, so far as Mr. Hoover is concerned. He is now clear of the charge." Moreover, says the Washington *Post*, "if this information can be got across to the farmers of the wheat belt, it will do much to weaken the Hoover opposition in that section of the country." According to an article by G. Gould Lincoln in the Washington *Star:*

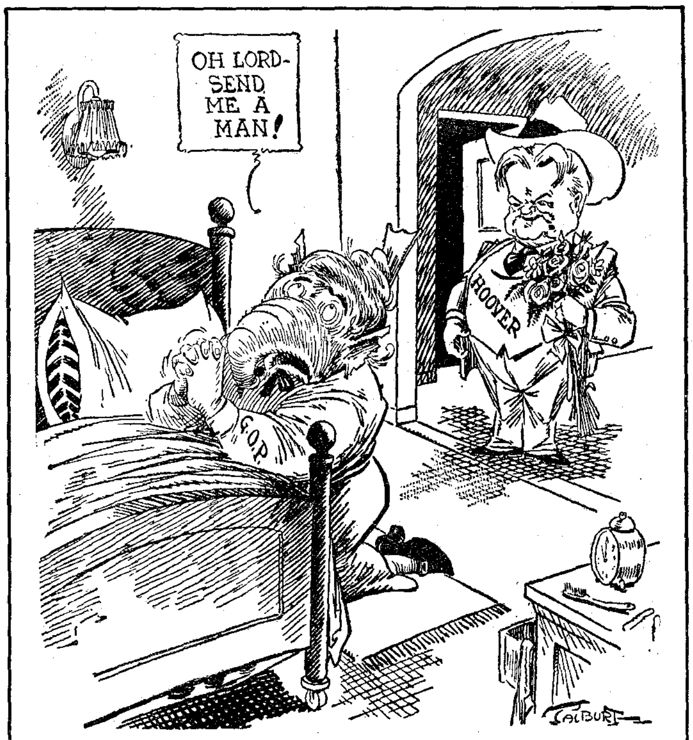
> "The charge that Mr. Hoover, Food Administrator during the war, had been responsible for fixing the maximum price for wheat, much resented by many farmers, has been widely circulated against him in the agricultural States of the West. Indeed, the argument has been the one most used by his political opponents. Some of the so-called farm leaders, who have opposed nomination of Mr. Hoover, have used it in public addresses.
>
> "The Kansas City *Star* undertook to sift the matter. It sent to Dr. Garfield the following letter:
>
> "'My Dear Dr. Garfield: With the Presidential campaign approaching, the statement is being made in political speeches in the wheat belt that Herbert Hoover was responsible for fixing the war price of wheat. The statement often takes the form of a charge that Mr. Hoover arbitrarily and unfairly held down the farmers' profits for the benefit of England. Our understanding in the *Star* office is that a committee of which you were chairman determined the price.
>
> "'We believe you would be doing a public service if you would send us the facts in the case, for publication in *The Star*, so the public may be correctly informed on this moot point.'"

In his reply, Dr. Garfield said, in part:

> "As chairman of the commission appointed by President Wilson to determine this price of wheat for the 1917 crop, I have carefully preserved the data upon which the findings of the commission were based. I am the more willing to reply to your letter in view of the persistent misstatement that Secretary Hoover determined the price. Mr. Hoover had absolutely no part in this matter other than to urge upon President Wilson that some action must be taken to protect the American farmer.
>
> "The occasion for the determination of a fair price arose from the fact that the Allied governments had consolidated their buying agencies into one hand, and, through this buying power over the surplus, controlled the price of American wheat the moment that exports of the new crop should begin. The Allied buying agencies considered that they should not pay more than $1.50 to $1.80 for American wheat. They advanced the argument that abundant wheat existed in the Argentine and in Australia at prices ranging from $1.25 to $1.50 per bushel, and the further fact that they had fixt the price to their own farmers at about $1.80 a bushel; that the only reason for purchasing American wheat was to free Allied ships from the long voyages to the Southern Hemisphere in order that they might carry American troops, and they, therefore, did not consider that they should pay in excess of these prices.
>
> "It was solely to protect the American farmers from this situation that Mr. Hoover presented to President Wilson the necessity for some action. President Wilson appointed the commission, directly under himself, to determine the matter, and the commission unanimously determined $2.20 at Chicago as a fair price."

"Following closely the selection of Walter F. Brown, of Ohio, to be Assistant Secretary of Commerce under Mr. Hoover, this belated explanation of Mr. Hoover's part in the price-fixing incident," says Edwin W. Gableman, Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "is looked upon as further evidence that the friends of Mr. Hoover are ready to launch his Presidential boom." Meanwhile, observes David Lawrence in a Consolidated Press dispatch from the capital, Mr. Hoover is carefully refraining from permitting any movement to be organized in his behalf, and will never change his mind while he is a member of the President's Cabinet.

Mr. Hoover's friends, however, are free to forward his candidacy, editors generally agree, in view of the President's statement that he does not choose to run in 1928. And the New York *World*, for one, believes the friends of the Secretary of Commerce have started off on the right foot by scotching a political story that threatened to have an important bearing on the coming campaign. Certainly, declares the New York *Times*, "such an effort to clear the record does not come by chance." It is only justice to have the price-fixing responsibility shifted from Mr. Hoover's shoulders and put it where it belongs, in the opinion of the New York *Herald Tribune*, which also notes that "Dr. Garfield's letter was published appropriately in Kansas City, Missouri, the home of Senator James A. Reed, who, more than any one else, has spread the idea that Mr. Hoover depress the farmer's wheat prices during the war."



WHATAYA MEAN, SEND?

—Talburt in the New York *Telegram*.

The Garfield letter, to quote the Milwaukee *Journal*, "is an attempt to clear the ground of the one bit of underbrush that interferes with Hoover's availability as a candidate." And it goes on:

> "How else explain the statement, obtained for publication from Dr. Garfield, that Mr. Hoover took no part in the deliberations which determined on $2.20 as a basic price for the 1917 crop? Mr. Hoover himself had gone over this ground. He had said that his only action was to urge upon President Wilson that a price be fixt. And he explained that he did this for the protection of the American wheat grower. The Allied governments, then the heaviest buyers in the American market, had first forced the price of wheat way up by bidding against each other and then, seeing their error, had pooled their buying. Mr. Hoover sensed a plan of the foreign buyers to fix the Chicago price at about $1.50. So he appealed to his Government to name a price in order to defeat the foreign scheme and protect American wheat growers.
>
> "It is not likely that fixt notions are changed much in this way. Nevertheless, it was apparent that something needed to be done to present the case of Mr. Hoover to the farmer. It is jockeying over availability. But every good race, one may suppose, has to be preceded by a certain amount of jockeying."

DYNAMITING THE "DRAFT COOLIDGE" JAM

THE MOVEMENT TO "DRAFT" President Coolidge for renomination, despite his "I do not choose" statement, has gained sufficient headway, we are told, to disturb some party leaders and to please others. The uncertainty as to whether the President would or would not permit himself to be drafted at the last moment, many papers point out, is slowing up the booms of nearly all the would-be candidates for the Republican nomination, if not producing an actual ice-jam in the current of their friends' activities. Hence the desperate efforts of some to remove the obstruction by getting a more unqualified statement from the President, and the equally active efforts of others, apparently, to keep things standing as they are.

Just what did the President mean, the Washington correspondents are asking, when he chided his friend, Senator Fess of Ohio, for continuing to boom him for another term? And to what extent, they inquire, do the Republican leaders share the Ohio Senator's desire to consider Mr. Coolidge still in the race?

The "draft Coolidge" movement received a distinct setback, most of them agree, through the Fess episode. With flushed face, they reported, Mr. Fess told them of the "call-down" or "scolding" or "reprimand" or "chastisement" or "verbal spanking" he had received, and the Senator himself was reported as saying: "I must admit that I came away with the impression that the President will not consent to be drafted." But the next day he threw a new light on the interview, we are told, by stating that Mr. Coolidge was "not out of humor" with him at the time, and a few days later, in a New York address, Senator Fess said:

> "Unless the President comes out with another statement definitely taking himself out of the campaign, the 1928 convention will obey the voice of the Republican people throughout the nation and renominate him. I do not see how he can decline the honor, and I am confident that he would accept and be overwhelmingly elected.
>
> "There is not a scintilla of evidence to prove that Mr. Coolidge would not accept a renomination, because he said he did not choose to run. All such argument is Democratic propaganda, born of the hope that he will not be renominated.
>
> "The President is absolutely sincere in asserting that he does not choose to run. He has had all the honors the great post gives, and doubtless he is tired of public life. But that is personal with him. That is beside the fact that the Republicans of the nation have charged themselves with the responsibility of maintaining the nation at its present high level of prosperity. That is a very serious responsibility, as it is a matter touching every fireside.
>
> "The people do not know what another President would stand for. They know what Mr. Coolidge stands for, and as the time draws nearer for the Republicans to declare their convictions and hopes through the medium of the National Convention, it becomes more and more apparent that the people want President Coolidge to continue in the White House."

"The Fess episode," in the opinion of Frederick William Wile, of the Washington *Evening Star*, "heightens speculation as to whether it will at length spike the guns of the draft-Coolidge party." He says that the number of those who still think Mr. Coolidge can be made at least an unwilling candidate has "mounted perceptibly" since the recent Washington gathering of the Republican National Committeemen, continuing:

> "Something resembling a panic over the prospect of an Al Smith Democratic candidacy in 1928 has seized many of the Republican Old Guard. Their theory is that Hoover, Dawes, or Hughes could probably defeat Smith. But their conviction is that Coolidge is the only Republican who can be absolutely depended upon to do the trick. The Coolidge-Fess incident will be widely interpreted as eliminating the President unqualifiedly from next year's contest—draft, stampede, Smith panic, or anything else, to the contrary notwithstanding."

"President Coolidge may accept the Republican nomination," in the opinion of David Lawrence, the Washington correspondent of the Consolidated Press Association, "but he does not want to be in the position of having in any way encouraged the movement to draft him." After discussing the Fess episode with prominent Republicans in Washington, this correspondent offers the following conclusion:

> "Mr. Coolidge desires absolute silence from the members of his Cabinet and others known to be close to him. He has reiterated that he prefers not to run for President. But if, notwithstanding this silence, there arises a spontaneous demand for Mr. Coolidge, and the convention actually nominates him, nine out of ten of his friends insist that he will accept unhesitatingly. They argue that such a spontaneous movement would clearly show that the Republican party, and not Mr. Coolidge's ambition, would be responsible for the extra term."

A New York *Times* correspondent calls the situation "still as confused as it was months ago," and the Cincinnati *Times-Star's* correspondent thinks that if the President doesn't soon tell exactly what "I do not choose" means, "a lot of political leaders are going to be fit subjects for padded cells." On the other hand, Mark Sullivan, in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, declares that "the view held by the most responsible leaders of the Republican party, and used by them as the guide for their own plans, is that Mr. Coolidge is finally determined that under no circumstances will he be the candidate." Mr. Sullivan continues:

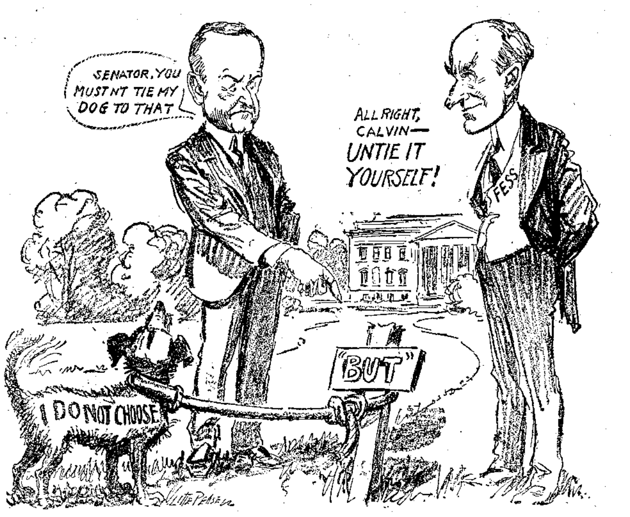
> "The conclusion accepted by Republican leaders is that President Coolidge designed to happen exactly what did happen, namely, a formal, public and effective ban on actions by politicians looking to renominate him. The further conclusion of Republican leaders is that Senator Fess can not now go on with his program of having a Coolidge delegation from Ohio."

A canvass of the members of the Republican National Committee made by the New York *World* (Dem.), at the end of October, leads that paper to conclude that there is a strong sentiment for the renomination of President Coolidge. North, South, East, and West, it says, the prevailing sentiment of Republican politicians appears to be in his favor. The questions asked were: "Do you personally favor the renomination of Mr. Coolidge? Do you think he will be renominated?" As we are told:

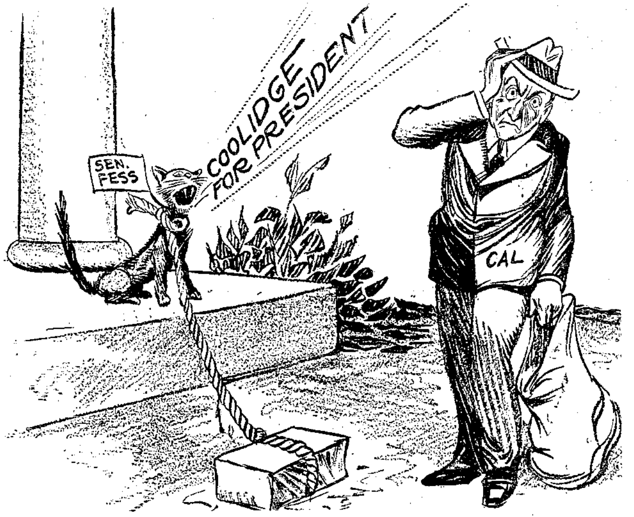
> "Forty replies were received in all, other committeemen and women being either abroad or out of reach of the telegraphic inquiry. Of the twenty-four men who replied, 45 per cent. favored Mr. Coolidge, and did not take his 'I do not choose' as final. Thirty-five per cent. favored him, but believed him definitely out of the race, and 20 per cent. were noncommittal. Of the sixteen women who replied, just half favored renomination, notwithstanding the President's announced attitude, one-third were noncommittal, and less than 15 per cent. believed Mr. Coolidge definitely out."

Louis Seibold, of the same Democratic paper, sees a steady increase in "the efforts to dynamite the Coolidge jam which is so seriously interfering with the plans of several prospective contenders for the Republican Presidential nomination." In this experienced political observer's opinion, few New York or other Eastern leaders have any doubt that the President intends to retire at the end of his present term, but—

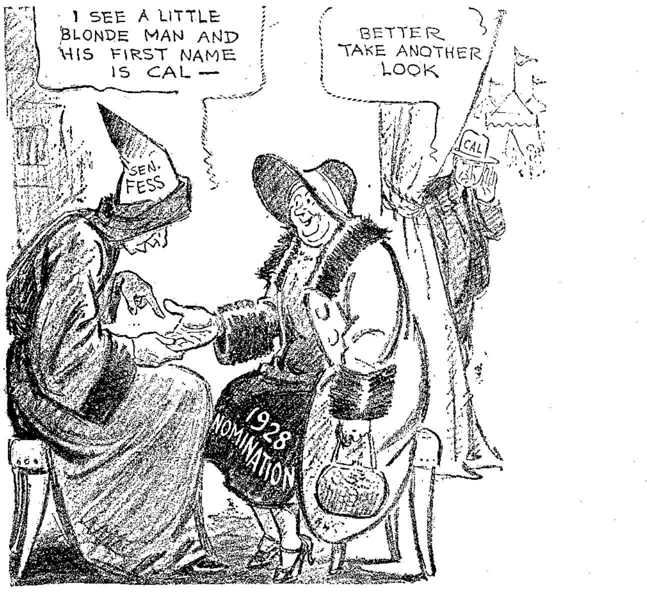
> "If he consults the wishes of his friends in this section of the country, he will refrain from saying so in positive terms for the present. By holding on to him, the men who are vocally demanding the renomination of the President, without any great amount of confidence that he will comply with their wishes, are saved from much embarrassment. Their present attitude virtually makes them immune to the importunities of supporters of other prospective contenders for the nomination which they are confident Mr. Coolidge will not seek.
>
> "The position of New York leaders of the President's party is generally on all fours with that of spokesmen for several other important State organizations. By continuing to urge the renomination of the President they are enabled to avoid entangling alliances with any one of the more or less powerful groups urging the selection of Charles E. Hughes, Secretary Hoover, former Governor Lowden, Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas, Senator Frank B. Willis of Ohio, and Vice-President Dawes."


SENATOR, YOU MUSTN'T TIE MY DOG TO THAT
ALL RIGHT, CALVIN— UNTIE IT YOURSELF!
FESS
"BUT"
I DO NOT CHOOSE

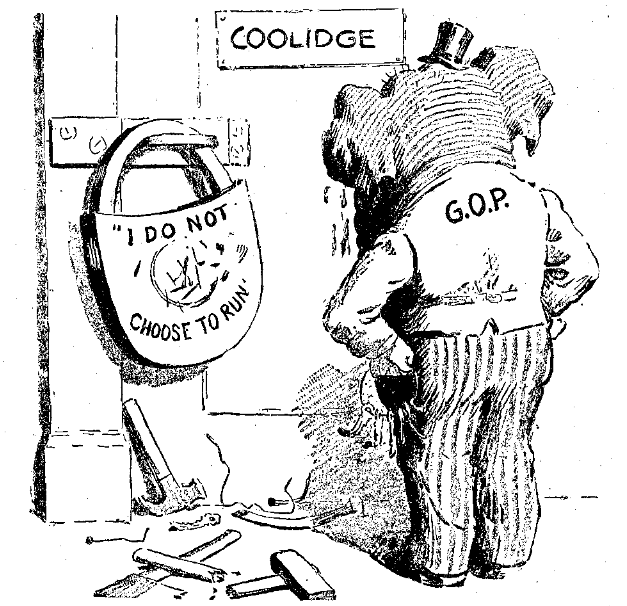
WILL HE?
—Pease in the Newark *News*.


COOLIDGE FOR PRESIDENT
SEN. FESS
CAL

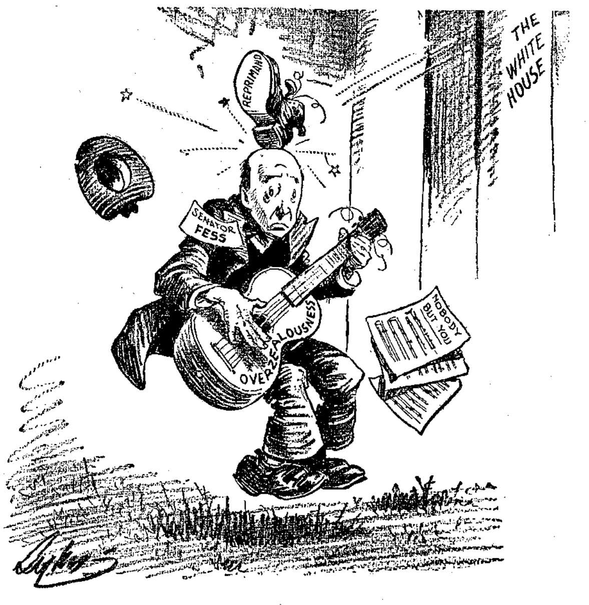
IS IT LOYALTY OR MERELY A HABIT?
—Thomas in the Detroit *News*.


I SEE A LITTLE BLONDE MAN AND HIS FIRST NAME IS CAL—
BETTER TAKE ANOTHER LOOK
SEN. FESS
CAL
1928 NOMINATION

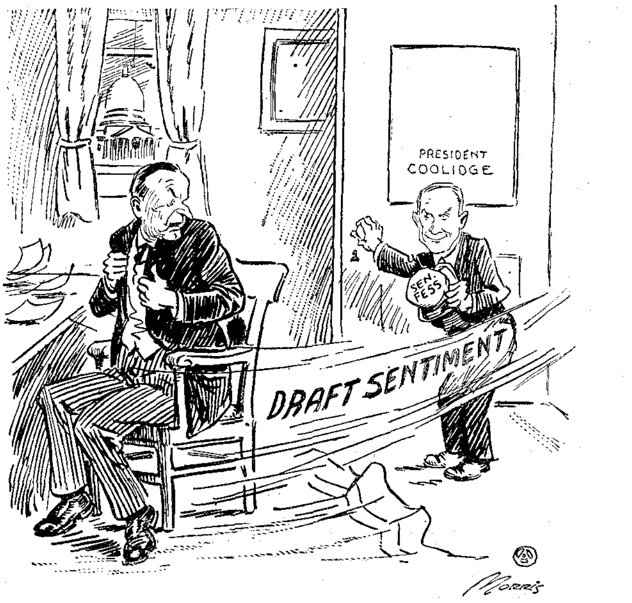
TELLING THE FORTUNE TELLER
—Knott in the Dallas *News*.


COOLIDGE
"I DO NOT CHOOSE TO RUN"
G.O.P.

UNPICKED
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.


THE WHITE HOUSE
REPRIMAND
SENATOR FESS
OVERZEALOUSNESS
NOBODY BUT YOU

JUST A HINT
—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*.


PRESIDENT COOLIDGE
SEN. FESS
DRAFT SENTIMENT

Copyright, 1927, by George Matthew Adams

"SHUT THAT DOOR AND KEEP IT SHUT!"
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

THE GREAT COOLIDGE ENIGMA

END OF THE TARIFF TIFF WITH FRANCE

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH of American manufactured articles, withheld from the market and placed in French warehouses when the French Government imposed high duties on American imports a few weeks ago, may now be taken out, dusted off, and sold on a normal competitive basis in the French market. "These American importers are the happiest people in France," cabled the Paris correspondent of the Boston *Herald* on October 26, following the settlement by the French and American governments of the controversy over the tariff, which has been raging since early in September. American goods, under the compromise arrangement, are granted the minimum rates existing before the September increase, except in cases where they were raised under new schedules. In such cases, says an Associated Press dispatch from the French capital, the United States will be put on the same favorable footing as Germany, and the Paris dispatch to the Boston paper tells us that—

> "To-day's happy turn to the Franco-American tariff dispute ends for the time being the knotty problem between the two nations. There remains, of course, the larger question of negotiations for a permanent commercial treaty, but meanwhile American business will resume the position it held until the coming into effect of the Franco-German commercial treaty resulted in quadrupling the duties on millions of dollars of imports from America."

There are several American editors, however, who warn us against accepting the "happy turn" as an American victory. One of these is the editor of the Democratic Providence *News:*

> "Americans will not have to compete with Germany, handicapped by the very high tariffs recently set up, but they will still have to pay somewhat higher duties than their German competitors.
>
> "The whole truth is that France has receded from her extreme position and that our Government has done likewise."

Another critic of the Franco-American compromise is the Democratic Brooklyn *Eagle*, which reminds us that "nothing in the temporary agreement touches the American demand for most-favored-nation treatment or the French demand for reciprocity. On this fundamental matter of principle the two nations are as far apart as ever."

The New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.), on the other hand, considers the settlement "creditable to the good sense of the negotiators on both sides." The "quiet and graceful act of the French Government in setting aside the tariff discrimination," thinks the Republican Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "is a complete vindication of the desire for a friendly settlement." Of course, hints the Republican Hartford *Courant:*

> "The conversations at Paris were undoubtedly helped by the firm attitude of the Washington Administration, which pointedly reminded the French Government that the tariff law of this country permitted retaliatory duties on imports from countries discriminating against American products.
>
> "The policy of the United States is to treat all countries alike with respect to duties, provided no discrimination is practised against our goods. When France gave Germans imports special consideration, and at the same time increased the duties on imports from the United States, a situation was created inimical to our interests.
>
> "Had it been necessary for us to invoke the retaliatory features of our own tariff law against French goods, both countries would have found themselves in a position mutually unprofitable."

THE ROUMANIAN TANTRUM

"PAPA'S PLOT to take his baby's crown" might be the name of a play written around Roumania's recent flare-up—if the name were not too long. It would be a play of picturesque intrigue, with such characters as a boy King, an exiled Prince, a deserted wife, a Titian-haired mistress, an autocratic Premier, plotting and counter-plotting officials, restless Army officers, a Queen Mother with unlimited ambition, midnight arrests, martial law, and trials for high treason. These, we are told, are a few of the elements that would enter into such an extravaganza. "Stript of all its stage settings," observes the Newark *News*, "the recent plot of Prince Carol of Roumania to seize the throne is a contest between the old feudal aristocracy and the Roumanian democracy for political control." But the Boston *Globe* insists upon treating the recent "crisis" as good material for a play. "It is high comedy," notes *The Globe*, "and, like all true comedy, it touches the skirts of tragedy." Consider, says this paper, the dramatis personæ:

Keystone View photograph

"I AM AWAITING MY HOUR"

Prince Carol of Roumania told a New York *World* correspondent on October 29. "If a call comes for me to return to Roumania, I shall do so."

> "A charming, six-year-old boy, who spends his spare time flying kites, occupies the shaky throne which his father, a wayward Prince, forswore some two years ago. The boy draws a salary of $1,000,000 a year. His father, Prince Carol, quit Roumania and fled abroad partly to escape the interference of an oil magnate (whom he detests for bossing Roumania), but mostly because of a passion for the daughter of an Austrian army officer. This placed his royal rights at the mercy of his enemies at home; and, since they control policy, they proceeded to force his abdication in favor of his little son.
>
> "Enter Death, to whisk King Ferdinand, long ailing, from the stage. The old King's wife, now Dowager Queen Marie, develops a passion to rule the nation herself—which leads her to lend sympathetic support to the machinations of her son's foes, in expectation that she herself will dominate the Regency appointed during the minority of the boy King. To further this plot, the Dowager Queen takes little Mihai from his mother, Princess Helen, the deserted and heart-broken wife of Carol.
>
> "The uncrowned King of Roumania, Ion Bratiano—oil magnate, financial boss, and political czar of the country—rid of Prince Carol, now grows suspicious of the Dowager Queen, and proceeds to outwit her by packing the Regency with people under his own thumb. Whereupon a mysterious thing happens; photographs of a letter, written by the late King on his deathbed and bidding Bratiano restore Carol to the throne, make their way to the exiled Prince.
>
> "The plot thickens. The exile (whose main difficulty is making up his mind) has quarreled at last with the beautiful Austrian. Parted from his mistress, he manages to make up his mind—tentatively. He calls in a secret agent, entrusts him with copies of a proclamation to the Roumanian people, and letters to important sympathizers with his cause. The agent slips aboard a train for the frontier.
>
> "Spies follow him. As soon as he crosses the border he is arrested for high treason and ordered before court martial. For political purposes, Roumanian opposition parties go into a delirium. They threaten an uprising. Whereupon the oil magnate, on October 25, invokes martial law.
>
> "While all this goes on, Russia intrigues against Roumania, to recover the Province of Bessarabia, taken from her by the peace treaties; and neighboring Hungary and Bulgaria look also with greedy eyes upon portions of Roumania similarly taken from them. So, her territorial integrity threatened, her dynasty divided, her Government steeped in intrigue, her population in ferment, her boy King flying his kite—behold Roumania!"

As for Prince Carol, the cause of all the hub-bub, he is quoted as saying to the Paris correspondent of the New York *World:*

"They say I am trying to agitate. Far from it. I am awaiting my hour. If a call comes for me to return to Roumania, I shall do so.

"For three months certain party chiefs have asked me to declare myself a candidate for the throne. If I have permitted myself to come into the limelight again in connection with the throne of my country, it is because there is a movement in Roumania in my favor.

"I promised not to mix in Roumanian affairs or to incite to violence, but I made a reservation in case a public appeal was made to me. In that case I would consider it cowardly to ignore it."

"It is all very Graustarkian and exciting," exclaims the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*. Yet, points out the Philadelphia *Record*, "these elements of medieval romance are actualities, and behind their theatrical appearance lie grim possibilities of civil war." Continues *The Record:*

Keystone View photograph

THEY "WILL BE ANNIHILATED"

"There are elements among us who seek to drag the crown from the head of the constitutional ruler of Roumania," said Premier Ion Bratiano recently, "but those who seek to upset the present status will be annihilated."

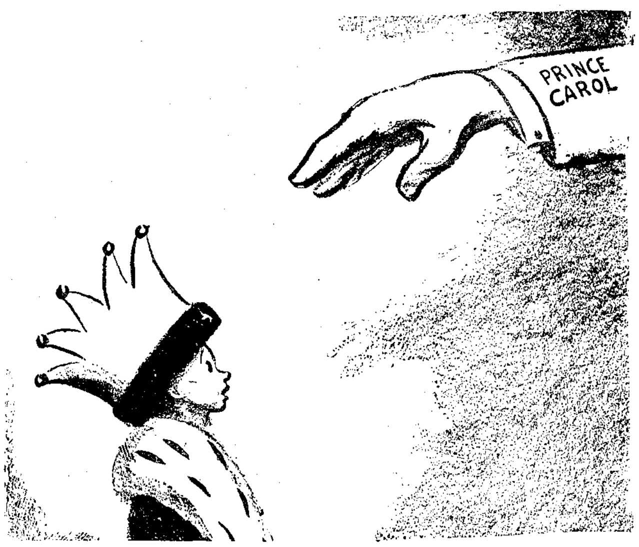
"The main cause of the present crisis is familiar enough. As a climax to a headstrong career of profligacy, Crown Prince Carol two years ago abandoned his consort, a Princess of Greece, and not only defied royal commands to return, but formally renounced his title, his prerogatives and his right of succession. King Ferdinand straightway confirmed that renunciation, following the eager advice of Premier Bratiano, the virtual dictator of the country, and on January 4, 1926, Parliament designated as heir apparent Carol's four-year-old son. Upon Ferdinand's death last July the child King was proclaimed.

"Thereby Bratiano's power was vastly increased, for the three Regents named to exercise the royal powers until the young sovereign reaches the age of eighteen are the Premier's appointees.

"But it is the exiled wastrel in Paris who is the chief disturbing factor. Apparently lacking the audacity to risk a drive for the throne, he has declared that he confidently awaits a summons to resume his surrendered rights, and this attitude has stirred into activity the National Peasants' party, which supports his pretensions chiefly because of hatred for the despotic Bratiano."

Prince Carol, says the St. Louis *Star*, "is the idol of the peasantry of Roumania, as well as of the Army." The new Provinces added to Roumania as a result of the war, Bessarabia and Transylvania, "are known to favor him strongly," adds the Manchester *Union*. But at present, notes this newspaper:

"The Premier and his brother control the Army, and therefore possess the advantage. How long that advantage will continue is problematical. Every day the political opposition at Bucharest is stiffening, and there are even now indications that the position of the Bratianos is weakening. Only recently they have offered concessions to the Peasants' party, which have been refused. At the same time there are evidences that the people generally are tired of oligarchical rule. Carol will no doubt wait until he believes the demand of the people offers a fair degree of promise of success for his adventure, before he returns, but his return is undoubtedly only a matter of time."



PAPA WANTS HIS HAT

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

In the opinion of the Baltimore *Sun*, the weakness of the opposition lies in its diversity:

"There is agrarian discontent, which seems at present most outspoken. There is hostility by racial groups in the great districts annexed to Roumania after the war. There is a liberal opposition to the absence of effective constitutional guaranties. There is fear and unrest among the Jews, and there is also said to be a certain amount of underground Communism."

John Elliott, however, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune*, believes that the Bratiano brothers "have the situation well in hand." Ion Bratiano is Premier, and his brother, Ventila, Finance Minister. Says Mr. Elliott:

"Through the banking institutions of the country, the Bratiano brothers control all the credit facilities. They also have under their thumbs all the nation's oil, mineral, forest, and fishery resources.

"A peerless master of all known political tactics, Ion Bratiano apparently to-day holds Roumania completely in the palm of his hand. For years Bratiano has ruled by dividing the opposition against him. To-day no one can name offhand seven diverse elements hostile to the dictator.

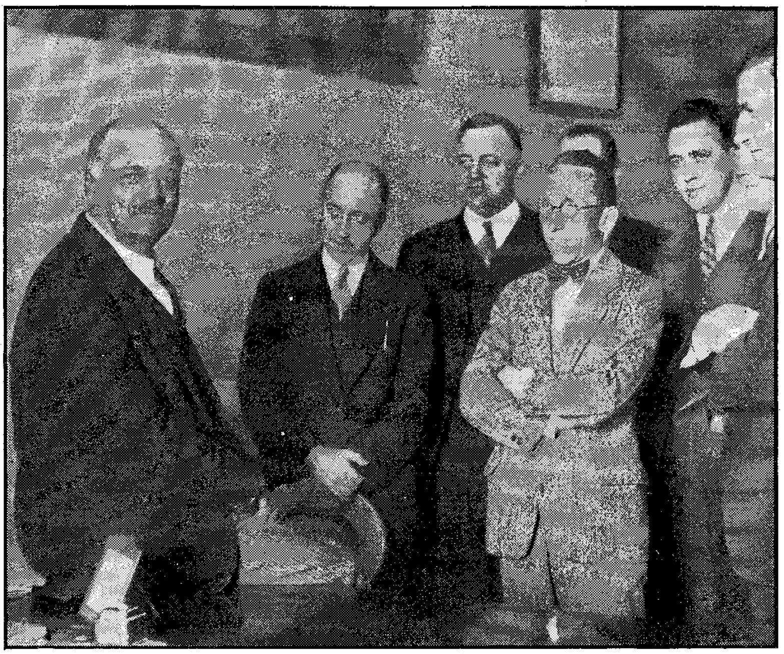
"Firstly comes the big political opposition party—Nationalists-Peasants—who have wrongfully been kept out of office through the tactics of Bratiano. Their leader, Dr. Julius Maniu, has just announced that they will not recognize the present government until Parliament is dissolved and free elections have been held. Secondly, the minorities—the Magyars and Germans in Transylvania and the Slavs in Bessarabia—who have been cruelly persecuted by the Roumanians; thirdly, Queen Marie, a woman of unlimited ambition who has been refused a place on the Regency; fourthly, General Averescu, Roumania's military hero, enormously popular with the Army, who was hoisted into office by Bratiano and then kicked out; fifthly, the Jews, who are denied the ordinary rights of citizens and equal educational opportunities; sixthly, the Army, which is discontented over low pay and over the awarding of all rich political plums to financiers and politicians; and, seventhly, the little band of devoted followers of Prof. Nicholas Jorga, Roumania's most eminent scholar. Formerly Carol's tutor, Jorga to-day is the only politician that openly advocates the accession of the royal exile as king.

"Roumania's tragedy lies in the fact that while her political, economic, and social grievances would be almost as bad if Carol were to come to the throne, from the view-point of material prosperity, the country would probably be worse off than under the rule of the 'three holy kings.'"

Ion Bratiano, Roumanian Premier, is now the most powerful man in that country, agrees the Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*. On the other hand, maintains the Providence *Journal*, "Prince Carol is an interloper and revolutionist." "The Prince has proved himself unfit to rule," believes the Albany *News*, and the Grand Rapids *Herald* declares that a native movement to restore Carol to the Roumanian throne would be a crime against his father, his son, and his country. "More: it would be a threat to the peace of Europe."

FROM TEEPEE TO WHITE HOUSE?

THE DISTINCTION OF BEING the first Republican to avow his candidacy for the Presidential nomination in 1928 belongs to Senator Charles Curtis, of Kansas; and if he wins the nomination and the race, he will be the first to reach the White House from a teepee; our first President able to boast that the blood of the original Americans flows in his veins. "Senator Curtis will either *be* the Republican nominee or name him," declares that famous Kansan and experienced political observer, William Allen White, of the Emporia *Gazette*. As a Westerner whose Republicanism is regular enough not to alarm the East, but whose support of the McNary-Haugen bill labels him a friend of the Western farmer, many observers predict that Senator Curtis's candidacy will tend to close the sectional rift in the G. O. P. Moreover, declares Senator Arthur Capper's Republican Topeka *Capital*, "not only are all Republican elements in the State behind Senator Curtis, but if he needed them he could count on a good many Kansas Democrats." And in the Topeka *State Journal* (Ind.) we read:



International Newsreel photograph

SENATOR CURTIS TALKING TO THE CORRESPONDENTS

"Possibility that Senator Curtis may be the nominee of his party for President next June is not an idle dream. He has been stedfast in his loyalty to farm interests and to the great Middle West. He has been fair, honest, and courageous in dealing with business. In a deadlocked convention, such as is promised for next year, the big Eastern delegations could more readily go to Senator Curtis of Kansas than to any one other man suggested as a compromise candidate."

Senator Curtis is floor Republican leader of the upper house, and has served in the House and Senate for more than thirty-five years. According to William Allen White, he is "the shrewdest politician in the Republican party" and he is "the Senate's candidate." In a statement given to the New York *American* Mr. White says:

"The political power of the United States Senate can not be ignored. It nominated Warren G. Harding. It prevented the nomination of Roosevelt when Hughes was chosen in 1916. The power of Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, and his Senatorial group in 1912 held the line for William H. Taft.

"Curtis is entrenched in the Senate. No man since Penrose died has the power there that Curtis has as the official Republican leader. Curtis, during his own leadership of the Senate and in Senator Lodge's day, when Curtis was whip, passed more private bills dear to Senatorial hearts than any other Senator. Senator Curtis's political bank account is full. He has been doing favors for Senators and he has asked nothing for fifteen years.

"The Senate does not like Hoover much, nor Mr. Hughes much more. It is under obligation to Curtis. Curtis and his Senatorial friends will be an important factor in the national convention. Curtis is honest. He has no political heelers back of him to disgrace the party."

Senator Curtis announced his candidacy on October 26, in answer to a letter from State Bank Commissioner Bone, of Kansas, asking him to allow his name to be used in a State-wide Curtis-for-President movement. The Senator said in part:

"If my friends of Kansas desire to send a delegation to the next Republican National Convention favorable to my nomination, I shall be greatly pleased to be their candidate.

"However, I will not consent to become a candidate if the delegation is to be selected with a view of voting for me for a few ballots as a favorite son. As I stated when the question was first put to me, I will not allow myself to be used as a stalking-horse for any one."

A "favorite son" candidate, the Washington *News* explains, is too often "only a name which the delegation has agreed to vote until the State's political managers have decided where the best deal can be made."

There is a romantic appeal, many editors remark, about a Presidential candidate whose great-grandfather was White Plume, the famous chief of the Kaw tribe. White Plume's daughter, the Springfield *Republican* tells us, married Louis Pappan, a French trader near St. Louis, and their daughter, Ellen Pappan, married a Captain Curtis who traced his ancestry back to the early colonization of Massachusetts in 1621, and who won his captaincy in the Civil War. Thus Senator Curtis combines Indian and French blood with that of Puritan New England. To quote *The Republican* further:

"When he was three, the future Senator's mother died and he went to the Kaw reservation, sixty miles west of Topeka, to live with his Indian grandmother and her people. This is the picture as White draws it: 'The illimitable prairie was there; hunting was a part of the child's daily life. Dogs and horses were the companions of babyhood and boyhood, and at eight years old Charles Curtis was a jockey, riding races at the fairs. At ten he had a name in the State, and at twelve he was a figure in this part of the world, a lithe, handsome, black-haired, black-eyed boy, the Indian jockey—"ol' Cap Curtis's boy."'

"It was his New England grandmother, Permilia Hubbard Curtis, of New Hampshire, who finally persuaded the boy to quit the race-track and go to school. He got a job as a reporter, and then came politics. There his career opened before him. For he had what White calls 'his blessed gifts as a handshaker, a palaverer, the indefinable thing called charm which binds 'men to one forever.' 'Add to that, writes White elsewhere, 'a gentle, ingratiating voice, and an easy flow of innocuous conversation unimpeded by pestiferous ideas, and you have a creature God-sent into politics.'"

On March 4, 1928, remarks the Democratic New York *World*, "Mr. Curtis will be older than was any American President at his Inauguration Day. But he is in full vigor and good health." As the Republican Columbus *Ohio State Journal* sees it, Senator Curtis's frank announcement of his candidacy is evidence that President Coolidge is definitely out of the race, since the President and he are close friends, politically and personally. This interpretation is shared by many editors and correspondents. On the other hand, Louis Seibold, in the New York *Evening Post*, maintains that "Senator Curtis's entrance into the Presidential field is not regarded with alarm by the supporters of President Coolidge, Charles E. Hughes, Secretary of Commerce Hoover, Vice-President Dawes, and former Governor Lowden of Illinois."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as* "*Fun from the Press*")

Nothing in Italy escapes the "I" of Mussolini.—*Louisville Times.*

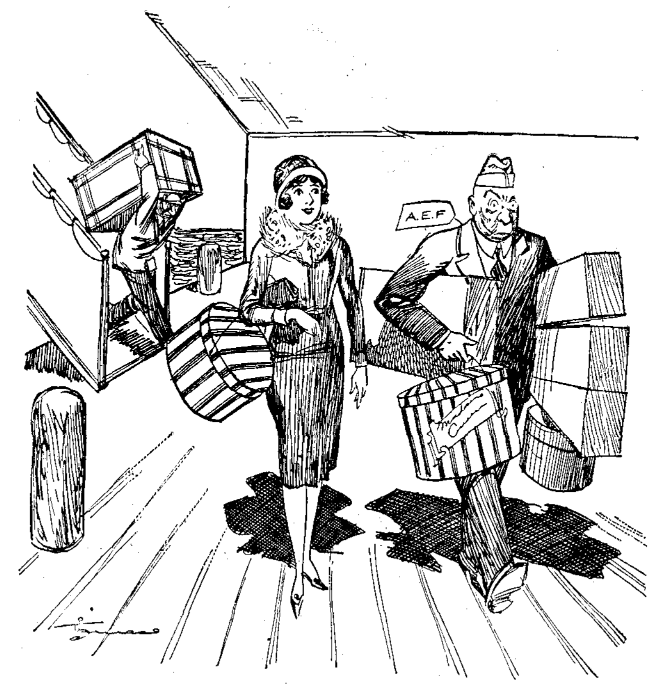
In Mexico, first you run for president, and then you run for your life.—*American Lumberman.*

After a Soviet ambassador to Paris has presented his credentials what does he do till train time?—*Detroit News.*

"Grapefruit Good for the Teeth," says the St. Augustine *Record.* It's also a frequently used eye tonic.—*Tampa Tribune.*

Senator Borah says he will not be a candidate. It is unusual for Mr. Borah to side with the majority this way.—*San Diego Union.*

It is said that the human race came into existence about 16,000,000 years ago, and there is no good reason why in another 16,000,000 years it should not learn to act like a human race.—*Louisville Times.*



THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN FROM PARIS

—Thomas in the Detroit *News.*

Politics in Indiana seem to be a matter of individual convictions. — *Brunswick* (*Ga.*) *Pilot.*

The growing pains of the Mexican Republic are, more accurately, shooting pains.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Another good thing about a tariff war is that there are no second lieutenants in it.—*San Diego Union.*

One of the oddities is that every centenarian has either used whisky most of his life or let it alone.—*Richmond Item.*

Wonder if the Rockefeller Foundation discovered the method of fighting mosquitoes with oil? — *Brunswick* (*Ga.*) *Pilot.*

English philosopher says the character of children is determined between the ages of two and five. We'll say it is. —*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Our prediction is that the country will never be dotted over with memorials erected to grand dragons, cyclopes, etc.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

We may sometimes criticize the style of a Mexican presidential campaign, but at least it lacks nothing in execution.—*Detroit News.*

Gene Tunney is going to make some girl a perfect husband. He says he won't marry until he's through fighting.—*New York Evening Post.*

Well, anyhow, we have an idea that the candidates for president of Mexico are not pestered by life-insurance agents.—*Des Moines Tribune.*

The Chinese split up their government and caused a lot of trouble, and now they are combining their churches and will start a lot more.—*Brunswick* (*Ga.*) *Pilot.*

Probably Big Bill Thompson, mayor of Chicago, never heard of the King James version of the Bible or that book would be consigned to the flames, too.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

After many years of study, a Vienna doctor announces that he has discovered a cure for asthma. At last Vienna has done something to atone for psychoanalysis.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Before Mayor Thompson has Queen Victoria's autographed gift book cast out of the Chicago public library some one may whisper in his ear that the good queen was a German.—*Springfield Republican.*

The Literary Digest straw vote season is approaching.—*Tampa Tribune.*

The more lawbreakers, the more laws; the more laws, the more lawbreakers. That explains everything.—*Detroit News.*

It is estimated that there are 3,424 spoken languages or dialects in the world, but money speaks in them all.—*Seattle Times.*

This week's unsunk hero is the fellow who walked into the city hall with an English tweed suit on.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Some of the stuff that comes from the ether has any other anesthetic looking like a powerful stimulant.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A Czech composer is almost ready to give jazz funeral music to the world, according to a cable dispatch from Prague. We shall have to revise the text "O Death, where is thy sting?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Current of events in Mexico registers high revoltage.—*Wall Street Journal.*

One person who always makes money by going to the dogs is a chiropodist.—*Louisville Times.*

A St. Paul prisoner attempted to escape in a woman's clothing. Not much of a disguise.—*Fargo Blade.*

Apparently the Prohibition party is the only one that isn't divided on the wet and dry question.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

Seven hundred car-loads of grapes come into New York daily. New Yorkers, apparently, are fond of jelly.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The drivers of the G. O. P. Elephant wish Borah could appreciate the difference between a howdah and a hoodoo.—*Boston Herald.*

You notice nobody has had the nerve to pick out any one woman in America and call her an Average Woman.—*Tampa Tribune.*

The fact that Mustafa Kemal dared to make a 400,000-word speech proves that he has the situation in Turkey well in hand.—*Wichita Eagle.*

If the Chinese understand what they are fighting about, it certainly gives them a most decided advantage over the rest of the world.—*Nashville Banner.*

The "average man" spent a day in Chicago and wasn't shot at, held up or thugged—which shows that he is either above or below the average.—*Tampa Tribune.*

Mustafa Kemal Pasha has just finished delivering a seven-day address, which relieves Mustafa of all suspicion of being the unspeakable Turk.—*Detroit News.*

In a contest in dressing for speed, a Chicago girl won in forty-five seconds. What could she have been putting on the last thirty seconds?—*Los Angeles Times.*

The politician who pursues a middle-of-the-road policy usually is more successful in pleasing his followers than is the motorist who does the same.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

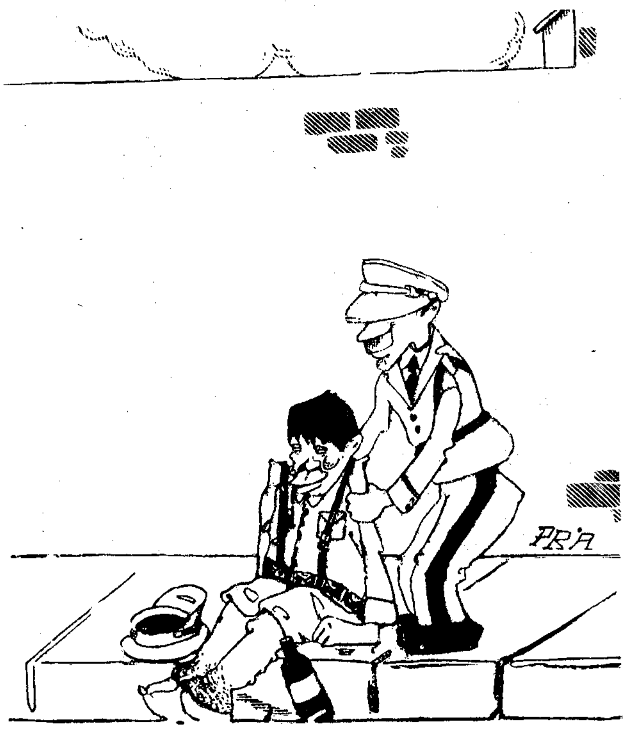
George Eastman is backing the Cotsworth calendar of thirteen months of twenty-eight days each; but there are a lot of people who find it hard enough to make even twelve payments.—*American Lumberman.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

MEXICAN CRITICS OF GOVERNMENT BY GUNFIRE

WHILE THE RUTHLESS METHODS of repression adopted by President Calles against Mexican revolutionaries may be condoned by his adherents as offering the shortest route to peace for his distracted country, the terror they inspire has not proved potent enough to still the protesting voice of the opposition press. In spite of wholesale executions of military and political leaders suspected of complicity in the revolt, and undeterred by the summary deportation of several prominent writers, Mexican periodicals are still to be found with the courage to take the President to task for the harshness of his retaliatory measures. He is also being sharply criticized in certain quarters for his reported support of the Obregon candidacy, which is characterized by his critics as an open reversion to despotism and a repudiation of the principle of non-reelection employed by the Madero revolution as a slogan when it succeeded in overthrowing the Diaz Government nearly sixteen years ago.

Mexican editors agree that trouble has been brewing since the Presidential campaign began, matters coming to a head through the virulent controversy waged between the two generals, Gomez and Serrano, and ex-President Obregon, whom they openly accuse of having ordered the assassination of the late President Carranza. General Obregon has been accused by *The Excelsior*, of Mexico City, of having publicly declared that "no general in active service can resist the attack of a gun loaded with $50,000."



A MEXICAN SLAP AT SUMMARY EXECUTIONS

OFFICER: "Stand up."
CITIZEN: "No."
OFFICER: "Why not."
CITIZEN: "I'm not such a fool; if I stand up, you may shoot me."

—*El Universal* (Mexico City).

While the Presidential campaign has had as its main issue the constitutional amendment permitting a former President to serve again after one intervening term, an amendment which, according to its critics, was introduced by the Calles administration in order that the President may be able to turn over the reins of government to Obregon, the submission of this question to the voters has been called somewhat in the nature of a farce, since Mexico has not yet reached the state where elections can be decided by the ballot-box. Through the ousting of all members of Congress who are opposed to the Obregon candidacy, we are told, the Calles machine has now forced the adoption of a measure calling for the extension of the Presidential term of office to six years, which is to become effective immediately.

Excelsior, of Mexico City, is frankly critical of the measures adopted in the emergency. It says in part:

"In the view of certain groups, political reasons are above justice and above the law. Politics is an excuse for everything. To the Governor of a State 'politics' means to hold on to his position as long as he can and to profit by it as much as possible. To a judge it means subservience to certain tendencies and ideas, with which he must comply without protest. To the office-holder it consists in keeping his post by all means and in collecting his salary as punctually as possible. To a Congressman, that is, the kind we have nowadays, it means simply to court the favor of the Executive and to side with the majority.

"Our laws are frankly made light of and considered unimportant by the Governor, the judge, the Congressman, and the Senator alike. These men have but one thought in common: 'The laws were made for other people. Furthermore, they are so old that they should be disregarded.'

"This is why we can not acquiesce in the ousting from Congress of representatives, simply because their opinion differs from that adopted by the majority, at the behest of the Executive. It is fair enough that Congressmen who have taken the field against the Government should be debarred from their seats, but rebellion is one thing and difference of opinion quite another. Congress, by the way, would act far more wisely were it to expel certain of its members who are known to be responsible for homicides. Only thus can Congress placate public irritation and put a stop to the view now commonly expressed that its members serve only in order that they may live on the fat of the land and engage in a type of politics that is frankly despicable, because of the lack of culture which it reveals.

"We know that we shall not be heard. We know this full well. But the fault will not be ours. We are merely fulfilling our duty as journalists, whose main task is to voice the truth and to seek the triumph of justice and reason."

This exceedingly frank criticism is said to have been immediately followed by the deportation of the editor-in-chief of the journal in question, who, with other members of his profession, was expelled from the country without the formality of any legal procedure.

El Universal, also of Mexico City, congratulates the country on the outcome of a situation that threatened to submerge it in blood and misery. It has this to say:

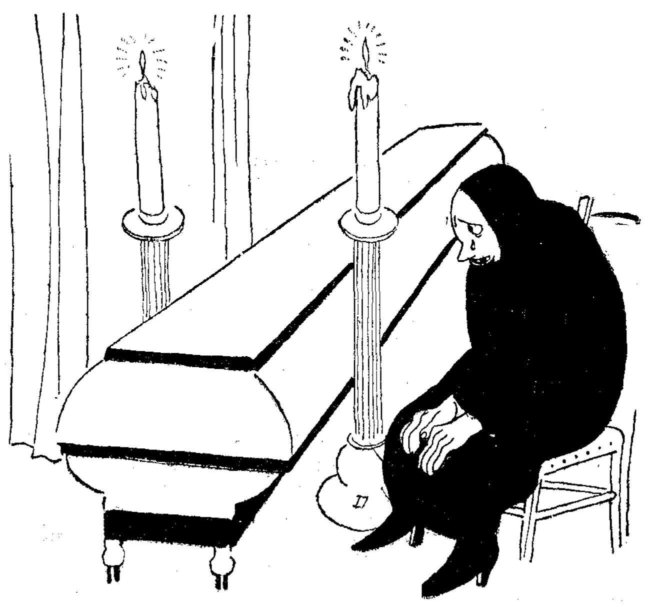
"What the country wants, what all her sons ardently desire, is the stability of its political institutions. The country harbors no illusions regarding armed struggles. It knows perfectly well that unless they are inspired by superior ideals they are suicidal and destructive. It knows also that the furtherance of any man's political ambition is not worth one drop of blood. We anxiously desire to see a government made strong by its faithful observance of the laws and the protection that it gives to human life and property, by its development of great projects, material as well as moral, by its achievement of peace, work, progress, in a word, of the right to claim the name of a civilized country in which civilized living is possible.

"Our history shows clearly that it is foolish, illogical, and vain to expect any good from violence. We have, in fact, resorted so much to violence, that if the greatness and prosperity of a people depended upon that alone no country on earth would be greater or more prosperous than Mexico. Violence does not fortify human institutions. It destroys them, leading the people to anarchy and ruin. That is why altho a people may be entitled to rise in arms as a last resort against tyranny and despotism, no military rebellion that hides political ambitions under the cloak of reform can ever reach a permanent ideal of justice and democracy."

While the Mexican provincial press maintains a discreet silence, several organs such as *El Porvenir*, of Monterey, *La Voz de Chihuahua*, of Chihuahua, and *El Dictamen*, of Vera Cruz, reproduce a syndicated article by Dr. José Vasconcelos, ex-Minister of Instruction in the Obregon Administration and widely mentioned as the only civilian who could have successfully run for president against Obregon. In this article, in which he condemns the trend of events in his country in no uncertain terms, Dr. Vasconcelos says:

"What is to me the most astounding phenomenon of our post-war days is the return of political formulas that were discarded nearly thirty years ago. The defeat of Liberalism has resulted throughout the world in the slow disintegration of the theories held by Socialists and Communists, who, by accepting without protest the death of liberty, or by themselves hastening it, have signed their own death warrants.

"The Russian experiment has turned out very much like the Mexican struggle. Kerensky is own brother to Madero. But whereas the later Russian leaders are undoubtedly sincere and honest, our Mexican radicals seem to have adopted as their program the theft of the best lands and of the best houses in the country. What is more, in Mexico as well as in Russia, whenever the cause of the people has triumphed for a moment, this victory has been marked by wholesale assassinations and the complete denial and reversal of all right and liberty.



A BITTER JEST

"Thank God, I shall know now where my husband spends his nights."

—*Excelsior* (Mexico City).

"In the beginning I shared the general enthusiasm for agrarian reform, for labor legislation, etc. Such progressive ends were then honestly and frankly advocated by men who apparently had no selfish aim in sight. We sided with all financial reforms that seemed capable of bettering the lot of the common people, but, as always happens, adventurers and politicians who came into power through succeeding revolutions have used our common victory to organize personal tyrannies, thus marking a return to the very practises we have endeavored to eliminate. Tho apparently radicals, in order to deceive their admirers, these men are really traitors. Their activities mark a return to systems we had thought forgotten. Their reactionary violence is the more accentuated by reason of the astounding failure of all liberal doctrines when confronted with the grim reality of practical politics."

All this indicates that President Calles, even if successful in crushing active opposition, must still reckon with public opinion. As *La Prensa* (New York) puts it editorially:

"Despite the fact that physical peace is, or is about to be, reestablished in Mexico, according to official report, peace of mind is still obviously lacking, to judge from the statements of the journalists exiled to this country. Public sentiment born of such facts as these men denounce can not be the kind that makes for peace."

SIDE-LIGHTS ON INDIA'S STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE

That native India is decidedly restive under British domination has long been an open secret. Indian leaders and publicists, however, have been wont ardently to maintain the fiction that plots against the Government existed only in the imagination of their white rulers. Early in September, for example, a resolution was introduced in the Council of State—roughly corresponding to the United States Senate—by an Indian legislator asking for the release of certain Bengalis now in custody on suspicion of being concerned in revolutionary conspiracies. But at last, it seems, a newspaper owned and published in India by Indians has had the hardihood to print details of revolutionary activities on the part of Hindoos in the United States and Europe. For obvious reasons, plotting nearer home was not touched upon. In two successive issues of *The People* (Lahore), edited by Lajpat Rai, a progressive Indian, who lived for some years in America, and who is now a member of the Indian Legislative Assembly — the lower house of the Central Indian legislature—has recently appeared an article by Agnes Smedley, said to be an American teacher of English in Berlin. This article, originally read as a paper to a group of Indian and Chinese students in the German capital, states that "in almost all parts of the world Indian exiles are to be found working, so far as possible, for the freedom of India." At least some of them, she thinks, "will support Russia by every available means in her fight against England." Their activities will continue at any rate "until the Indians stand before the world as a free people."

Miss Smedley traces the growth of the revolutionary movement from the Indian Mutiny of 1857, which she terms "the Indian war of independence," down to our own day In her estimation, 1905 was the red-letter year of the Nationalist Movement. After that year, she says,

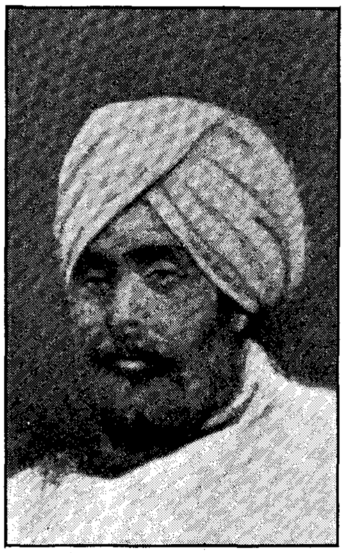
"We find many Indians seeking exile in China, Japan, America, France, and other European countries. In France and England, for instance, were many men whose activities for the freedom of India had turned them into exiles. In both these countries were large groups of Indian revolutionaries, most of them students. Through their organizations in England they collected money, published secret revolutionary newspapers, and smuggled them into the university centers of India. One of these newspapers, entitled the *Talvar*, has now ceased to appear for from fifteen to twenty years, but when one reads it to-day one is astonished at some of the articles. Indeed, its grasp of international politics and economics was so great that one feels tempted to say that had India depended more upon its men abroad for its knowledge of international affairs, it would not be a slave nation to-day."

Miss Smedley then tells how an Indian student, Madan Lal Dinghra, shot, in July, 1909, a high official of the India Office, who, according to the writer, was "the organizer of the British spy system against the Indian students," and was hanged in an English jail, where "the only Indian permitted to be present was a British spy, who was, however, much affected by Dinghra's courage." She continues:

"After this the British carried out a reign of terror against the Indians in England. Many men had to flee to France, and are still refugees in Europe. Savarkar was captured in England and shipped to India for trial. He made a clever escape from the vessel while it was in French waters and swam to French soil. By international law he had the right of refuge, but the British pursued and captured him, shipped him to India, tried him, and sentenced him for life to the Andaman Islands, the Siberia of India. Very ill from tuberculosis, he was released two years ago and is to-day living interned in Ratnagiri, a town in the Bombay Presidency. Other men from India itself were sent to the Andaman Islands, some for ten, some for fifteen, years.

"During this period of Indian student activity in England a parallel organization existed in France. The head of this group was an Indian woman, Madame Cama, who still lives, a refugee and an old and sick lady, in Paris. Madame Cama herself was fortunately a well-to-do woman, and supported most of the work in France. Later the refugees from England worked with the French group and also in close relationship with the Egyptian Nationalist Movement. I must also mention in passing that the Indian revolutionaries in England and France always worked in close connection with the Irish Nationalists, and many Irish men and women were among their most trusted comrades.

"In 1912 an Indian threw a bomb at Lord Hardinge, the new British Viceroy, as he entered the capital at Delhi. Altho huge rewards were offered, the man was not captured, but escaped to Japan, where he continued to work for the freedom of his country. At the same time, a number of other men in Japan and China were active, publishing newspapers that they smuggled into India. In all Chinese cities where Indian troops were used by the British to hold China in subjection, Indian propagandists were active, attempting to rouse the troops to the consciousness of their unpardonable actions."


HARSH LAWS NO CURE

For native unrest, feels Lajpat Rai, Indian publisher and patriot.

Miss Smedley, after stating that the storm center of Indian revolutionary activity shifted in 1911 to the United States and Canada, where a number of educated exiles organized themselves into the Hindustan Gadar party, tells us that the Hindu revolutionaries saw their opportunity in the World War, and tried to make the most of it. From every country they betook themselves to Berlin, where, we are told,

"They formed the Indian Independence Committee of Europe and are said to have taken a loan from the German Government, to be returned when India was free. They were in no way German agents, but were entirely at liberty in their activities. The Germans supplied them with the necessary technical and military help when they wished it. They began an intensive international activity against England. They worked as nationalist groups or single individuals wherever they could do so, in Persia, China, Turkey, Switzerland, England, Ireland, and America."

The writer even goes so far as to say that the conspirators "sent a number of expeditions with guns through Persia and Afghanistan, hoping to reach India," but admits that the expeditions failed and that the leaders were captured and executed by the British. A similar fate, apparently, befell two steamers which she claims were sent from America loaded with guns to be used against England. She records that in various parts of India revolutionaries were brought to trial, but insists that, in spite of jailing and hanging, the movement refuses to die out and that the Indians, with the cooperation of Russians and other revolutionaries, are plotting, both at home and abroad, to free their country from the British yoke.

In estimating the effect upon the Indian public of Miss Smedley's remarks, it must be borne in mind that the story she tells is a matter of common knowledge. For example, we find this in the new International Year Book for 1913 under the heading of "India: Plots Against the Government":

"In spite of the magnificent irrigation works, in spite of the railways, in spite of school subventions, in spite of commerce, in spite of all the material benefits of European civilization, and in spite of the best efforts of university-bred British officialdom, the mass of the Indian people remain ungrateful and in their midst the work of revolutionary propagandists is ceaselessly carried on."

In this connection *The Pioneer Mail* of Allahabad has this to say with reference to the recent condemnation of several Indians for conspiracy:

"The existence of a great revolutionary conspiracy to change the system of government, with its headquarters in Calcutta and local headquarters in Benares and Shahjahanpur, has been proved. The police have fortunately been able to get to grips with an important section of this conspiracy, but, no doubt, there is still need for the utmost vigilance."

In an editorial in this same paper we are told with what scrupulous fairness the British Government treated the accused. The article states that:

"The fifteen convicted men have had the fairest possible trial and their sentences are fully deserved. It may well be asked whether, in the United States of India, which they desire to set up by means of organized and armed revolution, rebels against the State would have had such equitable treatment."

It seems to be the opinion of certain sections of Indian society that the measures taken against such conspirators have proved effective. An Indian, Lala Lajpat Rai, in pleading for a less drastic law against Indian Nationalists, is quoted by *The Pioneer Mail* as saying that non-cooperation is now dead and that tho there may be occasional outbursts by Bolshevik crowds, these do not warrant the maintenance of a harsh law.

Bipin Chandra Pal, another Indian, writing in *The Englishman* (Calcutta), has this to say of British repressive measures: "We ourselves, all of our conceits of superior humanity and spirituality notwithstanding, if placed in authority over a weaker or less organized people, would never have behaved differently from what the British have done with us." In his view it is to enlightened self-interest on both sides, British and Indian, that we must look for an ultimate reconciliation between Indian ideals and British necessities.

In an editorial in the same paper we are told that:

"Politically minded India has no more conception of the theory of democratic government than it has of true nationalism. Autocracy India understands, for all her traditions are linked up with autocratic rule. But democracy is a thing that is entirely foreign to her culture and whose spirit her people have not yet assimilated even tho they are acquainted with its form. Scarcely a day passes without some politician or political publicist demanding this or refusing that 'in the name of the people of India.' What right have they to speak of 'the people of India'? At the best, they are expressing the views of a section of the total number of some six million voters whose names are on the electoral rolls. What does the agriculturist, who forms the vast majority of the remaining 240 million inhabitants of British India, care for or know of politics, and what is his opinion—if he ever thinks of them—of the dwellers in towns and cities who so vehemently take his name in vain? There can be no true democracy in India while some 97 per cent. of her people have no ideas beyond the necessity of keeping body and soul together, any more than there can be while the balance, with a few exceptions, think in little more than terms of self."

THE CLASH OF COLOR IN BRITISH AFRICA

"OUT OF AFRICA," runs the ancient Latin proverb, "comes ever something new," and the modern States that are growing up in that huge and mysterious continent in nowise belie this age-old reputation. The news that reaches us to-day from British South and East Africa should be of interest to thinking Americans, since it deals with our own vexed question, the race problem. The fair-skinned overlords of the "dark continent" are determined, we learn, that so far as climate will permit, it shall become a "white man's country." It contains vast tracts, even under the equator, that are high and healthful and wonderfully fertile, ripe for the spade and the plow, and rich with the promise of incredible harvests. The forest and the veldt must pass to make room for farm and factory, the lion and the elephant must give place to the tractor and the locomotive. But what of the native races? Unlike our own red Indians, a nomadic and far-ranging people, who receded year by year before the advance of our pioneer ancestors, the blacks remain in countless thousands, and for the simple reason that they have nowhere to go. What, then, is to be done to and for them? Where and how are they to live? What shall be their portion in the new order of things?

The answer to this is not easily to be found. The American negro is but a small factor of our population, yet he constitutes a grave problem. But in Africa this condition is reversed. The blacks are far more numerous than the whites. They are on the spot, and it can not be denied that they are in a fair way to become the victims of the new dispensation. Life has changed radically for them, and they are not equipped to meet the change.

From an article in *The Economist* (London) we learn how the authorities in British Africa are to-day wrestling with this difficult question. Segregation has, it seems, been tried, with no great success. But to have whites and natives living side by side is not an ideal condition. With this problem, it appears, is tied up the question of the ownership of the land. The natives, original lords of the soil, have had it taken from them. Now some of it, but by no means the best, is to be returned to them in order that they may keep alive.

The article to which we have referred thus describes the situation:

"Great things are happening in Africa to-day, and the pace quickens. Almost before we realized what was happening, a vast new problem has been opened up for us and for the world. The new problem arises from the fact that the Union of South Africa is far from being the only portion of the continent where the European can live and thrive and bring up his progeny. The whole stretch of highland territory from the neighborhood of Cape Town to far Uganda is capable of providing a home for the European. And everywhere he is coming in. Not only can Southern Rhodesia point to a steady stream of new settlers of the best type; Kenya, Nyasaland, Northern Rhodesia, and even Tanganyika show the same phenomenon. The European has come to stay. And if he stays, he will demand control of the country which has become his home.

"Already talk of federation of the British East African Colonies north of the Union is beyond the academic stage. A great new State is already coming into view. What will its character be?

"Beyond all question the greatest immediate problem which has to be met throughout this vast area is that of the occupancy and use of the land by European and native respectively. Perhaps it is fortunate that throughout its extent the highland region is inhabited by various sections of one great African race, the Bantu, all at much the same stage of culture, and all with much the same organization and customs. There is no problem of diverse peoples, as in India, at least not in the highlands.

"Economically, the Bantu are a pastoral people in the main, counting their wealth in cattle, and cattle are inextricably involved in all their tribal life and customs. Land tenure is for them a matter of rights of user rather than of occupying ownership, and their traditional habit has been to move on to better areas when they could, dispossessing of both land and cattle those whom they found there. Now the European comes in force with very different ideas, both of the ownership of land and of the uses that can be made of it. So the issue is joined over half a continent. What shall be the future relation of the native Bantu to the land?"

The writer then goes on to point out that the Union of South Africa stands "as a melancholy warning to those who failed to be wise in time," since "she has discovered, perhaps too late, that a provision of land for natives, equitable even if not entirely adequate, is the real solution of what is known as the Native Problem." He then details the history of recent legislation. Certain areas, already occupied for the most part as native reserves, were set apart in which only natives could purchase land, such purchase being forbidden elsewhere. These areas were admittedly inadequate, but it was not found possible to increase them by legislation. A Land Bill has been designed to deal with the situation. This Bill proposes to release certain areas, that is, to throw them open for lease or purchase by either Europeans or natives. We read further:

"The 'released' areas amount to 14,000,000 acres, and the areas already reserved exclusively to natives cover about 21,000,000 acres. One of the Transvaal Local Committees calculated that about thirty-six or thirty-seven acres were necessary for a family of five. On this basis, both the present reserves and the released areas, assuming that every acre was available, would still be insufficient. And some of the land is poor stuff."

We are also advised of a suggestion by a member of the Commission on Native Affairs:

"He suggests that natives should be allowed to lease small holdings in European areas as tenant farmers—a better status, anyway, than the highly indeterminate one of squatter, which is all that many natives in such areas at present enjoy. Moreover, a farmer with such tenants would have a supply of trustworthy labor ready to hand, labor with the incentive to work in order to secure capital for the development of its own holdings."

It is admitted that the race question is a very disturbing factor, and we are told that:

"Color prejudice is even stronger in the country than in the town, and many South Africans would find it hard to conceive of the Kafir as just a peasant (potentially, at least) rather than as some one whose outstanding characteristic was that he was not white. The dust of color clouds economic vision everywhere."

There is, it would seem, no immediate prospect of a permanent settlement of the matter, and it is related that:

"Little has emerged so far to offer any hope of an agreed solution. It is clear, however, that there is no chance at all at this late date for the reservation of a sufficient area exclusively for native purchase to meet all the need. Something can be done, doubtless, to enable natives to make better use of existing reserves. But such improvement ought to issue not in an increase of population in the reserves, but in a much-needed rise in the native standard of life. All competent witnesses are agreed as to his poverty, tho possibly it is a relative poverty due more to increased wants than to an absolute decline of resources. There can be little economic health in a community where this is the condition of two-thirds of the population, and where they are viewed as barbarian black men rather than as workers and consumers."

The writer closes by summing up the situation in this way:

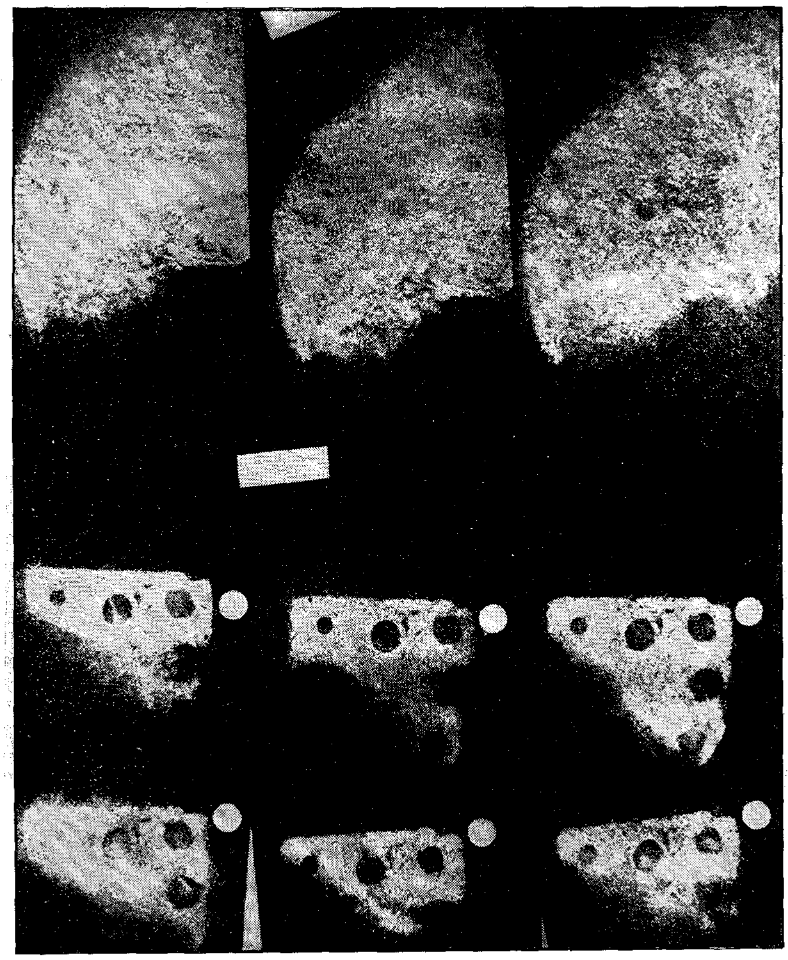
"One other thing is clear. 'Segregation' in any legitimate meaning that can be given to the term is now very, very dead. Natives on the land, as in the town, will always choose, if they can, to live their own lives together, socially and even, to some extent, economically. But there can be no clean cuts anywhere. The very proposal of 'released' areas is a surrender of segregation, and the institution of a system of native tenant-farmers would be a still further surrender.

"We can not bleach the native, and he would not allow it if we could. What we have to learn here in South Africa is that what matters for us in the long run is not the black skin, or even the queer social customs, but the presence of some millions of potential producers and purchasers who await only the necessary incentive in order to become the surest guaranty of economic stability we could hope to have."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

CATCHING CRIMINALS WITH A CAMERA

THE CAMERA'S EYE can see and record certain things invisible to the eye of the human being. This, says Chauncey McGovern, dean of the Criminology College of California, is *not* realized by more than a small percentage of the people accustomed to making negatives. And the converse fact that the human eye can see and record things not at all visible to the camera's eye is equally plain, but yet as generally unsuspected, writes Dean McGovern in *The Camera* (Philadelphia):



Photographs by courtesy of Chauncey McGovern

FOOTPRINT PHOTOGRAPHS THAT CAUGHT A CRIMINAL

These heel and sole impressions were photographed, and when the prints were compared with photographs of almost invisible markings left by a marauder, they led to his identification. This is "story number one," told in the accompanying text.

"Going a step further in the same attractive direction, it can be safely stated that the eye of the camera frequently not only sees things that are seen by the human eye, but sees them a thousand times clearer than does the finest human eye—even when aided by a powerful microscope.

"The stories of actual cases in court not only make entertaining reading-matter, but will plainly indicate to the amateur operator a dazzlingly large number of fascinating possibilities in making clear, convincing, camera-records of important facts entirely beyond the eyes of himself and his fellows.

"Here are two specimen stories. Details of each may readily be obtained by the amateur who studies the accompanying illustrations with their captions:

"*Story Number 1:* 'How the Eye of the Camera Can See a Thousand Times Clearer Than the Eye of Man.'

"During the dead of night, the rear entrance to a furniture factory, in San Francisco's industrial section, was broken open, and some one entered while the watchman was making the rounds.

"Next morning it was discovered that the marauder had broken open the desks of the office part of the factory; strewn the papers all over the floor; and then ruined them by squirting tobacco juice over the mass as they were there spread out. The typewriter keys were all sawed off; and the contents of the office spittoons were dumped on the leather cushion of the office arm-chair of the proprietor, before the great mahogany desk, and the latter had its appearance ruined by the marauder running a chisel over the beautiful top.

"But nothing was stolen. No attempt had been made to 'blow the safe.' Obviously, the marauder was no mere loot-seeking burglar. It was clear to all that he sought nothing but revenge.

"Thorough scouring of the place for clues proved that the marauder was surely an habitué of the moving pictures. He had left no trace of finger-prints, having plainly worn some sort of gloves.

"However, just as the police were to abandon the search, one of them thought he saw, on the board that constituted part of the top of an unfinished mahogany table, some indications of finger-prints. This table-top had been smoothed by sand-paper, but had not yet been varnished. The supposed finger-prints were, however, extremely indistinct. Calling in a finger-print expert, with his microscopic lamps and complicated apparatus, it was eventually shown that the marks were nothing more than the faint outlines of the sole and heel of a man's shoe. And that the person who stood in the shoes had placed his foot on the table to reach a shelf on which some letter files had been reposing. He had first covered his heels and soles with dust by stepping into it and then, by placing his foot on the table, had made a 'dust impression' of his sole and heel.

"So indistinct were the outlines of both sole and heel that most of the police could not recognize their shapes, even after their attention was called and the spots illuminated by strong microscopic lamps.

"Therefore, the value of such a clue would seem to be worthless, since it would be impracticable to have that evidence remain on that table-top for so long a period of time as would necessarily elapse before the 'trial' of a culprit.

"But here the expert photographer was called in. He simply placed the table-top in such a position that it would be illuminated by a beam of light that came from only one side—through a slit in a cardboard ½-inch high by ⅛-inch wide—the lamps furnishing the lights being carefully tucked inside of a box surrounded by folds of black cloth.

"Then, by placing in his camera a panchromatic film, and covering his lens with a 'G' filter, he was able to produce a negative so large that the heel-print and the sole-print were produced in actual size. After which, using a No. 4 glossy Velox sheet of photographic paper, he produced, for the use of the jury, a contact print that showed the sole and heel impressions so clearly that any jury, even without their spectacles, would immediately recognize what they were.

"Having the heel-print clearly and permanently recorded, prints of the negative were furnished several detectives, and, it being obvious that the marauder was seeking revenge only, it was readily understood that the police should seek among the persons who might have revenge against the mill proprietor, one who had a pair of shoes equipped with a worn rubber heel, and the sole of which was No. 9.

"Within a few hours such a shoe was discovered by two detectives in a dark closet of a former foreman of the mill.

"Photography was again brought into forceful play when the expert placed on his own foot the suspected shoe. Then, after sprinkling lampblack (of the kind used by finger-print experts) on a newspaper, he stept on the paper with the questioned shoe. Then, raising his foot so the shoe would come several times squarely upon several sheets of white paper specially placed on the floor, the expert soon had specimens of the impressions which this rubber heel, with its No. 9 sole, would make with black dust, on white bond paper. Photo-static negatives being made of these six impressions, in another minute the expert had photostatic positives. These showed the black portions of the original impressions to be white in the positives, while the other portions showed in the reverse color, black.

"It was then a mere matter of moments for even the ordinary policeman to see that all of the oddities or peculiarities in the regular outlines of the dust impressions, made on the table-top, by a 'worn' rubber sole and rubber heel, tallied in every important detail with the impressions made by the expert stepping into the finger-print powder after he had donned the shoes of the suspected foreman.

"Obviously, the resulting demonstrations left no doubt as to the foreman's guilt.

"*Story Number 2:* 'How the Camera Eye can be made to record ink writings so eradicated that they can not be seen by any human eye, even with a microscope.':

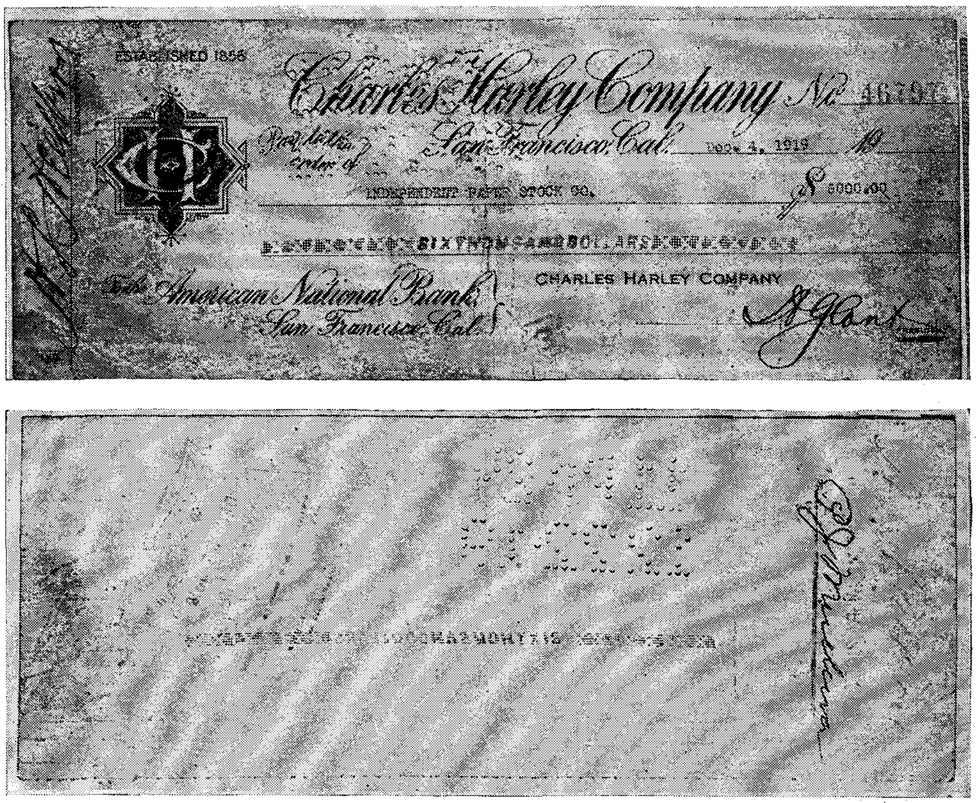
"Few words are at all necessary—even tho they might be interesting—to tell the facts of story No. 2. Let the two photographic prints which follow do their own 'story-telling.'

"Photo-micrographic illustrations show face and back of check of the Charles Harley Company so altered by a crooked employee that the 'alterations' were not discovered until several years after the crook had gone. Showing, also, how the chemical 'detective' (hand-writing expert), with his microscopic-camera, can bring to view things which no human eye can perceive, even through a powerful microscope. Note, also, how the scientific Photo-micrograph brings out the 'finger-prints' of the criminal who used the chemicals to alter the checks—which finger-prints can not be seen on the check itself, even with a microscope. The use of a process film and hard, glossy, contrast photographic paper brought to light the fact that an absconded cashier had pursued the scheme most successfully.

"The use of the process film brought to light the fact that the check had been originally 'endorsed' in ink by a person named Heilbronn. He was the cashier of a million-dollar San Francisco concern, whose checks were made out on 'safety' paper, carefully lithographed, and carefully punched, with a 'check-protecting' machine, thus making the check supposedly 'forgery-proof.'

"The cashier had first made out the 'forgery-proof' checks on the typewriter to creditors of his firm; then had the checks signed by the president and other officials, as well as countersigned by himself as cashier. Then, instead of mailing the checks to the various payees, he eradicated the typewriting from the face of the various checks, inserted his own name with iron ink, deposited the checks in his own bank account, and at the end of each month, after these checks had been returned to his firm by its bank as being 'paid,' Heilbornn would 'eradicate' his own name by commonly-known chemicals from the face of the checks and from the backs, and insert the name of the payee the second time with the typewriter, then stamp the back of each with the name of the payee, buying special rubber stamps for the name of each payee, and then forging the name of the cashier of the payee.

"All these altered 'forgery-proof' checks were then filed away by Heilbronn among his firm's 'paid checks,' and remained in the files of the unsuspecting firm a year after the cashier committed suicide, when the whole procedure was laid bare by the special use of an ordinary camera with a commonly accessible photographic film."



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THESE PHOTOGRAPHS DETECTED AN ELABORATE FORGERY

Photographs of the face and back of an altered check which unraveled the mystery of one of the cleverest forgeries on record. Read how well the camera played *Sherlock Holmes* in "story number two."

WHAT THE JAPANESE EAT

IT IS INTERESTING, says an editorial writer in *The Lancet* (London), to study the food problems of a practically homogeneous race which is changing from an agricultural to an industrial character. A great deal of work has been done by the medical staff of the Japanese Army on the dietaries adapted to their countrymen when doing light, moderate, and heavy work, and recently Prof. Shozo Toda, of the Kyoto University, has discust in *The Japan Medical World* the actual consumption of food in Japan. Says the London paper:

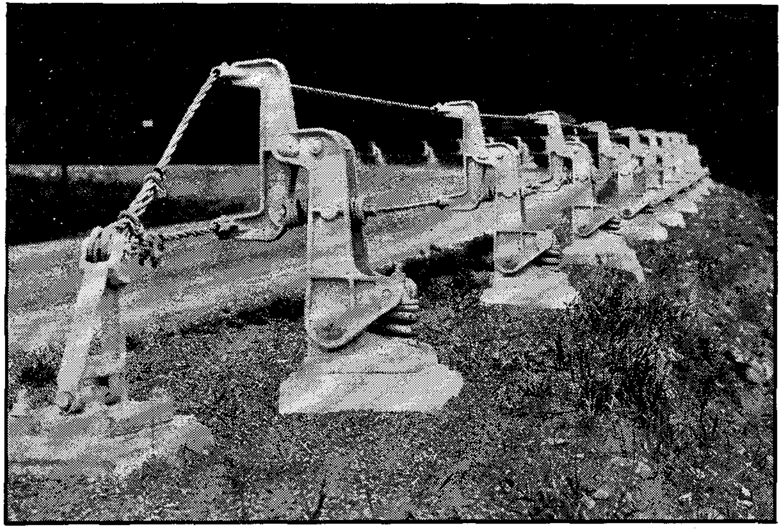
"Japan is one of those fortunate countries which produce nearly all the food they need. Some rice, beans, sugar, eggs, and wheat flour are imported, but very little else, the total excess of food imports amounting, it is believed, only to about 11 per cent. of the nation's requirements. It is calculated by Professor Toda that the mixed population of Japan, 56 million in all, requires the same amount of food as 43 million adults. After careful inquiry he has corrected the statistics of food production and consumption, which would appear very greatly to underestimate the production of vegetables other than cereals and fruits.

"The values show a marked deficiency of fat. The ratio of physiological demands of food calories of the European and Japanese are 100 : 85, based on weights and body surfaces; and on this basis the Japanese eats more than the European, this being mainly due to the large proportion of rice consumed in Japan. This cereal appears to be very digestible in all respects, and altho poor in protein and very poor in fat, especially meets the taste of the Japanese. The protein consumed by the European is largely derived from land animals, whilst the Japanese relies mainly on fish, in so far, that is, as he consumes animal food.

"Altho the consumption of fish is going up, 'the modern urban people in Japan are inclined to take a simple food of polished rice with some subsidiary diet. . . . This monotony of dietary produces malnutrition. . . . Moreover, it seems to be a chief cause of the increase of beriberi.' The growth of population has been approximately proportional to the production of rice. Disease, or a higher rate of mortality, does not seem to follow a poor rice year, but crime does. The present position of Japan is not favorable to cattle-raising on a large scale, but larger catches of fish might easily be made and something done to use a greater proportion of the total catch for food and less for manure. The problems of a population which has so rapidly altered its habits must, in the nature of things, be difficult."

A NEW HIGHWAY GUARD-RAIL

A NEW TYPE OF MECHANICAL GUARD-RAIL for highways has been developed by Joseph H. Ramsey of Albany, New York, in collaboration with the New York State Department of Highways, for protection at abrupt turns, steep embankments, bridge approaches, etc. Says a writer in *The American City* (New York):



By courtesy of *The American City* (New York)

A GUARD-RAIL THAT GIVES

"This new rail is designed to take the place of the old heavy wooden fences and reenforced concrete posts. It is built around the principle that resilient mechanical means shall be embodied within the cable supports to cushion and absorb the force of a colliding motor-car, and that the materials used shall be capable of withstanding terrific strains and blows.

"The guard-rail supports are of malleable iron and comprise bases upon which are pivotally mounted on cupped bearings pairs of vertical struts or side plates. These struts support at their upper ends equalizers pivotally mounted on cupped bearings between them. The equalizers are maintained in their normal positions, shown by pairs of compression springs located between the vertical struts. The struts are wider apart at the bottom to effect proper side-bracing and are maintained in their normally vertical positions against the action of heavy compression springs at the rear of the bases.

"Upon the facing portion of the equalizers are two brackets projecting toward the highway, upon the ends of which the cables are freely suspended by U-shaped stirrups. By holding the cables away from the faces of the equalizers, the cables present a smooth, resilient and uninterrupted surface, for keeping the motor-car within the limits of the highway, and projecting parts, such as fenders, hub-caps, running-boards, etc., can not come into contact with any portion of the cable supports. The ends of the cables are passed around sheaves in malleable iron brackets, which are hinged to base castings upon concrete foundations.

"The malleable iron castings with their cupped bearings and cushioning springs comprise a support for the cables of maximum resilience and strength, and this is mounted upon a concrete pier, or foundation, to which it is secured by diameter anchor bolts cast integral with the pier. The cable supports, anchors, cables and exposed ends of the piers are painted white to afford maximum visibility.

"When an automobile collides with the guard-rail, the equalizers at first automatically adjust themselves to distribute the impact equally upon the two cables, thus engaging the maximum supporting surface upon the car. When the 'crash' occurs, the forces of impact are guided through the equalizers to the vertical struts with their cupped bearings, downward into the compression springs in the bases, and thence through the piers to the earth.

"By so directing and cushioning the forces of impact, the damage to the automobile, its occupants and the guard-rail is reduced to a minimum.

"The piers may be precast or poured in place, in which event an extensible steel form may be used. Owing to the great strength of the supports and piers, compared with that of any other type, they may be installed on sixteen-foot centers, thus keeping the cost per lineal foot of guard-railing very close to that of the older forms."

MAN-MADE STATIC

RADIO TRANSMITTERS OF GREATER POWER and receivers of less sensitivity and greater selectivity are suggested as probably the only means of satisfactorily eliminating man-made static, in a report, on "Radio Coordination" by the Engineering Section of the National Electric Light Association. Says the New York *Times:*

"The report represents the combined technical skill of engineering staffs of electric-light and power companies in all sections of the country in an effort to solve some of the problems involved in eliminating radio interference.

"Complaints of interference have been made by radio-set owners to the local power companies in increasing numbers as broadcasting has become more popular. Companies that generate and distribute electric current are responsible, the survey discloses, for only between 10 and 20 per cent. of the sources of trouble. There are numerous other reasons for the buzzes, hums and frying noises that garble clear reception.

"'It is obvious,' states this report, 'that the only place absolutely free from man-made radio disturbances would be a desert island reached by a rowboat. Even there nature's reluctance to keep her various atmospheric strata charged at the same potential would present the radio receiver with undesired noises. In the civilized community every snap-switch, every door-bell, every one of the almost infinite variety of electric mechanisms used in this day and age is a possible source of disturbance. There are even sources of radio noises which are not commonly recognized as electrical; witness the "static" generated by machinery belting or by the exhaust steam from the smokestack of a locomotive. It is both interesting and instructive to sit with a sensitive radio set in front of an apartment-house at dusk and hear the rooms light up. While waiting there every passing automobile and street-car will give its own individual series of clicks. Every electric spark, no matter what its source, generates some energy at radio frequencies.

"'Hence there is a definite limit beyond which the sensitivity of the receiving set should not go. Perhaps some of the recent increase in complaints that are irremediable has been due to the development of ultra-sensitive sets to satisfy the demands of the long-distance enthusiasts. As a matter of coordination these enthusiasts should not complain of the noises that are received only during the quest for exaggerated distance; they are working below the noise-level of the community.

"'The recent tendency toward the use of increased power by broadcasting stations is a proper effort toward raising radio reception above the noise-level of the community which is to receive the program. Perhaps the proper direction in which broadcast radio should evolve is the development of transmitters of greater power and receivers of less sensitivity and greater selectivity, altho this is one of the problems that only this industry itself can solve.'

"Cooperating through committees of the association, members of the N. E. L. A., generating light and power in all sections of the country, have been able to pool their experiences and the results of their investigations. The report covers all details of the methods now in use in these endeavors, and is intended for use as a handbook for companies and enthusiasts interested in improving radio reception.

"It is said that at least one radio noise investigator will be found on the staff of practically every electric utility. Some companies spend thousands of dollars per year in this service to the public (the cost of investigating a single complaint averages $20), and all of them have in general offered the public the utmost assistance."

A DISPLAY OF INVISIBLE LIGHT

INVISIBLE ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT was one of the unusual and spectacular features of the decorations for the convention of Illuminating Companies, held recently at Colorado Springs. It was the first time that ultra-violet had been used for such a purpose. The illumination was contributed by the General Electric Company, whose press bulletin describing it we quote in part as follows:

"The sunken garden of The Broadmoor was floodlighted with a dozen powerful searchlights equipped with special light sources, special lenses and special reflectors. Cooper-Hewitt quartz mercury arc lamps, used for the light sources, supplied a large percentage of ultra-violet or invisible light, the quartz permitting passage of the ultra-violet with a minimum of absorption.

"Certain chemicals such as zinc sulfid, anthracene, fluorescene radimine and eosin, have the property of absorbing short, invisible ultra-violet vibrations, and converting them into longer, visible vibrations which become apparent as different colors of light. Luminescent paints containing such chemicals were sprayed over the flowers, shubbery and evergreen trees set in the sunken garden for the special purpose. This gave the beautiful effect of having every individual leaf, twig and flower petal glowing in various colors. In the surrounding darkness this produced a magnificent and startling effect.

"The water of the fountain in the center of the garden was likewise treated with luminescent chemicals, so that it too sparkled in the beams of invisible light.

"That the convention guests could participate in the novel display, 1,700 souvenirs treated with luminescent materials were distributed. Included were eyeglasses with one rim treated so that it would glow bright red and the other rim green, domino masks, paper hats, strings of beads, jewelry, scarfs, ribbons, ladies' garters, etc. Between 300 and 400 people walked through the garden, with these various glowing souvenirs lighting up and disappearing as they passed in and out of the invisible beams from the searchlights.

"In addition to these souvenirs, teeth and eyeballs fluoresced when lighted by the ultra-violet. Some dress goods, particularly those treated with anilin dyes, also glowed under ultra-violet stimulation."

CRIME AMONG ANIMALS—Robbery, murder, kidnaping, drunkenness, counterfeiting, even "crimes of passion," play a part in the lives of animals and insects, according to a writer in the Paris (France) *Times*. For nearly every vice or crime of which human beings are guilty one can find, he asserts, a counterpart in nature. We read:

"The rogue elephant, who runs amuck for no apparent reason, destroying man and beast, has been described by Kipling and many other writers. Outlaw horses have likewise been made hero or villain of countless tales. Mares have been known to kidnap foals and hide them away. Trusted sheep dogs from time to time have dropt their daytime mask of protector of the flock and at night have set forth as bloodthirsty killers of the very sheep given into their care. Birds, frequently of the most charming and harmless species in appearance, are also in the assassin class, this trait becoming more pronounced after a period of imprisonment in a cage. Singularly enough, snakes are almost entirely free of such accusations, and murder among fish is equally rare, altho the swordfish occasionally attacks and kills a whale for amusement.

"Insects, particularly bees and ants, display wickedness. Ants will mass in army fashion and destroy a neighbor state. Brigand bees, too lazy to work, are common assailants of well-stocked hives. Bees and ants also become deliberately tipsy from decaying fruit and certain flowers. In Abyssinia, goats and sheep are regular addicts to their 'dram,' taken in the form of beans of the coffee-plant.

"The English cuckoo is one of the best counterfeiters. It lays eggs, cleverly disguised, in other birds' nests in order to avoid the bother of hatching them. Crows and monkeys have their organized bands of thieves, with chief, lieutenants and sentinels. Many observers contend that crows also hold court, during which witnesses for the defense and prosecution are heard, and at the end of which certain crows are assigned to punish the evil-doers."

WHY ROYALTY HAS LOST OUT

THE NUMBER ON THRONES that remain intact in the world can be counted upon one's fingers, notes an editorial writer in *American Medicine* (New York). But, he goes on, altho there are fewer kings to-day, it is not the war which is to blame, nor even the advance of civilization, but, if we are to believe a French philosopher, the absurd rule of heredity to which the kings have always clung. We read:

Keystone View Company photograph

IF HE HAD BEEN EMPEROR

Prince Henry of Prussia, "Wilhelm's younger brother, a quiet, thoughtful, temperate and peace-loving Prince, who might have so conducted the affairs of his country as to avoid the great war."

"The fact is, the world is not too advanced: it is simply that kings have declined. And this decline is due to the inflexible and senseless rule which, on the death of a king, assigns the throne to the eldest son. This rule of inheritance dates back to the time when kingship required only physical stamina and the power to command men, but with the progress of time the requirements of kingship altered, but the rule of inheritance remained the same. And it is this rule which has proved the undoing of kings. The rule of the eldest is actually, as this philosopher points out, not a biologic rule, for the eldest is by no means the superior. On the contrary, in all human organizations, the eldest is often likely to be the least apt of all the offspring. Like an only child, he is usually the most spoiled. Furthermore, he is conceived at a time when his parents are least mature and least apt to bring forth their best. In large families it is the younger children who most frequently attain notability. The world's most famous men were the younger sons of large families, and this is no mere coincidence. Such children come into the world when their parents are more mature, when they have already had the experience of bringing up a few children and have profited by their mistakes. A notable instance of how faulty was the old rule of heredity is that of Kaiser Wilhelm. When his father died, the throne naturally passed down to him, but if the rule of heredity had been altered so as to assign the throne to the most capable of the sons, it would have been assigned to Henry of Prussia, Wilhelm's younger brother, a quiet, thoughtful, temperate, and peace-loving prince, who might have so conducted the affairs of his country as to avoid the great war. In the Turkish royal family, the rule of heredity has always been more logical. The distinguishing quality of a king being wisdom, the law of the land was that, on the death of a ruler, the throne was given to the eldest brother and not to the son, he being the most mature and therefore the wisest of the royal princes. On his death the brother next in age succeeded. When all the brothers had died, the throne was then given to the eldest son of the first king, and so on down the line. If the reigning families of Europe had possest the wisdom to keep in touch with progress, and to alter the law of heredity to suit the more modern requirements of kingship, there would be many more thrones in Europe to-day than there are. It is not yet too late for those rulers who still retain their thrones to learn from the past. If they wish to see a continuation of their thrones, they would do well to select as their heirs those sons who show an aptitude for kingship, rather than those who stand first in line because of precedence. If the parents of Wilhelm II and of Nicholas I had observed this rule, their descendants would still be sitting on their thrones, and ten million men would have been alive to-day."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

THE PRIZE AND THE PLAY AT "ST. EVA'S"

SOME ONE WILL HAVE TO PROVIDE another prize for Miss Eva Le Gallienne next year, if she fulfils the promise of her opening gesture this season at the Fourteenth Street Theater. Crowned with the $5,000 award offered annually by *The Pictorial Review*, "for the outstanding achievement of the year by a woman," she begins the season of her Civic Repertory Theater with a performance of Herman Heijermans's "The Good Hope" that holds its own in accomplishment with all the brilliant history that clings to this Dutch masterpiece. The prize money which was awarded by a committee of representative names in the art world of America, will go into the hopper of Miss Le Gallienne's enterprise along with her own personal savings. At least we may take Mr. Percy Hammond of *The Herald Tribune* as credibly informed, and cite one of his recent paragraphs:

Photograph by Nicholas Haz

SHE TURNED HER BACK ON BROADWAY

And established the Civic Repertory Theater, so the Committee of *The Pictorial Review* gave Miss Eva Le Gallienne the $5,000 award "for the outstanding achievement of the year by a woman."

"Her Civic Repertory Theater has become known to the devout as 'St. Eva's,' and its every service is attended by large numbers of dramatic shriners. Perhaps these suppliants do not know that the services of the Civic Repertory Theater are conducted by Miss Le Gallienne at a large financial sacrifice. Her personal fortune, amassed in such 'horribly unsatisfying' Broadway trivialities as 'Liliom' and 'The Swan,' has been donated to the cause, and only the other day she presented it with the $5,000 prize awarded by *The Pictorial Review*, for her unaided efforts to improve civilization via the theater. It is unaccountable that in these rich days, when angels and subsidizers of the dramatic art are almost as numerous as Broadway first-nighters, Miss Le Gallienne should have to pursue her gallant and costly crusade in Fourteenth Street at her own expense."

What made Miss Le Gallienne turn her back on "Broadway" and attempt something for which there was ample prophecy of failure, is answered by her in the New York *Sun*, despite, as she courageously says, "the grave danger it entails of being called highbrow and insincere":

"While playing on Broadway, I had a certain measure of success, at least in Broadway's sense of the word. After my rise to fame, to use newspaper terminology, in 'Liliom' and 'The Swan,' I was accorded the series of petty vanities that are the right of a star. These gewgaws consist of reading your name in lights and in the newspapers. You indorse breakfast foods, perfumes, powders, everything, and are portrayed in the newspapers, solemnly discussing the merits of a well-known cigaret with another equally portentous paper-made celebrity. You are, by the too-unknowing public, pictured as having the time of your life—a hilarious picnic through the grand broad highways of true histrionic art.

"Is it so strange, then, that a few years of this caused Broadway acting and its concomitant success to appear horribly unsatisfying? I could not help growing restless under the strain of playing more than a season in a hit. Playing in 'The Swan' became a miserable job, rather than a satisfying piece of work. The only good result I obtained from playing in a hit was a growing conviction that my conception of the theater was changing so that Broadway could not satisfy it.

"What is the theater of Broadway? To me it is a static thing, sterile and lifeless. It is a sort of Indian totem-pole, never growing in stature, but gaining merely in the number of new grimaces carved on its surface, and in the number of limbs superstitious and bowing priests add to it. Its history on what journalists call the Rialto seems to me a mere evolution of novelties. The cry is never for a fine play or a noble one, but for an original.

"Originality has come to have a specialized meaning along the 'stem.' It has begun to indicate a successful delving into and filching of theatrical antiquities. If a playwright has the ability to exhume and dress up an idea just old enough to have escaped the public's memory, his opus is acclaimed a *tour de force* of originality, and its manufacturer a public benefactor.

"It was the staleness of this theater and its musty aroma of old age that I wished to escape. Hence the *volte face*, despite many warnings, sincere and insincere, and my present refuge in the old Fourteenth Street Theater.

"But, mind you, I have no quarrel with Broadway. It serves its purpose, and does so better than the similar amusement centers of London, Paris, and Berlin serve theirs. It is only that I felt that there was a real unvoiced demand for the theater as a center of community life, a place where those growing in spiritual and mental stature could feed on the nobility the classic theater has created.

"It could be a stimulus and spur to the young playwright who was not merely clever, whose play could not reach the wide audience that demanded banality and a striking or notoriety-getting idea.

"I felt that such a theater must operate under the repertory system. Any other would again depend on the long run for its revenue, with its stultifying effect on the actor. Feeling that a theater such as I proposed would be a direct benefit to the

Photograph by White Studio

"MEN MUST WORK AND WOMEN MUST WEEP"

Scene in "The Good Hope" when the women gather on a night of storm to talk of how "dear we pay for the fish," while husband, son, and lover fight a losing battle with the sea. These figures are "true portraits, with the deep tonal values of a Dutch painting."

community, I appealed to the community for its support. If only 3 per cent. of the people of New York realize its importance and wish to endow it to the extent of a dollar a year apiece, I could offer a library of plays, the finest of modern classics, at almost the old ten-twenty-thirty prices.

"As I have often stated to interviewers, in the belief that the theater should be an instrument for giving rather than a machinery for getting, I found a house rich in theatrical tradition, the old Fourteenth Street Theater, and installed there a repertory company. This step was to me a personal liberation from thraldom to the group who enjoyed performances of such fine plays as 'Cradle Song,' 'Three Sisters,' 'Master Builder' and 'John Gabriel Borkman,' an exhilarating experience, and to jaded show people and skeptical critics of Broadway—just another of those art theaters."

The opening of the present season was a thrill for its supporters. While nearly every one had forgotten that "The Good Hope" was first given in New York, at least twenty-five years ago by pupils of the Empire School of Acting, and in 1907 by an English company, headed by Miss Ellen Terry, the deep emotion of the piece had not staled, and the competence of the present performance was worthy of the material in which the actors worked. What this was we will let Mr. J. Brooks Atkinson of the New York *Times* tell:

"After three hours under the spell of the deeply bitten tragedy, one can understand how enthralling it must have been to the Dutch who first saw it as a clean-cut image of their native life, and one sees why it ultimately resulted in reforming the Dutch shipping laws. For it is true in every detail of story, every line of dialog, and particularly in every character of a fishing village where the church bell is constantly tolling the frightful news of death at sea. In substance, 'The Good Hope' merely chronicles the departure of the crew on a rotten schooner, and in the last act reports her loss at sea in a storm, and reveals the agony of those who are left husbandless, loverless, and sonless ashore.

"But in this play, at least, Heijermans was no spinner of salty yarns; he was a master of character. And he tells his fable in terms of the men and women of the fishing village, high-spirited, brave, strong, and honestly vulgar. Most of the action passes inside the cottage of a weathered old mother of two boys who put out to sea in the decayed schooner. There come the old mariners to drink and jest, the youngsters to dream of the future; and there on a wickedly stormy night came the women of the neighborhood—terrified by every blast—to chatter in hushed tones of what the sea has wrenched from their lives. Sometimes the talk is pot-house humor; sometimes it becomes rude poetry; sometimes it beats a snarling hatred of the fates that crowd their uncertain existence. For Heijermans matched their resilience with his own, and he wrote of them with loving understanding. Played quite as sympathetically they emerge on the stage as true portraits, with the deep tonal values of a Dutch painting.

"In their first performance of the year, the Civic Repertory Players achieve simple beauty of a rare quality. Miss Le Gallienne acts the part of a daughter of the village with the economical brilliance of which she is capable at her best. Miss Hutchinson as a vain daughter of the upper classes, Miss Kruger as a long-suffering widow, Miss Ward as an empty-headed bourgeois wife, all give splendid performances. As a radical young fisherman, contemptuous of the old social reverences, Mr. Cameron acts with superb force, Mr. McCarthy as a timid youth, Mr. Brecher as the domineering shipowner, Mr. Crawley as a garrulous old cut-up, play uncommonly well.

"But the Civic Company is a repertory group of such well-blended versatility that one can not pick and choose among the actors. The performance in general is strong, supple and direct. M. Throckmorton's settings are probably the best decor in use for any of the plays. At the beginning of the second season the Civic Repertory fulfils every promise remembered from last spring."

THE COVER—Porto Rico is one of the isles of romance on the outer reaches of America's domains, and something of its color and life is conveyed by Mr. C. Harry Allis, who spent a year there recently, painting the classic forms of its old Spanish architecture and also its rugged old fortifications. The latter forms his theme for the subject we present. Done in a broad manner it composes well when viewed at a little distance and will serve as a bit of wall decoration. Mr. Allis is a native of Ohio. He, however, received his art education at the Detroit Museum of Fine Arts, where he afterward became instructor of drawing and painting—later was also instructor at the Bay View Academy. At this time he was mainly interested in water-color, and rapidly achieved a reputation in the handling of this difficult medium, his pictures being well received at the important Mid-West institutions. The artist was identified with movements for the promotion of art in his own and surrounding cities, and was an early member of the Society of Western Artists, later withdrawing, when going abroad for several years' travel and study in Europe. He has exhibited at the National Academy of Design, the Carnegie Institute, Pennsylvania Academy, the St. Louis and San Francisco World Fairs. He has practically abandoned painting in water-colors and devoted almost his entire time to painting in oils.

"THE FORD OF POETRY"

MATTHEW ARNOLD WAS ONCE CHIDED for the freedom he was accustomed to take with sacred themes. "Bantering the Trinity," he was told, was "not a recognized English pastime." Something short of his offense seems to have taken possession of our modern critics and biographers. They send every idol of the nineteenth century crashing down, and dance like Indians around the remains. Longfellow could not escape being one of the victims, and as his poetry was, at one time, read as much in England as in America, it is natural that the chorus was joined over there. Mr. Leonard Wolfe, literary editor of the London *Nation*, has gone Mr. Herbert Gorman, Longfellow's latest American biographer, one better in challenging *The Nation's* readers to unearth from Longfellow's verse a single line of poetry. The challenge is taken up by the editor of *The Sunday Express* (London), Mr. James Douglas—who quotes the first stanza of Longfellow's "Divina Commedia," naming it "undoubtedly and unquestionably poetry," and defying Mr. Leonard Wolfe to prove the contrary. Here it is as Mr. Douglas submits it for judgment:

IS THIS POETRY?

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat,
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait."

Mr. Douglas's defense of Longfellow, appearing in *The Daily Express*, may seem a little condescending unless there is alleviation in the epithet he uses to link the poet with one whom the masses of two continents look upon as the greatest man of the modern world—Henry Ford. "The truth is that Longfellow wrote simple verses for simple people. He never wrote a line for the expert, for the critic, or for the connoisseur. He lacked the magic of the consummate artist. He was not a poet's poet." In what follows this it would seem that the name of Wordsworth might slip out naturally, but that is hitting nearer home:

"All great poets have written yards of hopelessly bad verse, because all poets write too much and burn too little. The pedants and the parasites preserve and publish their worst work together with their best. It is not surprizing that the masses of counterfeit coin drive the good coin out of circulation. The ordinary reader shirks the drudgery of sifting and separating the gold from the lead, the silver from the nickel.

"I think this is the explanation of the reluctance of many indolent readers to toil through the great poets. They dread the dreariness of their vast unvitalized deserts and wildernesses. They shudder at the boredom of waste places and barren heaths. In their nausea they turn to anthologies and selections. They browse on purple patches. They toy with jewels five words long.

"For my part I hate anthologies and anthologists. They remind me of museums and mummies and their curators. I like to dig out my own nuggets and wash out my own gold dust, for I enjoy the sting of the unexpected, the stab of the unforeseen.

"But most of us are born with a thoroughly bad taste for bad poetry, and we seldom take the trouble to acquire a good taste for good poetry. Our imagination remains undeveloped by adventure and experiment. We are incapable of enjoying what the poets call pure poetry, of which there is very little in literature.

"Longfellow moved the heart of the common people, and they read him gladly because they understood his simple common tales and songs. His taste was terrible, but so is theirs. His moralizings were pathetic, but so are theirs. We may laugh and jeer at 'Excelsior' and 'The Psalm of Life,' 'Evangeline,' and 'Hiawatha,' but that is because our taste has been educated and his style is out-moded. We forget that he wrote for a primitive age that loved the didactic, the rhetorical, and the pseudo-picturesque.

"There are still millions of simple souls who are not beyond the naive stage reached by Longfellow. In our jargon we call them lowbrows. But the real defense of Longfellow is that he provided lowbrow poetry for the multitude of lowbrows. He was the common poet of the common people whose ears can not catch the higher harmonies. He thought as they think. He felt as they feel. He was the Ford of poetry."

There we have it, and the parallel may be all the apter after Mr. Ford's new model appears, for then we shall have something to match the opening lines of the "Divina Commedia." If any lowbrow wishes to rage and tear up some of the volumes of modern verse, let him read on:

"Let us not despise the primers of poetry. They may lead the people into the Promised Land by way of the wilderness. I believe that every lover of poetry goes through a period of evolution in taste. It is a long way from Longfellow to the great poets, but it is at least a way. In his verse there is a weak dilution of poetry, but even diluted poetry is good for poetic babes.

"There may be no pure and absolute poetry in such lines as

The air is full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead.

"But such passages may create a palate for sublimer and loftier music. The lover of Longfellow may progress, ripen, and mature. He is not past praying for.

"The truth is that poetry in our time tends to become the property of a priesthood, the monopoly of a hierarchy, the guarded secret of a sect. It loses itself in metaphysics. It becomes esoteric. Its language is unintelligible. It is a cult, not a living river.

"There is a gulf between the poets and the people. Hence the haughty derision heaped upon Longfellow by our intelligentsia. He is beneath their subtlety, altho his simple rimes once ran like wildfire through the minds of the masses.

"I submit that the tenth-rate poets are useful as sign-posts, on the poetic highway. They point the way to the pilgrims. The lover of Longfellow may hew his way to the high bards who sing the high songs. An attempt to murder Longfellow is like an attempt to murder the alphabet."

POIRET VS. THE WOMEN—American women have seemed to stage a Waterloo for Monsieur Paul Poiret, the acknowledged king of the art of women's clothes. He comes to us with complaints that they will not change their taste. Having put them in shorts, he now wants longs. But the women seem to have departed from his leadership, and the Philadelphia *Record* analyzes his plight:

"One of the oldest battles known to the fair sex has been that eternally waged between fashion and comfort. Of old, styles were notoriously uncomfortable. The smart clothes of the day were either too tight or too loose in the wrong places, or they were too long, and in other ways interfered with the free movement of the wearer. Did the dressmakers relent? Not at all. They simply offered a new style which by its difference distracted attention from the discomforts of the old; yet it had discomforts of its own which in time were perceived and caused demand for another new style, and so on. Thus the makers of clothing were kept busy, and profitably so.

"But of late women have desired more comfortable garments, threatening disobedience to the tenets of style. They have gained ground, and to-day's garb is about as free from distortions as could be. Clothing is not too tight, too narrow, too bulky, nor does it scratch, speaking, of course, from a feminine point of view. Perhaps it does err on the ground of going to the other extreme beyond the actual requirements of comfort, but that is a characteristic of all rebellions.

"Styles in the last five years have not changed greatly, at least in that time no radically different garments have been seriously adopted by womankind. Very probably the reason is that they have at last found garments which may be worn without distress, either local or general. . . .

"Not only have present fashions had a long run, but a still longer one is predicted, because they are based on sound principles. Of course, they are becoming, but so is every fashion of the moment, and other generations claimed an outstanding beauty for their own modes, not without cause."

THE SILENT LEGION

ALMOST ANY COMMONWEALTH in the country is richer than New York in its memorials to the dead of the Great War. But amends are slowly coming, and the unveiling of the bronze figures that record the dead of the Seventh Regiment is one of these. The crack Seventh Regiment of the New York National Guard went into the war as the 107th Infantry of the National Army and retains that designation officially as the 107th Infantry of the New York National Guard tho the old name of the "7th" is familiarly used. Nine years to a day after their regiment had taken part in the attack on the Hindenburg line—September 29—"that turned the tide of victory in the World War to the Allied armies," the members of the regiment came together to view the group executed by Karl Illova, an American sculptor who served overseas with the Twenty-Seventh Division, and whose training was under the sculptor Gutzon Borglum. A glance at the grouping ought to be an object lesson to moving-picture directors who crowd their scenes with thousands of moving figures and lose every salience thereby. Here are but seven figures, yet the sense of crowd is perfectly exprest. In the New York *Times* we read:

"The memorial is at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street, with the central figure looking toward the regiment's headquarters at Sixty-sixth Street and Park Avenue, two blocks to the east. It consists of seven bronze figures of heroic size, representing American soldiers in action. The three central figures are pushing forward to the assault with their rifles and bayonets ready; on either side of them a wounded soldier is being helped by a comrade.

"The central figure of the group, which is eleven feet high, bears a striking resemblance to Gene Tunney, heavyweight world champion. Many persons present at the dedication commented on the likeness and exprest the opinion that possibly Tunney had served as a model. Officers of the regiment denied this, saying the sculptor merely had striven to emphasize the characteristic expression of the typical soldier in action."

The address by Col. Hanford MacNider, Assistant Secretary of War, referred to the silent legion of men—the men of the Seventh who went but did not return from France. Thus:

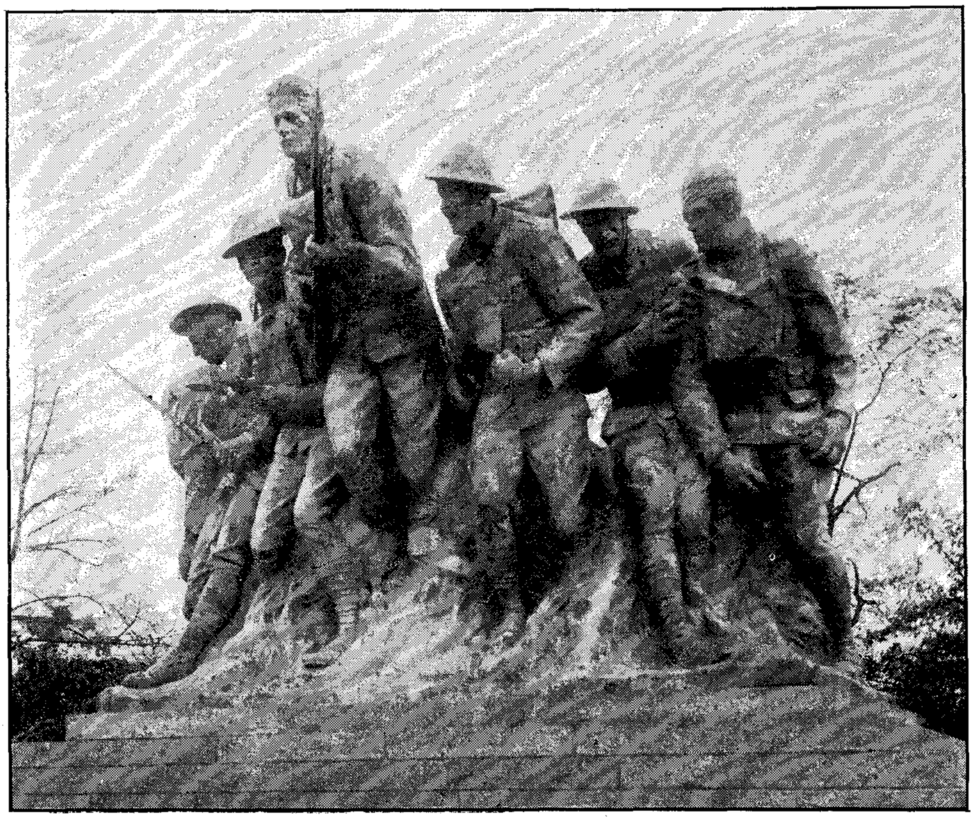
"Here about this memorial stand with us a great shadowy Legion, the men of the Seventh who did not come back, hundreds of good American boys.

"There stands beside every one of you right now another man. You can not see him, but you know who he is—some lad who marched with you, fought with you, shared with you the hardships of those dangerous days. He stands beside you now, his hand upon your shoulder.

"You and that boy went out with the colors ten short years ago, happy to share in the Great Adventure. You had before you the example of generation after generation of the Seventh which had fought and sacrificed and died that you might live under our flag—a free American citizen. You were willing to make the nation's troubles your own. You thought enough of your God-given heritage to fight for it. It is well that you did.

"You were to return. He was not. All through life he will march beside you. Your citizenship must count double through all the years to come. He died that you and your children might enjoy American citizenship.

"There are those among us nowadays who would make light of his sacrifice, who would destroy for one reason or another the national protection and leave the heritage he died to secure at the mercy of a still unsettled world. We all want peace, but not at the cost of our national honor, not at the cost of the loss of American citizenship to our sons or their sons."



REMEMBERING THE "SILENT LEGION" OF THE SEVENTH

On the edge of Central Park facing Fifth Avenue near 66th Street stands this monument, by Karl Illova, an American sculptor, to the dead of the Seventh Regiment.

MOVING DAY FOR *ABIE* AND *ROSE*—Critics are such diverting folk that they will go on being read in spite of such pitfalls as "Abie's Irish Rose" dug for them. That play has quit its long tenancy at the Republic Theater, New York, but it bids fair to go on forever like the brook. The occasion is seized by the press for a kind of summing up like this one indulged in by the Washington *Post:*

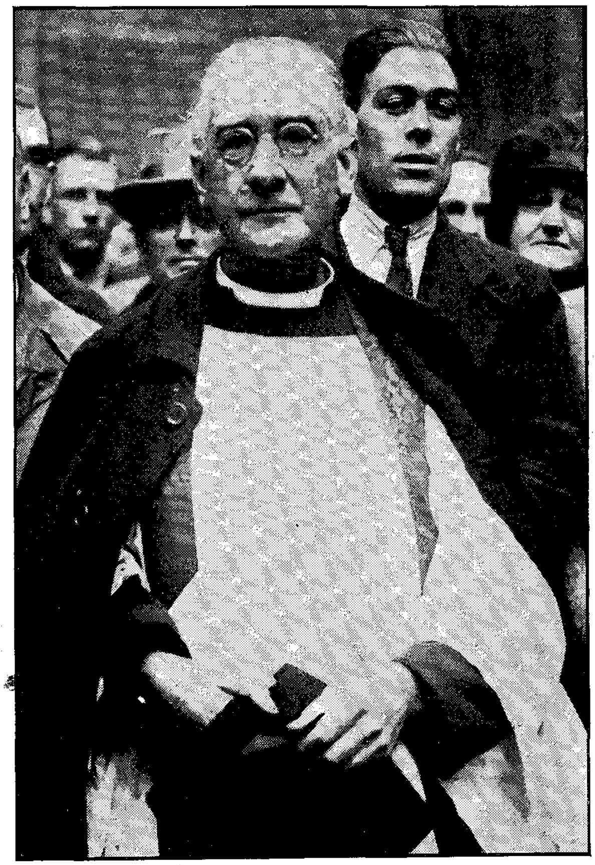
"The obituary of a play is seldom written. Those that die in infancy have none but creditors to mourn them. The fortunate ones that achieve longer life disappear eventually in a sort of wraithlike disintegration. Nothing remains to mark the former presence but the treacherous memory of a public caught with a new sensation. Not so with 'Abie's Irish Rose,' which has yielded the New York stage after an uninterrupted run of 2,327 performances, covering a span of more than five years, and exceeding the previous theatrical record by more than 100 performances.

"The history of 'Abie's Irish Rose' is a Horatio Alger plot come to life. The manuscript was hawked about among the New York producers by Anne Nichols. No one would sponsor it. Miss Nichols eventually became her own producer. Critics almost universally condemned the play. Seats could be obtained at cut-rate prices for the first thirty-five weeks. After that, the play moved with irresistible momentum. It is estimated that 11,000,000 persons, in all parts of the world, have seen this comedy. The author is many times a millionaire. New York was not alone in its acceptance of the offering. In Washington, it was patronized more enthusiastically than any other play, before or since. Other cities yielded in the same unconditional fashion to what the pundits had termed cheap 'hokum.'"

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

THE HERESY HUNT IN ST. PAUL'S

ALL ENGLAND HAS APPARENTLY been thrown into a theological uproar by Canon Bullock-Webster's spectacular denunciation in St. Paul's Cathedral itself of the Bishop of Birmingham's stand in frankly accepting the theory of evolution and denying the doctrine of transubstantiation. The controversy has been taken to the octogenarian Archbishop of Canterbury, and echoes of it have been heard in every church in the land. England, too, it seems, has its Dayton; and some of our editors are not slow to suggest that the British satirists who smiled at Tennessee may now smile at themselves.



Pictorial Press photograph

BRITAIN'S FIGHTING FUNDAMENTALIST

Canon George Russell Bullock-Webster, who caused an uproar in St. Paul's Cathedral by denouncing Bishop Barnes, of Birmingham, for his "false and heretical teaching."

Dr. Ernest William Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham, who had preached a sermon in Westminster Abbey upholding the theory of evolution, quoted in these pages October 15, and had on another occasion criticized the doctrine of transubstantiation, which holds that the elements of the Eucharist are transformed by the priest into the body of Christ, had been invited to preach in St. Paul's. He was about to begin a sermon on "Man's Creation—Blind Mechanism or Divine Design," the dispatches tell us, when Canon Bullock-Webster, of St. Michael's, Cornhill, a stern Fundamentalist, strode up to the pulpit. Surrounded by a small body-guard, the Canon denounced Bishop Barnes for his "false and heretical teaching," protested against his being invited to preach in St. Paul's, and called for his trial for his utterances and demanded that if found guilty he be "cast out of the Church of God." The organist, who saw that something untoward was occurring, we read further in dispatches, started playing and increased the volume of sound until the voice of the protesting clergymen was lost except to those near by. A number of the congregation, anxious to hear what was being said, rushed along the aisle, and the vergers were hard put to it to keep order. Many "Amens" indicated that the fiery Canon had support within the congregation. During all this time Bishop Barnes stood quietly in the pulpit, apparently unmoved by the demonstration below, and as soon as the Canon and his supporters left the Cathedral, he began his sermon. The discourse, as quoted in part by the New York *Times*, endeavors to reconcile the teaching of science as to man's appearance and development with a divinely ordered plan of creation. Says Bishop Barnes:

> "If you allow that the Darwinian theory of evolution is true, it follows that there has been great development of human intelligence since man sprang from the ape. Man and the gorilla have emerged as the results of closely parallel processes. Man's first cousin, the gorilla, is hardly a creature of sweetness and light, yet the two are products of the same machine—a machine in which, however, many inexplicable complications arise.
>
> "Isn't it natural to think of these as steps in the Divine plan, so that evolution becomes God's method of creation? All the vast chapter of fortunate accidents form a plan willed by God for spiritual ends. Man may not be the end of life's progress. Higher beings may replace humanity on earth. We maintain that God planned man's creation and present progress, but we maintain it not by rejecting science. The whole development of man is to be regarded as a manifestation of God's activity."

Some days after the public attack upon his "heretical" views, Bishop Barnes wrote an open letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he justifies his stand on evolution and reaffirms his criticism of the doctrine of transubstantiation, which is said chiefly to have aroused the Canon's ire. In his letter, as it is quoted in the New York *Sun*, the Bishop declares emphatically: "No man shall drive me to Tennessee or Rome." He protests that "a new era apparently has opened when a Bishop of the Church of England who upholds its traditional sacramental doctrines is for that reason exposed to public attack by those who ignore what is seemly in public worship." He then reaffirms his belief in the apelike ancestry of man and asserts that intelligent men and women are being alienated from the Church, firstly, by its reluctance to accept scientific teachings, and, secondly, by the growth of erroneous sacramental doctrines such as that of transubstantiation. "I invite the Archbishop," he writes, "to consider steps to help those of us who are trying to fit the Church to be the spiritual guide of an educated nation."

The venerable Archbishop refuses to take sides in the controversy, and counsels instead that the captains of the Church walk with "all lowliness and meekness and long-suffering, being diligent to keep unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." He assures the Bishop that no one in England wishes to drive him to Tennessee or Rome, and dismisses the question of evolution by saying that it is not new and that few persons hold the views of fifty or a hundred years ago, and goes on:

> "Now, in your open letter to myself, you assure me that what you have been lately doing and been denounced for doing is as 'a Bishop of the Church of England to uphold its traditional sacramental doctrine' and 'affirm'—as we all affirm—that 'the doctrine of transubstantiation is untrue.' Do not suppose me to be unmindful of our duty to stem whatever trend there is that way. The duty is clear.
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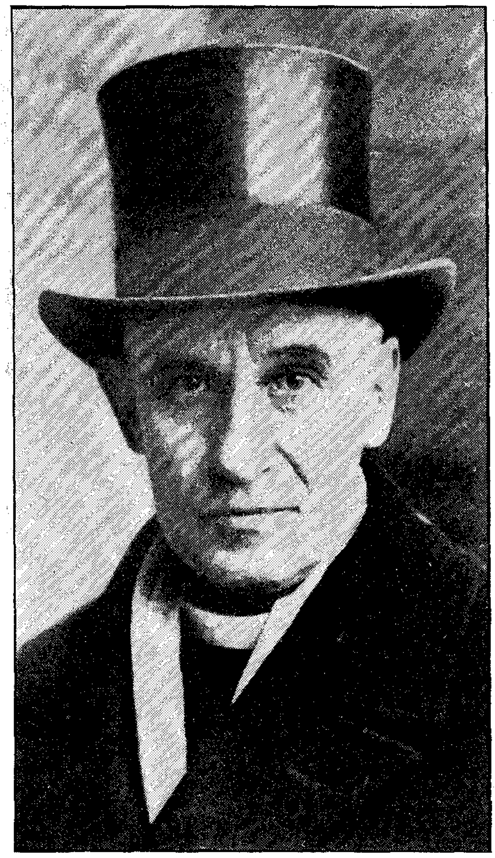
> "But when I turn to the Birmingham sermon which aroused criticism, I find that the statement which you make to me fails to describe fairly what you there said. In your natural and

legitimate desire to denounce the few in the Church of England who hold or teach the doctrine of transubstantiation you were led to speak of the Sacrament of the Holy Communion in a way which—quite reasonably, as I think—gives real offense to the great body of devout churchmen and churchwomen and, not the least, to those who are able to give scholarly as well as reverent consideration to the sacramental doctrines our Church upholds.

"I do not believe you had any intention of wounding the souls of honest, faithful English churchmen, but you ignore or belittle the position and teachings of those within our Church who stand in the tradition of such great Englishmen as Andrews or Ken or Wilson, or, in our own day, Edward King or Charles Gore. Nay, more. Your words seem to be capable of being interpreted as to include in reprobation or almost contempt, the position of the great mass of churchmen who would associate themselves with the teachings of such great masters as Bishop Lightfoot and Bishop Westcott, or who have caught the devotional spirit of the hymns of Charles Wesley.

"I prefer to think, if you will reread your Birmingham sermon in the light of such criticism as your letter has drawn from me, that you will feel what I have said is not unfair."



Keystone View photograph

BRITAIN'S STIRRING MODERNIST

Bishop Ernest William Barnes, whose criticism of the doctrine of transubstantiation infuriated his brother in the cloth, Canon Bullock-Webster.

Scores of British clergymen and scientists, we are told, have been moved by Bishop Barnes's challenge to express their views on the question at issue. Dean Inge of St. Paul's, we read in the New York *Sun*, refers to Canon Bullock-Webster as a "brawler," and adds: "We are entitled to prosecute him, but I do not suppose we shall." As to the sermon, he says: "In general terms I agree with the Bishop of Birmingham." Dr. Norwood, pastor of the famous City Temple in London, a noted liberal, is quoted in the New York *World* as saying: "I entirely agree with Dr. Barnes's outspoken sermon. While I do not think that Darwin's triumph has in any way weakened the Christian Gospel, I certainly think it has profoundly shaken the theological scheme devised at a time when men accepted the Genesis account as literal history." Former Bishop Gore of Oxford, now retired, declared in a recent sermon that "we are nourishing a vain hope if we suppose that the early chapters of Genesis or the stories about Daniel and Enoch are ever going to be accepted as history." On the other hand, Capt. J. W. D. Barron, Secretary of the Church Association, is quoted in the Baltimore *Sun* as saying that he "can not agree with the position of the Bishop of Birmingham in assuming that the theory of Darwin has triumphed or that it has destroyed 'the whole theological scheme.' Scientific theories have no finality, and the assumed truths of to-day often become the fallacies of to-morrow." So far as man's descent is concerned, Captain Barron accepts "unreservedly the teaching of Holy Scripture, and can not understand how a Christian can do otherwise."

Thus we see that the issue as between Fundamentalist and Modernist is not confined to any one locality. The fires burn as hotly in London as in Dayton. Whatever individual views as to the merit of the case may be, the controversy indicates that religion is paramount with man. It thrives on such incidents as that which occurred in St. Paul's, says the New York *Herald Tribune*. "And not only does the dispute itself kindle into flame that spark of religious zeal that lies dormant in the average human breast," continues *The Herald Tribune*, "but the more sensational its staging the hotter the fire burns."

"We are not concerned here with the questions of doctrine at issue. It is our wish merely to indicate that, whatever its effect on the peace of the Established Church, the Canon's misbehavior has done religion no harm."

MISSIONARIES WELCOME IN INDIA

SINCE THE MISSIONARY EVACUATION OF CHINA, it is comforting to learn that there is at least one country left in the Orient where the missionary is welcome, and where there is scope for even "a much larger number of foreign missionaries." That is the appreciative word from K. Chandy, a distinguished member of the administration of Mysore, one of the largest, wealthiest and most progressive States under Indian rule. Speaking at the United Theological College at Bangalore, as reported in *The Hindu* (Madras), he declared:

"India needs, and its villages need, the order, method, cleanliness and organization and the knowledge and freedom from corroding habits and from superstition that Western people are fitted to teach them. These qualities, when inspired by the spirit of service, as opposed to the spirit of aggression, are the qualities, it occurs to me, that India greatly needs to supplement her own beauty, sweetness, patience, and quietness. I am aware that there is a great deal of rural work being done by individual missionaries, but I hope it will be admitted that there is scope for enormously larger work in uplifting and improving the lot of the people."

In the opinion of this distinguished Indian leader the time has come for a change in method of missionary activity. He would have the missionaries engage in social service, particularly in bringing about reconstruction in the rural communities, where dire ignorance and poverty are said to prevail. To quote him further:

"From my own experience extending over thirty years, and from what might be read in books and in government publications, there is no doubt that the vast, the most important, the most fruitful work that Christians might do in India, in the immediate future, is the work of rural reconstruction.

"The poverty and ignorance that prevail in our villages are appalling. Infantile mortality and deaths due to preventable diseases are terrible, and while government and local bodies are becoming more and more alive to their responsibilities toward villages, there is unlimited scope for voluntary organizations to send out bands of trained workers for work in these villages.

"It will be a great day for India if mission organizations in England and elsewhere come to realize that the scope for work in towns and among literary people is not now so great as it used to be, that the missionary no longer holds, in the mind of educated India, the kind of place that he used to hold a few years ago, but that as social servants, healing the sick, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, they have opportunities of a magnitude that scarcely occur elsewhere. The gratitude of the Indian people for acts of kindness is well known, and you (the Christian workers in India) must have found, as I have found, in these villages examples among the so-called heathen of qualities that can not easily be distinguished from the best Christian virtues."

IS CHURCH UNITY A WILL-O'-THE-WISP?

CHURCH UNITY AS THE NOTION is commonly accepted is a will-o'-the-wisp which Christians will forever chase but never reach, in the opinion of a theological writer whose views are sometimes directly opposite to those held by his clerical brethren. But the Rev. Herbert Parrish, rector of Christ Church, New Brunswick, New Jersey, believes that the effort is always worth while, as it is worth while to follow any counsel of perfection, and, surprizingly enough, he envisions the possibility of a State Church as the one solvent of our innumerable, and often trivial, denominational differences and rivalries.

To begin with, Mr. Parrish, writing in *Harper's Magazine*, says it is surprizing that there is as much unanimity of opinion in Christianity as there is, since "there are racial divisions and cultural differences, college presidents and savages, statesmen and jailbirds, intellectuals and masses of unwashed peasants, all over the green world, and all alike claim a share in the benefits of religion as their most precious heritage." The problem is further complicated, he tells us, by the fact that religion is not merely an intellectual attainment; it is also a matter of the heart, the feelings and the will. "Not this side of Paradise, therefore, when the redeemed shall have attained to Ultimate Truth and walk in the white robes of irreversible charity," Mr. Parrish believes, "is church unity, corporate and spiritual, a possibility. Like communism, its program implies a condition where men are as the angels of God. It is a Counsel of Perfection. How far are we moving in its direction?" As he views the situation:

> "To attempt a synthesis of the extremes of recognized theological positions, to unite in a single authoritative body the churches, is a dream similar in kind to the schemes to eliminate poverty, to create a universal language, to destroy capitalism, to perfect governments, to make democracy safe for the world, to determine taste, to reach Utopia. It is the delight of secretaries, the despair of honest men. Clergymen, always incurable idealists on the lookout for sermon material, fall for it regularly. Its deficiency supplies the explanation for inefficiency. But it can not be done.
>
> "The best that can be done is to aim at the ideal. It is well to remember that character is to be judged, not by what it is, but by what it tends to become. Let results take care of themselves."

Little came out of the Lausanne World Conference on Faith and Order, thinks Mr. Parrish, and he goes on:

> "Any scheme of corporate unity, then, is beyond the diplomatic skill of even the most astute ecclesiastical leaders. It is not a matter of practical politics. If it is, as is so often asserted, the divine will, then it is on a par with the other great and ultimate ideals. 'Be united' can only be compared with 'Have all knowledge,' 'Agree on Ultimate Truth,' 'Sustain perfect charity,' 'Be devoid of every prejudice.' It belongs to the eternal categories. It is an excellent aim, but a mystical attainment. The individual may have the feeling for it, but he can not materialize or demonstrate it. To arrive even at the emotion as a spiritual experience is to transcend all the churches.
>
> "There remains, however, a practical aspect of the problem in America that ought to be undertaken, not by impractical idealists, but by ecclesiastical statesmen. For in this country we have listed some 167 varieties of religion, and at least 40 more not listed. Besides the main and better-known divisions, such as the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics, there are many large communions of earnest Christians banded together and separated from the others, in competition with them. The divisions run largely along racial lines, it is true. The Lutheran, the Scandinavian, the Hungarian, the Greek, the Serbian churches witness to the importation of religion along with the national waves of immigration. And even in the Roman Catholic Church, the same strains of race are found in the Irish, the Italian, the German, and other groups. But in addition to such divisions, which tend greatly to prevent the assimilation of the foreign-born, there are very many divisions among Protestants, based upon progressive or conservative theories, or upon the special emphasis of some particular tenet, that foster discord and stimulate destructive competition. We have, for example, such sects as the Six Principle Baptists, the Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarians, the Duck River Baptists, the Pilgrim Holiness Brethren. There are two sects of Brethren, Conservative and Progressive, split on the question of whether a man's coat shall have one button or two, the two-buttoners being Progressive. We have the Zarephath, the Holy Rollers, with a female bishop, the Pillar of Fire."

Perhaps nothing much could be done with "the cranks who caricature religion by their extravagances," says Mr. Parrish; but something should be done to avoid the waste in competition and rivalry, especially where the differences are no more than the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Some practical attempts to bring about greater unity have been made in Canada, Australia and among the English missions in India. The attempt in Canada, where Methodist, Congregationalist, and Presbyterian denominations have effected a form of unity, is the most advanced, but, thinks Mr. Parrish, is only partially successful. The movements in Australia and India are not much beyond the paper stage. In the United States there have been, for twenty years, discussions, conferences, resolutions and even actual attempts to bring about some measure of reunion among Protestant sects, but, says Mr. Parrish, little has been accomplished. The pastors, he thinks, would in many cases favor it. "But the inherited nostalgia for customary forms and habits in religion of the laity, the vested interests, the suspicion and prejudice in relation to other aspects of Christianity, are seemingly irremovable barriers. The varieties of cultural standards and the divergences in moral theories also are obstacles." Mr. Parrish then strikes us with this idea:

> "There is still the possibility that at some future time the State, in spite of our boasted theories about the separation of Church and State, may take over the matter of religion. America may yet have a State Church established by law. The history of every nation in the world in the past has shown the advantages as well as the disadvantages of such an arrangement. The State can give a unity, a dignity, an authority to the Church such as nothing else in the world, except the Papacy, can give. And since the same people who compose the State compose the Church, the arrangement is convenient and natural. At the present time the churches are impinging more and more upon the province of legislation, insisting that the State put through their programs.
>
> "The step may be easier than is commonly realized for the reverse process, in some emergency, to take place. The churches may some day wake up to find themselves a department of the State, rather than its counselor and guide. This has happened before in history and may happen again."

THE RICH YOUNG MAN

By Laura Simmons

IT seemed so mad a way to do—
To grieve so deep; to suffer, too,
For men He never even knew!

A life so lonely, meek, and bare!
I wonder why He made a prayer
For them that mocked and nailed Him there!

Vast wealth is mine; why do I see
My golden hoard without avail?
Why turns no man with love to me?
Why did He triumph, and I fail?

Poor—and despised! how strange a thing
That mighty hosts, with worshipping
In endless praise His name should sing:

Oh, 'tis a grievous mystery—
That mankind never looks to me
As to that spent and broken Christ
That drooped on Calvary!

—*The Catholic World, New York.*

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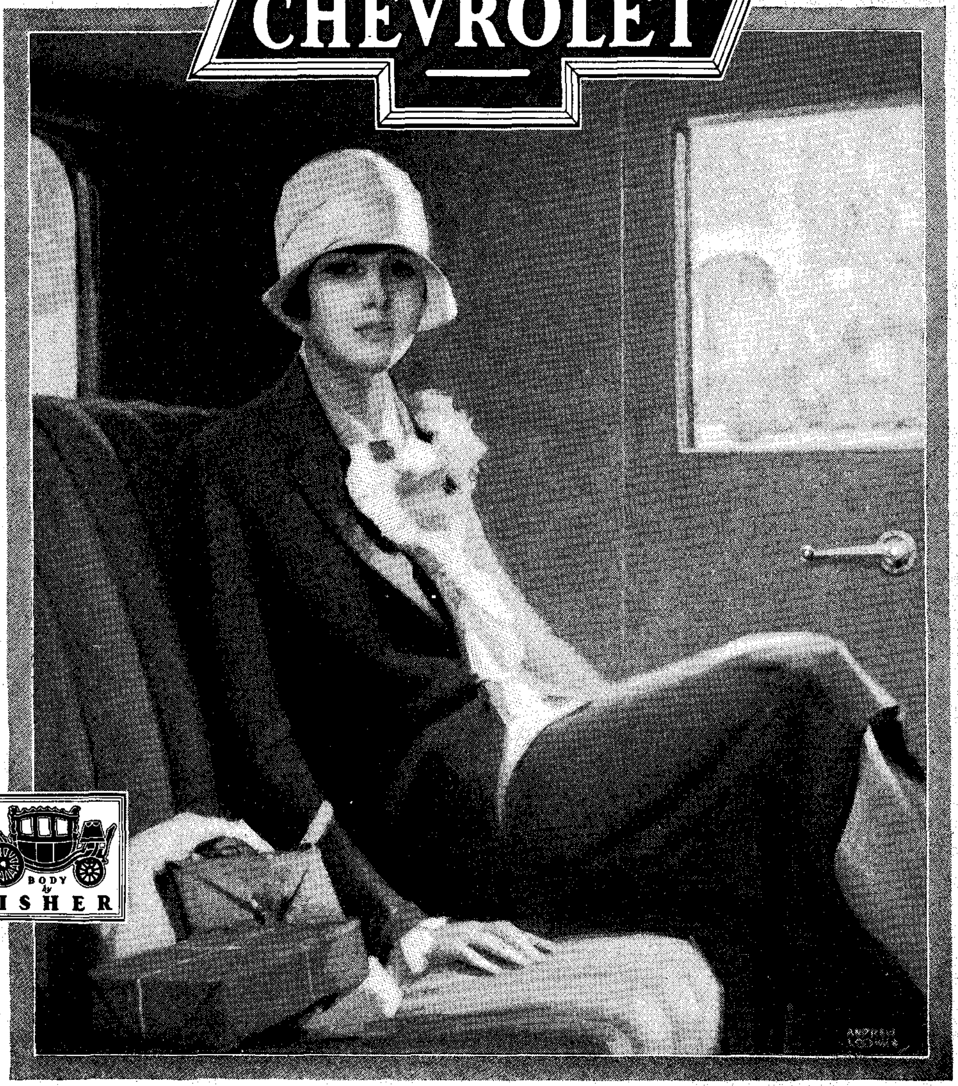

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

IN the competition among 4,000 entrants, set by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley on the theme of Lindbergh's flight, the prize of $500 was awarded to Nathalia Crane, now grown fourteen. Her own explanation of the title accompanies the poem printed in part in the New York *Times* and elsewhere. "Why, 'wings of lead' signify the impossible," she said. "You see, Lindbergh just came in unknown and said he would do it, and every one said 'ridiculous, impossible.' Then he did it; he did the impossible."

Nathalia's poem, here only in part, is in the Kipling manner, a narrative of the flight, a picture first of the gods looking down on a dull world and deciding to stimulate it to extraordinary achievement. Their challenge Lindbergh accepted.

WINGS OF LEAD

By Nathalia Crane

And then one night there landed on a Mineola swale
A plane that looked like pewter, with a carrier of mail.

Its wings were tinged like tea-box skins, each truss of shadow-gray,
Its cabin but an alcove slung beneath a metal ray.

The *Spirit of St. Louis* was inscribed upon the lee;
It came from out a province that had never seen the sea.

The pilot entered for the course, the quarter quadrant glide—
To fly the full Atlantic and the tag ends of the tide.

He listed in as "Lindbergh" just one pace beyond the ranks;
He had a moon-stained paddle and some star gas in his tanks.

A chemist from Olympus with a ladle nicked the rays:
He said the ore was purer than it was in Cæsar's days.

Invisible, he passed the word, the barograph was sealed—
A plane with leaden wings went down the Mineola field.

It rose and fell and rose again and then attained to breath—
The raiment of the bubble when the bubble goes to death.

And somewhere near to noontime as the fishers turned to scan.
They saw a pearl-gray monoplane slide east of Grand Manan.

A single-motored miracle, a lead mine on each flank;
Below a shadow swept and awed the hundred-fathom bank.

Upon a billow rocked and cheered a lanterned spindle buoy.
The off-shore bells were chanting for the *Spirit of St. Louis;*

For o'er the darkened deep there flew a carrier of mail.
His engine drunk with star gas and berserk in the flail.

He made the course the gods had set, the quarter quadrant glide,
He flew the full Atlantic and the tag ends of the tide.

There are two more stanzas to this poem in *American Poetry Magazine* (Wauwatosa, Wis.), but the thought is implicit in the final one here quoted:

FLIGHT

By Mary S. Fitzgerald

I heard grey breakers moaning
On sand-dunes, bleak and dun,
And watched grey, sodden clouds obscure
The low-receding sun.

I thought in all that drear expanse,
No living thing in sight—
When suddenly, with rush of wings,
A seagull rose in flight;

And circling round and round my head,
Above that sullen sea,—
He soared into the dismal west
With dread solemnity.

I watched, as far as eye could see,
His solitary flight—
As unafraid, unquestioning,
His grey wings clove the night.

Sometime, in some grey twilight,
By some uncharted sea,—
My soul will spread its pinions,
With quiet certainty.

There is a long poem in *Poetry* (Chicago) that attempts to rationalize this mounting spirit of which Lindbergh is the bright particular star. Part I, which we omit, shows us the "young savages of a raw nation" who refuse the "ancient loveliliness," "cultures brewed in alien, thin and delicate blood." We take it up in Part II:

SKY-EATERS

By Marie de L. Welch

Now they are stung with a terrible need,
They are torn with emptiness,
They are bitten with greed.
They are stung, they are torn, they are bitten, and they bleed
Motion and speed:
Aeroplane,
Radio,
Telephone,
Turbine,
Steam engine,
Dynamo:
Wing over wing, steel against steel,
Wire with wire, wheel in wheel;
Speed in voices and hands and brains,
Speed in the muscles, in the veins. . . .
There is a terrible haste to feed
The young emptiness, the greed.

There is a hunger that is not filled
For all the ravenous haste to buy and build
And make, and be grown and great.

They are blind, they are starved, they are desperate:
They have swallowed the stars in caverns of iron and stone;
They have split the sun and the moon
With their hunger, with their need to be grown;
And they go in the dark
With their hearts iron and stone,
With their heart's jaws that are starved and strong.

III

They are the sky-eaters. They have hurled
Away the natural splendors of the world.
They are unstrung and violent. They know
None of the wise ways that the heart may go;
Because the ways of the body torture them so,
And their young hunger reaches beyond reason.
What is beauty then but a pitiful treason
To the starved blood,
To the muscles that shout for food—
Shutting away the cries of the mind,
Strangling it, making it deaf and blind.

They are eaters of the sky, eaters of the wild
Beauty of earth and sea. In the low-hilled
Light land; in the red, parched,
Streaked desert; in the bright cool river land;
On peak; in hollow; on stone; on sand;
Where forests marched and mountains marched;
Where in the vastness old desires were stilled:
Their young desires will only make them build
Towers and markets and prisons, iron-arched,
Marble and granite and brick, strong to swallow the light of the sky,
To swallow the fresh stars and the wind's cry,
And bend to the power of engines the rivers and fountains,
And hustle in the tread of towns the slow tread of the mountains.

IV

Will they grow finally wise from their bodies' hunger?
Will the strain be over, and the young anger
Against emptiness, and will they find
Food for the hunger of the mind
Freed from the young body's hunger?
What is the beauty and learning they will get
Out of their knowledge of speed and labor and sweat,
And the starved alliance with iron and steel and stone
To feed the body alone?

The sky they have eaten will get
Desires in their minds for beauty not to be killed
By hunger of body or mind. The sky will build
Desires in them for lines that the sky will love
When men and their hungers are fat with dust.
The sky in them will make them lust
For beauty as they lusted for the sky.

They who scorned alien learning will reveal
The learning of their own;
They who have broken the beauty of the eart
Will bring new beauty terribly to birth.
And the old learning will be as rust on steel,
And the old beauty will be as dust on stone.

The Midland (Iowa City) presents us a problem somewhat larger than that of the two characters who represent it:

BELIEF

By James Hearst

My neighbor and I have stood in the sun
And talked and left some work undone.

We could have spent the half of a day
If we were not busy, this pleasant way.

For seldom it is that we can see
Each other when we both are free.

When we are working upon the land
Our speech is mostly a wave of hand.

Except we shout across the fence
To give the gesture sustenance.

And I am certain we should do
More to encourage a word or two.

We should stand often against the sun—
And what of the work if it isn't done?

For we are two neighbors who like to share
A friendly word in the open air.

And we should talk swiftly against the time
When crops and men and women and rhyme

Shall be as quiet to us as stone—
The time of forever we spend alone.

A daring American flier dropped out of the night on Le Bourget—and won the adulation of the world.

An inspired American golfer conquered famed St. Andrews—and received the applause of kings.

A new American motor car swept into the spotlight less than four months ago—and encountered a public reception once undreamed-of . . . A brilliant new car: vivid, poised, distinguished, staunch—the Oakland All-American Six. A car with all those qualities Americans admire . . . a car on which America has already bestowed success!

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INTREPID MOVIE ACES STRAFING FRITZ ON THE GRIM BATTLE-GROUNDS OF TEXAS

You can see that Fritz knows when he is strafed—especially with the director bawling and the camera working like mad.

WHEN WAR-PLANES FLAME AND AUDIENCES GASP

EAGLES STRIKE, AND ARE STRICKEN. The vanquished, blazing into meteors, topple, plunge and write their own epitaphs down the sky in serpentine trails of fire and smoke. Spiraling drunkenly earthward, they are dogged at each turn by relentlessly inquisitive cameras—now above, now below, now haply on the same level—intent on not missing the smallest pirouette in that dance of death. Peaceful audiences, digesting their comfortable dinners in plush-covered seats, find a sharp emotional "kick," rivaling that of a first-class prize-fight, in seeing with their own eyes, as by a visual throwback of history, some of those incredible air duels of a decade ago, which the whole world used to read about with bated breath in the war dispatches from the Western front. More, the audiences participate in those dizzy affrays. They are lifted to the clouds. They soar, swoop, maneuver for a bead on the hated enemy. They duck before his streams of machine-gun bullets. They are the passengers of their own heroes, the dauntless aces whom they have seen living each his personal life of joy and grief on solid ground, and who are now scarcely recognizable, with their bitter obsession of battle accentuated by the hooded and goggled panoply of the birdman. All this in "Wings," a vast Paramount picture, in which the United States Army Air Force and other military branches assisted, and which famous war aces have pronounced singularly faithful to war realities.

Thus, "to the airmen who were over there it is like living the old days over again," exclaims *Aviation*, in an editorial by its managing editor, R. Sidney Bowen, Jr., a former Lieutenant of the Royal Flying Corps. Pronouncing the film "a tensely interesting and highly instructive picturization of the military side of aeronautics," *Aviation* continues:

> Much has been said and written about war in the air. Some of which was actual truth, and some of which were the pennings of highly imaginative authors, but practically all of which was difficult indeed for the layman to understand, much less picture in his own mind. But in "Wings" he is able to see for himself just how war flyers operate, alone, in pairs, and in squadrons. Not only does he see how the airman combats his foe above the clouds but also how he "strafes" the troops on the ground. To the man in the street and the post-war pilot, "Wings" is pictorial history.
>
> True, the planes that appear in the picture are some of the present-day types, loaned, together with their personnel, through the courtesy of the United States Army Air Corps, which played no small part in making the production the success that it is. And when the war pilot sees the hero take off in the familiar "Spad" and two minutes later "dog fighting" in a Curtiss "Hawk," or sees the hero send a "Gotha" down in flames, when in truth it is a post-war Martin bomber that goes down, he may smile to himself and think of S.E.5s and Camels and Fokkers, etc., but he experiences the old kick of half fright, half exultation, and grips the arms of his seat in suspense just as much as the novice who is sitting next to him and learning all about the art of aerial warfare for the first time.
>
> The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and all other organizations, as well as individuals who assisted in making "Wings," are to be congratulated for their splendid efforts and results. During the last year the people of this country have learned a lot about the value of the airplane in time of peace, and with the Air Corps becoming a stronger arm of defense with each new day, it is altogether fitting that the non-flying public should have the opportunity to obtain some idea as to the true value of the airplane in time of conflict.

The prodigious scale on which the preparation of the picture was undertaken may be judged from the statement that twenty square miles or so of perfectly good Texas landscape was shell-shocked and manhandled into a seemingly war-torn bit of the Argonne, to serve as a background. Mr. Quinn Martin writes in the New York *World* of the "dignified authenticity" of "Wings," and continues:

> Added to this quality, it has excitement. There has been no movie so far as I know which has surpassed it in impressing upon an audience a feeling of personal participation. Of course, this is due largely to the method of its construction. At its climax, when the magnascope device enlarges the curtain to twice its normal size and carries the spectator head-on into the action of an airplane battle in the clouds, there is no escaping the thrill. This is a magnificent moment, more terrifying and more lasting than the memorable elephant stampede in "Chang."
>
> "Wings" is a fine picture, largely by virtue of its success in reproducing scenes of actual combat in airplanes. The on-looker feels himself whisked away into battle formation and

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In addition to certain ingredients for the proper care of teeth, mouth and gums, it contains a marvelous new polishing agent, which reduces brushing to a minimum . . . the speediest dentifrice known.

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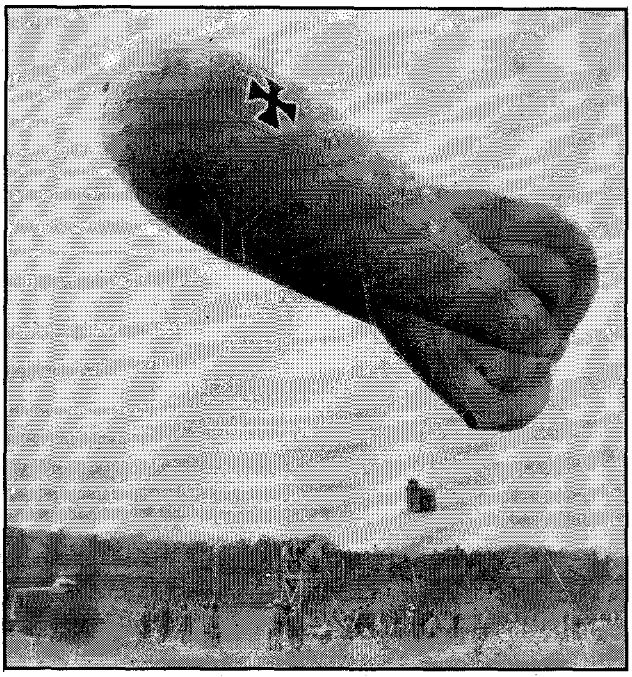
and riding in a flying-machine alongside the diving, stunting, fighting planes; he experiences all the visual reactions of hand-to-hand encounter miles above the earth. These are extraordinary shots, filled with electrifying suspense, made with a completeness and an imbuement which will get you, including kiddies and grandparents.



A GERMAN SAUSAGE THAT GETS WELL COOKED

Under attack by American aviators, its 37,000 cubic feet of hydrogen proves such a feast for fire that the observation balloon curls up into a smoldering rag in less than sixty seconds, we are told, by the best stop-watch in the audience.

The impossible has been accomplished with "Wings," exclaims a New York *Morning Telegraph* critic, continuing:

> The mountain has come to Mohammed; the motion-picture, monarch of the earth and the waters under the earth, has added another tributary in conquering the air.
>
> From the eminence of an orchestra chair one joins the flight of fury-birds.
>
> Now one sees a blue sky crimsoned with the blood of flame as valorous foemen flutter down to death.
>
> Again, great mottle-winged air-beasts dip and duck, maneuvering always patiently for position, from which they spit a sudden stream of leaden death.
>
> The spectator is shot from his chair into the very heart of the howling heavens. An enemy plane crashes in his very face. He accompanies the pilot of another which looses destruction against the foe. He drives his own ship into the midst of the fray in such realistic manner that an involuntary tightening of muscle accompanies each burst of flame from the guns of his adversary. He glances back to see his gunner's head wobbling to and fro in silly fashion, eyes stupidly glazed, mouth twisted in a ghastly grin. He rides with death in the cockpit.
>
> He swoops earthward to spray a crawling mass of gray-backed roaches with a stream of lead, and leans over laughing to see them curl up convulsively. The roaches try to hurry to shelter, but the winged death comes too quickly.
>
> Then up again—up, up, up, to greet the sun himself with a wave of the hand and a "We who are about to die salute you!"

"Wings," we learn, has been adapted for the screen by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton, from a story by John Monks Saunders. The director, William A. Wellman, is given credit by most of the critics for a colossal achievement. Chronicling the advent of the picture to the Criterion Theater, New York, *The Christian Science Monitor* tells us:

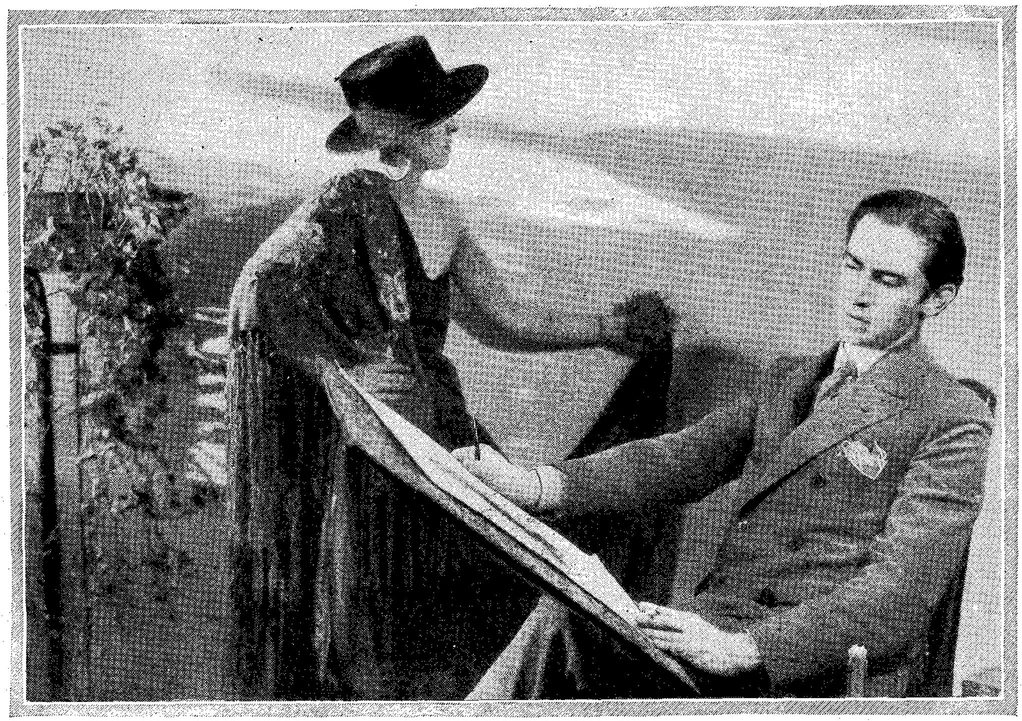
TWO ACES AND A QUEEN—OF HEARTS, OF COURSE

These three carry the "story," which, while simple enough, is said to extort tears from the sentimental. From left to right: Charles Rogers, Clara Bow, and Richard Arlen.

> In answer to the resounding broadside that M. G. M. made with its "Big Parade," Paramount has shot another super-special production into the filmy air, hoping to achieve as splendid a box-office success, and, by all signs, is well on the way toward that goal. Other attempts having failed to startle the buying public, a concentrated effort was made by a Paramount unit under the supervision of Lucien Hubbard to achieve the timeliest and most potent kind of a hit with this tale of the aeronautical side of the A. E. F. Studio reports place the expenditure at $2,000,000, or more, and this extravagant assembling of resources has not been in vain. "Wings" is a thrilling picture. Once the film gets under way, with the quick flashing of multiple man-maneuvered wings in and out of the scene, with the zooming of the motors and the peppering of the machine-guns crowding the theater with tonal trimmings, the intended mood of the picture is established and sustained to the end.
>
> Mr. Wellman has employed his splendid ensemble of fighting men with veracity and dramatic effect. When thrown upon the magnascopic screen, the spectacular parts of "Wings" are overwhelmingly graphic. Here is the new medium of the screen in full cry, smashing its way through thick and thin.
>
> Only those who went through with the making of this ambitious record of Wings-on-parade can know just what went into its making, for the whole thing, with a minor shot or two, was made as seen. Richard Arlen and George Rogers, the two young fellows who play the leading rôles, put in each about 150 flying hours; and as for the assembled veterans of the World War—those dazzling aces from every battle-field in Europe—it was their daring and skilful handling of the planes that made the picture possible. Only when the film swings to the little intimate drama of the two boys and their home-town sweethearts does the picture seem to be play-acting. For the most part it zooms along hitherto uncharted picture routes with unbridled zest and veracity, giving excellent measure along the way.
>
> Both the leading men give fine accounts of themselves in their first large rôles, with perhaps special honors going to Mr. Arlen for the deep emotional note of his acting.
>
> The production department has outdone itself in assembling the vast paraphernalia of modern warfare with such exactitude, and to Mr. Wellman goes credit for having mastered so difficult a problem to such a fine pictorial outcome. A well-rounded score assists the progress of the film, and the large screen intensifies the aerial quality of the photography.

Altho scientific students of plots have assured us again and again that there can be no such thing as a new situation in fiction or drama, some writers are tempted to believe that "Wings" has performed that seeming impossibility in giving us its big climax. The hero, driven mad by war nostalgia and the supposed loss of his friend, who has gone down behind the German lines, is running amuck against the enemy with his machine-gun. Meanwhile his friend has survived the fall, stolen a German plane, and started back for the Allied lines. The hero, seeing only that this is an enemy plane, attacks it, and the audience shares all the suspense and anguish of the friend, who recognizes his assailant and tries in vain to make himself known. As a New York *World* writer describes the end of that episode:

> Shouting choice American curses from between clenched teeth, according to lip reading, *Lieutenant Powell* shoots his friend down. *Lieutenant Armstrong* reaches the ground



Mr. Charles Le Maire, *New York City, at work on one of the costume designs for which he is famous*

"Long hours of exacting work had made me stale"

ABOVE

"FOR SEVERAL YEARS I had been troubled with constipation and headaches. I was skeptical when one of my friends advised me to use Fleischmann's Yeast. But finally I decided to try it. I took 3 cakes a day, one before each meal, dissolved in water. Now I feel like a new woman. I also gave Fleischmann's Yeast to my young son. He was always constipated, his skin full of pimples. I gave him one cake in the morning and one at night. Today my boy has a nice clear skin—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."

Mrs. Marion Declercq, Detroit, Mich.

RIGHT

"MY DIGESTION got in such a condition that I was no longer able to enjoy my hunting and fishing. Taking the advice of a friend, I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. It made a very great change in my health. Now I am again able to enjoy the outdoors. I recommend Fleischmann's Yeast to any one with indigestion."

A. J. Johnson, Dallas, Texas

New York City

"The costume designer is expected to create new ideas every day, oversee the making of his costumes to the minutest detail, and spend many evenings a week at the new plays and revues or at dress rehearsals.

"Continuing in this routine for a number of years, I gradually became run down. I would get up in the morning with a splitting headache. My work and my reputation were endangered.

"At a friend's suggestion, I ate Fleischmann's Yeast before meals—and often while at work. In a short time I found myself enthusiastic again about my work. I slept better. My appetite and digestion improved. Fleischmann's Yeast built up my system, recharged my creative energy."

Charles Le Maire

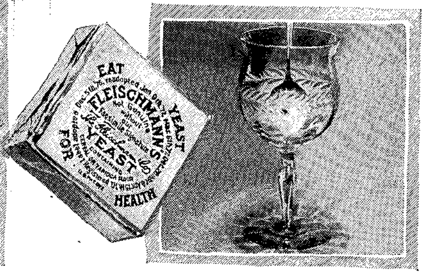
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is not a medicine. It is a food as fresh as any vegetable from the garden.

Fleischmann's Yeast cleanses the intestines of noxious wastes, brings about a healthful regularity and *completeness* in elimination. Your digestion is improved. Your complexion and color are better than ever. Your whole outlook on life becomes cheerier.

Buy two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep it in any cool dry place. Write today for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. A 106, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

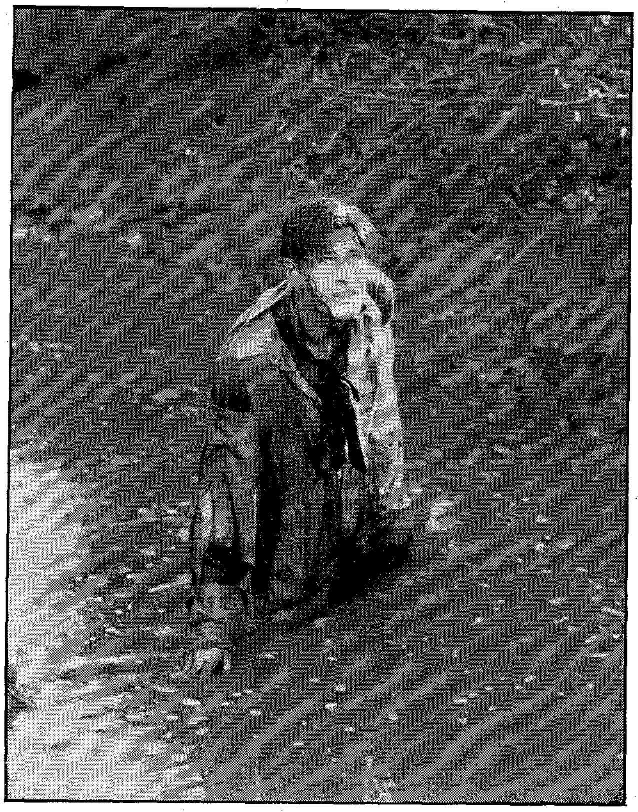
A simple means to rebuild health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water—cold or hot—or any other way you like. For stubborn cases of constipation physicians say to drink one cake in a glass of hot water (not scalding) before each meal and at bedtime.



still alive and dies in the arms of the man whose hand shot him down.

In grim expectation of reaping its profits in propaganda, according to the same writer, the War Department turned its resources over to Paramount, and the combination made success. Reading on:



A FUGITIVE IN ENEMY TERRITORY

Shot down behind the German lines, *Lieutenant Armstrong* (Richard Arlen) manages to evade observation until he steals a German plane and takes off, only to be attacked fiercely by his best friend.

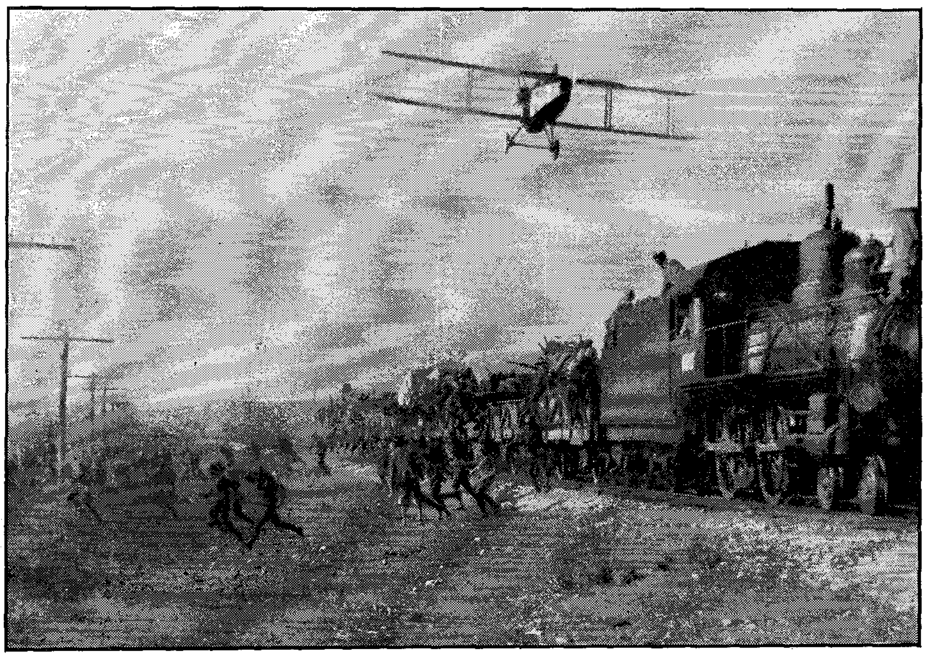
> From air-fields all over the United States, equipment flew into concentration near San Antonio. Fort Sam Houston and its ground armament were there. These assets combined so grandly that at times last night the witnesses of the première broke into spontaneous applause at the thrill of sheer spectacle.
>
> The box-office patron has his cockpit in many aircraft during this picture. He sees the ground in a delicately drawn patchwork far below. He looks down on oceans of clouds which, incidentally, the photographer filmed through lenses which make their forms stand out like storm caps on a bad day.
>
> He sees himself racing apparently full into the side of a sausage balloon, only to cut away to the side as the big bag sinks in flames. He watches the ground and the sky reel together as his machine makes that last fall to the earth.
>
> The picture is generally satisfactory even to an aviator. Technical faults on the whole are trivial. The Germans send over some of their big Gotha bombers, which, in real life, are American machines, at the suicidal height of only 1,500 feet, but that was necessary, otherwise they could not have been photographed effectively in combination with the village they were to blow up.
>
> Effective scenes of ground fighting also are in "Wings." Backstage the theater has contrived an unusually realistic airplane noise. It completely drowns out the orchestra at times.
>
> "Wings" doubtless will have a long run on Broadway. The War Department, too, will have its success. The picture put across the message, which was said in so many words by a wounded doughboy who looked into the air from the ground where he was lying and said "Atta boy, 'em buzzards are some good after all."

Speaking of the extraordinary flying stunts depicted in "Wings," we learn from *Liberty:*

> The producers got these by ultilizing electrically operated cameras lasht to the planes, by skilful shooting from other aircraft, by deft photographic trickery, and by occasionally hiring a stunt man to break up his plane. Of course, experienced flyers were at the controls when our heroes appear to be flying against desperate odds, but you will never guess it from the shrewdly calculated shots.
>
> The French terrain of St. Mihiel was duplicated, twenty-one cameramen ground out the celluloid, 120 airplanes were employed, and a small army participated in the combat, while a host of military experts looked on.

Some of the magnascope battle scenes in the air are in color, records *Variety*, adding:

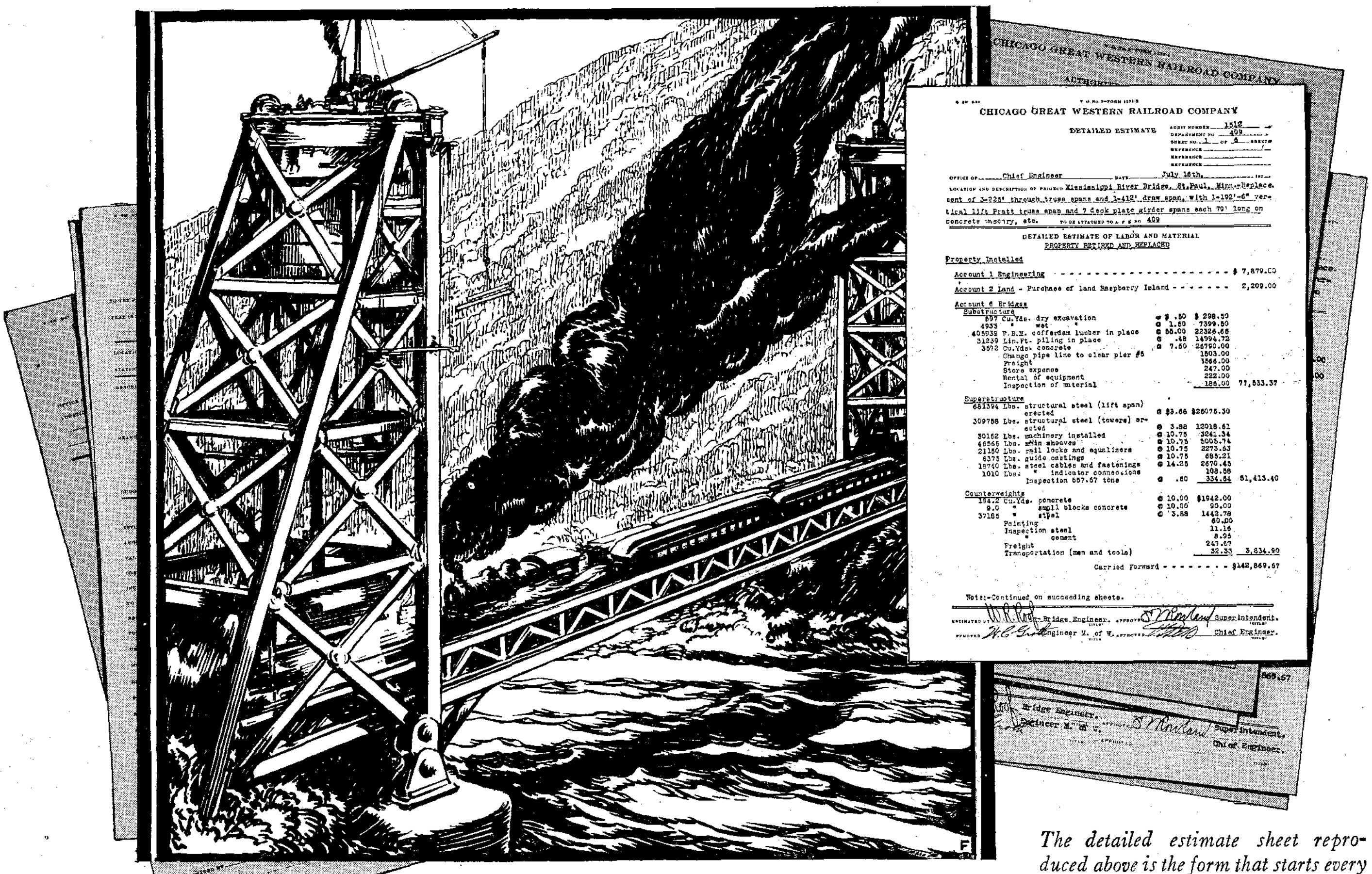
> Not "natural," but with the sky and clouds deftly tinted plus spouts of flame shooting from planes that dive, spiral and even zoom as they supposedly plunge to earth in a final collapse. Automatic cameras have registered the personal equation of what goes on inside a cockpit of a falling plane. Some of these shots of aviators dying with their planes going out of control are realistic enough to make a house "freeze." Who these boys are isn't known. They're not the main characters in the story, just individuals of a combat group pictured as both American and German, all fighting.
>
> Rolls, dives, slips, loops. They're all there. Spectacular enough without the added constructive potion of make-believe that signifies the urge for self-preservation. Maneuvers that the average person has never seen performed in the air, space eaten up so fast that there's no calculating the rate it's consumed at, besides the jockeying of the planes to get on each other's "tail" before pouring out their stream of lead. So much to see that it actually can't be minutely consumed at one viewing.
>
> Trench warfare and tank action, too. All on a big scale and well done, but secondary to the airplanes.
>
> The most planes counted in the air at once are eighteen. But there are the pursuit and bombing machines, captive balloons, smashes and crashes of all types, with some of the shots of these "crack-ups" remarkable. The bombing of targets, in this case a French village, is familiar through the newsreels, but *John* is shown coming down in his machine to spray infantry, wreck a general's automobile by killing its occupants with his dual guns besides destroying a couple of captive balloons.
>
> Probably the standout of the crashes rests between the destruction of a giant bomber and the shooting down of a plane



OFF ON A LONE STRAFING SPREE

One of the mad exploits of *Lieutenant Powell* (Charles Rogers) when the Germans mistakenly report the death of his comrade, who, falling in a swampy place, has disappeared.

Drury College Library
Springfield, Missouri



CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY

DETAILED ESTIMATE

AUDIT NUMBER 1512
DEPARTMENT NO 409
SHEET NO. 1 OF 6 SHEETS
REFERENCE
REFERENCE
REFERENCE

OFFICE OF Chief Engineer DATE July 16th, 192

LOCATION AND DESCRIPTION OF PROJECT Mississippi River Bridge, St.Paul, Minn.-Replacement of 3-225' through truss spans and 1-412' draw span, with 1-192'-6" vertical lift Pratt truss span and 7 deck plate girder spans each 79' long on concrete masonry, etc. TO BE ATTACHED TO A. F. E. NO 409

DETAILED ESTIMATE OF LABOR AND MATERIAL
PROPERTY RETIRED AND REPLACED

Property Installed

Account 1 Engineering				$ 7,879.00
Account 2 Land - Purchase of land Raspberry Island				2,209.00
Account 6 Bridges				
Substructure				
597	Cu.Yds. dry excavation	@ $ .50	$ 298.50	
4933	" wet "	@ 1.50	7399.50	
405933	F.B.M. cofferdam lumber in place	@ 55.00	22326.65	
31239	Lin.Ft. piling in place	@ .48	14994.72	
3572	Cu.Yds. concrete	@ 7.50	26790.00	
	Change pipe line to clear pier #5		1503.00	
	Freight		1566.00	
	Store expense		247.00	
	Rental of equipment		222.00	
	Inspection of material		186.00	77,533.37
Superstructure				
681394	Lbs. structural steel (lift span) erected	@ $3.68	$25075.30	
309758	Lbs. structural steel (towers) erected	@ 3.88	12018.61	
30152	Lbs. machinery installed	@ 10.75	3241.34	
46565	Lbs. main sheaves	@ 10.75	5005.74	
21150	Lbs. rail locks and equalizers	@ 10.75	2273.63	
6375	Lbs. guide castings	@ 10.75	685.21	
18740	Lbs. steel cables and fastenings	@ 14.25	2670.45	
1010	Lbs. " indicator connections		108.58	
	Inspection 557.57 tons	@ .60	334.54	51,413.40
Counterweights				
194.2	Cu.Yds. concrete	@ 10.00	$1942.00	
9.0	" small blocks concrete	@ 10.00	90.00	
37185	" steel	@ 3.88	1442.78	
	Painting		60.00	
	Inspection steel		11.16	
	" cement		8.95	
	Freight		243.67	
	Transportation (men and tools)		32.33	3,834.90
	Carried Forward			$142,869.67

Note:-Continued on succeeding sheets.

ESTIMATED BY W. R. Roof Bridge Engineer. TITLE APPROVED S. Rowland Superintendent. TITLE
APPROVED W. C. Groth Engineer M. of W. TITLE APPROVED Chief Engineer. TITLE

A piece of construction work on the route of the Chicago Great Western Railroad

The detailed estimate sheet reproduced above is the form that starts every maintenance and construction job on the Chicago Great Western Railroad

"Printed Forms *keep tabs on costs*"

...*says the* Chicago Great Western Railroad

THE sheet of paper reproduced above is the beginning of every maintenance and construction job on the Chicago Great Western Railroad.

This piece of paper starts hammers going, derricks lifting, drills boring—all the work of keeping up the standard of railroad efficiency. It is a detailed estimate sheet printed on Hammermill Bond.

Printed forms settle the who, when, what, how and how much of every job to be done. They keep an accurate watch on operation, production, administration. They minimize errors, speed up work, fix responsibility and do away with guess methods. They start a job, keep it going, and then furnish a record of it for the files.

Estimate sheets, letterheads, requisitions, shipping instructions, record of passes, statements, material reports, operating reports, pay roll records, dining car reports—are a few of the many forms that aid the Chicago Great Western Railroad maintain its reputation for efficiency. And for all such forms Hammermill Bond is used extensively.

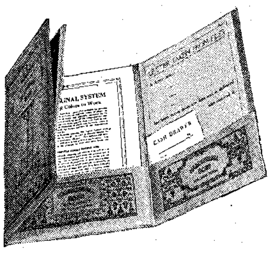
Why many business concerns now standardize on Hammermill Bond

In the first place, this bond paper has just the right surface for pen, pencil, typewriter, carbon, or printing. It takes impressions easily and clearly and holds them everlastingly.

It is available everywhere in twelve standard colors and white. That is so forms for various jobs or departments can be identified quickly by color.

Also, Hammermill Bond is uniform in quality. In addition, it has sufficient strength to stand rough usage. Finally, its reasonable price makes it a genuine economy.

Go to your printer. Let him help you get better printed forms. He knows Hammermill Bond, uses it, likes it—because it gives satisfactory results and makes satisfied customers.



FREE ***working kit to help you plan better printed forms***

Dictate a note asking for the working kit of printed forms with samples of Hammermill Bond in all colors. We will mail a copy without charge. Ask for it on your business letterhead, mailed to the Hammermill Paper Co., at Erie, Pa.

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality.

Will Anyone Accept This Pipe-Smoker's Challenge?

Twenty-one years is a long time to stick to any one product—particularly tobacco. Because even though over a period of years a tobacco may not change in flavor or quality, a smoker's taste generally does.

So it is all the more remarkable to receive such letters as that from Mr. Roberts of South Dakota, reproduced below.

Columbia, S. D.
Sept. 9, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I am a veteran of the Edgeworth army, still in active service.

I make this claim, challenging all comers, to have smoked Edgeworth and nothing else but Edgeworth (when it was possible to get it) for a longer period than any other person within the scope of your territory.

I have smoked Edgeworth for twenty-one years and will soon start on the twenty-second.

I'll admit to having tried other brands, including so-termed high-class, high-priced blends and mixtures, enough to appreciate and satisfy myself of the superiority of Edgeworth.

In all these years I have never had one can of Edgeworth that varied in flavor or otherwise.

I can enumerate other excelling qualities of Edgeworth, but its selection above all other brands for a term of twenty-one years testifies, for my part, all there is to say for this most delicious and satisfying of all smoking tobaccos.

Yours very truly,
(signed) J. J. Roberts

To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 2 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length (254.1 meters) 1180 kilocycles.*]

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

that isn't more than twenty feet in the air as it takes off. How they got the latter shot will likely keep those interested guessing for some time.

No preliminary stalling, the story being down to cases and working up interest at the end of ten minutes. Training-camp stuff is quickly dispensed with, and the two boys are overseas and on their initial dawn patrol, where the first and best air fight of the picture takes place, before the screening is much more than half an hour old. Musically the score is not as stirring as that for some of the other war supers.

When "Wings" was previewed in San Antonio last spring it was in fourteen reels, and that aviation-mad town went off its collective head about it. It is understood that the Criterion showing has been curtailed to 12,600 feet, and may soon lose some more of its yardage.

To be a genuine road show a picture must be vital and of universal appeal. The industry, to date, has known just six of these, namely: "Birth of a Nation," "'Way Down East," "The Ten Commandments," "The Covered Wagon," "The Big Parade," and "Ben-Hur." Irrespective of the wave of interest in aviation that is currently sweeping the world, add "Wings" to the list. Because its flying is vital.

The story? An average tale. And yet it was human enough Friday night to make 90 per cent. of the women in the house cry. The director, Wellman, can take credit for that, as the tale is laid out for but one situation: that of the American flyer, *John*, unknowingly shooting down his pal, *David*.

What seems to have even more power is Wellman's depiction of *David's* (Richard Arlen) departure from his family for training camp. The director is ably abetted in this by the cast membership of Arlen, Henry Walthall, and Julia Swayne Gordon. Both Walthall and Miss Gordon are again histrionically prominent during the anti-climax footage when *John* (Charles Rogers) comes home to deliver his dead friend's decoration and mascot to the bereaved parents.

Arlen, incidentally, has gone through the picture minus make-up. At least the cameras register him that way. Consequently he looks the high-bred, high-strung youngster who would dote on aviation, and backs it up with a splendid performance that never hints of the actor. Rogers's effort is also first rate, the important point there being that these two boys team well together.

There not being so much of Clara Bow in the picture, or a straining for her to turn on that "it" personality, she gives an all-around corking performance.

Commander Richard E. Byrd is quoted by *New York Amusements* as praising the fidelity of "Wings" to the facts of flying. Another authority, Donald Hudson, formerly of the 27th Aero Squadron, relates that the man sitting next to him in the audience—one who had seen several months of service at the front as a pilot—instinctively called out "Maneuver!" at a juncture when the pilot on the screen failed to do so when attacked. Another war ace, Maj. George A. Vaughan, Jr., is quoted as saying:

It is evident that Mr. Wellman, the director of "Wings," was a war flyer, for he has utilized a number of well-known incidents to make some great scenes.

In opposition to the criticism that Rogers and Arlen, who impersonate the principal American aces in "Wings," look too young for their warlike rôles, Major Vaughan is quoted as pronouncing them "just right," and relating:

"One of the boys in my squadron was only sixteen. Guynemer, the idol of France, who shot down fifty-three German opponents, was only twenty-two when he met his death. Capt. Albert Ball, the great British ace, was not yet twenty-one when death closed his valiant career. In fact, that was one of the features of "Wings" which impress me very much—the boys really looked like war flyers.

"It would be natural for one without experience in war aviation to believe that the exploits of Charles Rogers, when he is out to avenge the supposed death of his buddy, are exaggerated, and that one man could not accomplish so much. Actually, the producers have exercised restraint in picturing this episode. Some pilots brought down as many as five enemy planes in a single engagement."

Virtually all of the stirring scenes of combats in the clouds were made by crack flyers of the United States Army, relates *The World*, adding:

All of the hundred or more army flyers, the squad of cameramen, and the director, William Wellman, himself, took their lives in their hands at various times, but the red badge of courage went to a little man named Dick Grace.

This young daredevil, who has earned a precarious living in the movie colony for several years as a stunt man, performed feats in "Wings" that the veteran flyers declared were impossible.

Before taking off in his plane, Grace padded it carefully. Then he picked a spot for his landing—he might just as well have trusted to luck, as the workmen who had torn up the earth had dug huge holes every ten yards.

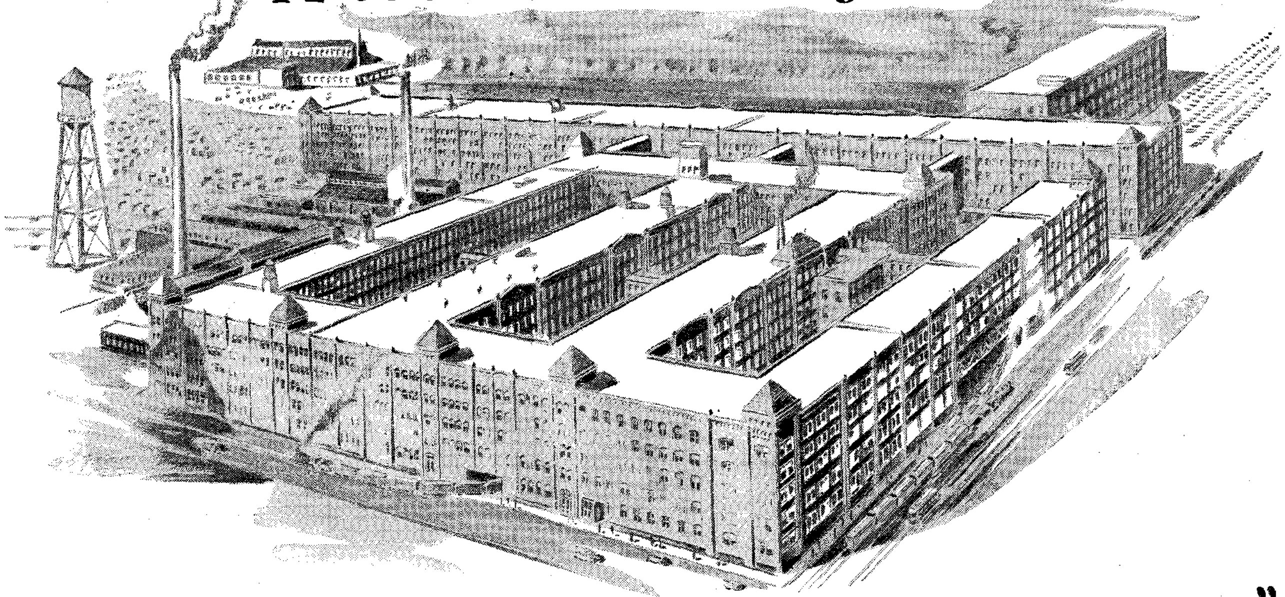
With an intent audience of aviators, Grace nonchalantly stept into his Spad, ascended to an altitude of 1,000 feet and then, from out of the sky, he came in a long dive straight for the cedar posts and barbed-wire entanglements of No Man's Land. When he came over the slight rise of ground that marked the position of the German trenches he was doing over 130 miles an hour with the wind "right on his tail."

When he reached the barbed-wire entanglements, 500 yards distant, he was doing about ninety, and at that speed, the most terrific that any deliberate crash ever has been attempted, he hit the ground and turned completely over, the plane landing on its back.

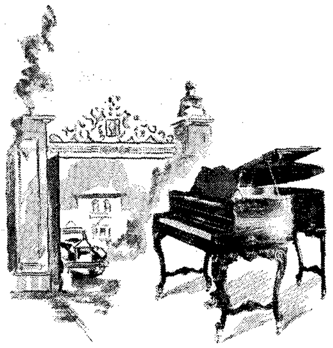
It was a long moment of suspense for the crowd which had watched this feat—thrilled by the daring of the man and awed by the spectacle which had just been enacted before their eyes—until they saw Grace's helmeted head emerging from under the wreckage of the plane. They saw him stand erect for a moment, then take a few quick steps and dive head foremost into an eight-foot shell hole—as called for in the picture's script. The cameras ceased their grinding and the crowd ran up to the plucky youth. He had literally escaped without a scratch. All his face showed was a smear of mud.

KIMBALL

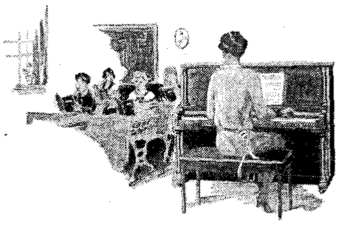
A Growth of Seventy Years



"Like No Other Piano Factory In The World"



A Kimball Custom Art Grand



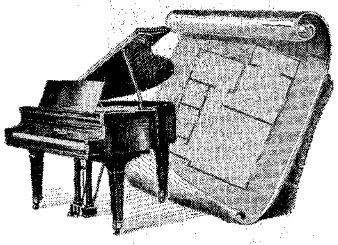
A Kimball "Junior" Upright
(In especial demand for schools)

A TONAL purity and an external beauty surpassed by no other piano in the world—and a price within reach of America's great fellowship of music lovers—has been the ideal of the Kimball house for seventy years.

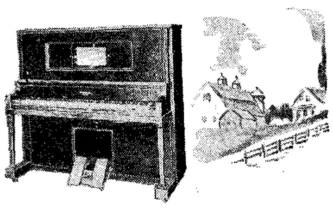
To realize this ideal meant the combination of many factories in one—a group of buildings comprising not only the largest and best equipped piano factory on the globe, but also the vast organ building resources of the Kimball house. With all processes centralized, every step from raw material to the last finishing touches is supervised by those who share the traditions of the institution.

When a Kimball piano enters your home, to brighten and enrich your family life with the cultural influence of music, it carries the guarantee of a house that knows all there is to know about each part that went into the instrument when it was being made. The guarantee is a practical assurance of merit—not a figure of speech.

The unfailing merit so assured has won a recognition whose measure is plainly expressed in Kimball distribution totals, which are equaled by no piano of any other name.



A Kimball Small Grand



A Kimball Player Upright

W. W. KIMBALL COMPANY

1857 CHICAGO 1927

Kimball Hall, 306 South Wabash Avenue

MORE KIMBALL PIANOS ARE IN USE IN AMERICAN HOMES THAN PIANOS OF ANY OTHER NAME IN THE WORLD

JOHN BULL'S BAD BOY AT LARGE AGAIN

HERO, SCOUNDREL, PATRIOT, the worst crook of the last fifty years, savior of the British nation, robber of widows and orphans—all these epithets and more have been applied to Horatio Bottomley since he was sent to Maidstone Prison five years ago. And now he is free again, irrepressible as ever, and looking ten years younger, we are told by a London correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. In a blue Rolls-Royce limousine, Bottomley recently rode away to his great estate in Sussex, with his five years of penal servitude behind him and a new career of sensational journalism ahead of him—perhaps. The correspondent gives us this picture of his return:

> His homecoming was like that of a conquering hero, not a convict. It was a surprize, too. He had gotten a parole for the last two years of his seven-year term.
>
> The shiny big car glided up to the heavy oak doors, the solitary passenger drest in a gray lounge suit and a soft gray hat. He sprang out and walked swiftly toward the entrance, pausing to greet an old employee in the grounds. Then the door was swung open, and Mrs. Cohn, his daughter, flung her arms around her father's neck. Just behind was Mrs. Bottomley, tears streaming down her cheeks.
>
> The old employee rushed into the village—the village that is really Bottomley's village, for it is attached to his estate—shouting, "The Guv'nor's come home." A sheep dog from one of his tenants' farms, a favorite of Bottomley's, recognized him, and with a joyful bark bounded up.
>
> Over the portico of the great house there soon floated the Union Jack, and in little cottage gardens down a leafy lane near by were flags and bunting. Children from the village paraded up and down the roadway in front of the house, waving flags. At the farm opposite were displayed Bottomley's racing colors.
>
> They planned a torchlight procession for the evening. Bottomley had come home.

Underwood & Underwood photograph

THE BELLIGERENT EDITOR AND HIS STURDY WIFE

Horatio Bottomley was greeted with bands and bunting when he returned to his Sussex home after serving a prison sentence for fraud.

To the masses of England, we are told, Bottomley is "John Bull." He was the editor of a weekly periodical of that name, and he looks strikingly like the cartoons of "John Bull" that appear in American papers. The *Post-Dispatch* correspondent continues:

> Massive, solid, short, slightly bandy-legged, whenever he is photographed he gives the appearance of being firmly planted on the little island that succeeded in spreading its rule over an empire. There is something immensely shrewd about the look of his face, about the quizzical expression of his eyes. He gives the impression of knowing just what he is about.
>
> He certainly knew what he was about when he edited *John Bull*. His were the methods of popular journalism, magnified several hundred times. He outdid Lord Northcliffe, and the circulation of *John Bull* and of his illustrated Sunday paper mounted accordingly.
>
> In *John Bull*, Bottomley, as "defender of the people," attacked nearly everybody and everything. He was the thorn in the side of the Church, the Government, the nobility—in short of almost every one who was at all sensitive to thorns. Libel and slander suits worried him not in the least. Being a skilful lawyer, he was his own defender. These suits were wonderful circulation-builders for *John Bull*.
>
> "Criticism Without Rant or Cant, Fear or Favor," ran the caption on the front page, coupled with verse in the right-hand corner:
>
> "The world is a bundle of hay,
> Mankind are the asses that pull.
> Each pulls in a different way.
> The greatest of all is John Bull."

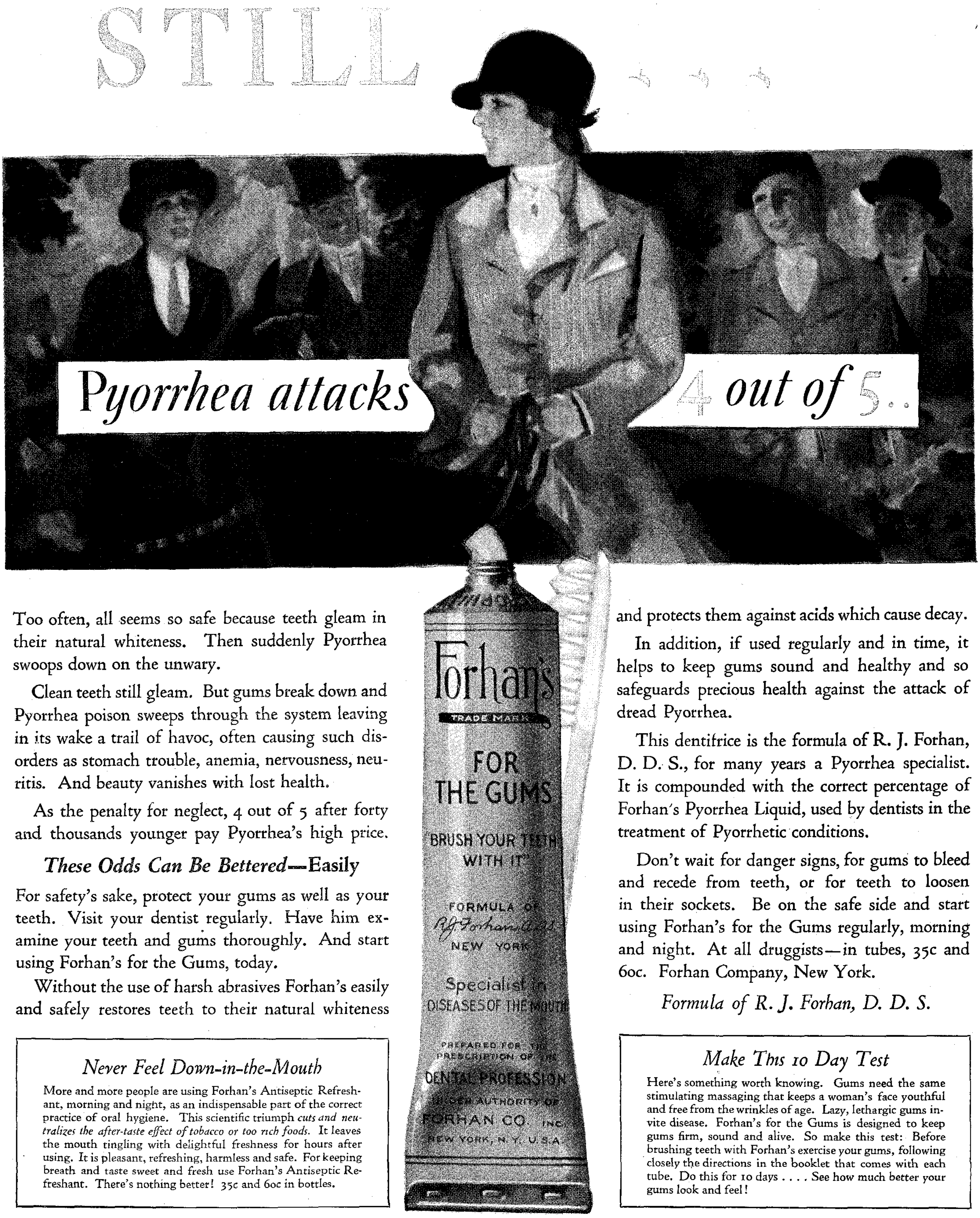
> One occasion that brought Bottomley into court was at a time when the Church was making a nation-wide temperance campaign. Many prominent divines had been decrying the liquor traffic. Bottomley got busy.
>
> He obtained lists from a government department of the names of the stockholders of numerous breweries, distilleries and saloons. He culled from these lists the names of the clergymen who had been loudest in their demand to abolish the liquor traffic. Bottomley then devoted the columns of *John Bull* to long lists in heavy type of the names of these clergymen, followed by the names of the breweries, distilleries and saloons in which they held stock.
>
> The Ministerial Alliance sued him for subjecting its members to public ridicule. When the case came to trial, Bottomley, in his own defense, asked the court whether it was a question of "apparent intent." The court ruled that it was. He then confined himself to the unique defense, "If your honor please, it was not my intent to speak in derogation of the cloth, but merely to show how respectable the brewing, distilling, and saloon business really is." Bottomley won out.

One of the favorite sports of the editor of *John Bull* was that of calling high ecclesiastics to account for faults or inconsistencies. The Bishop of Southwark had accepted a costly automobile from the people of his diocese, which includes portions of the poorer sections of London, such as Whitechapel and Soho. According to Bottomley, the same Bishop had criticized the slum people for putting flowers in pickle-jars and corned-beef cans on the graves of their loved ones, calling it a desecration of holy ground. We read:

> Commenting on the Bishop's attitude toward decoration of graves, Bottomley shot a double barb. Chastising the prelate with one of his anti-American jibes, he said: "Evidently the Bishop does not look at these receptacles as being only as the body is to the soul; at the spirit that prompted these poor people to place these simple, but sacred, tokens to the memory of their dear departed. I hear," said Bottomley, continuing his jibe, "that my Lord Bishop is a collector of antiques. Why, even the Egyptians of old buried with their dead some relics of the days in which they lived. Then why deny these poor people that privilege, even if such is only a reminder of the Chicago canned-meat horrors?"
>
> The Bishop of St. Asaph's was quoted by Bottomley as having visited a certain Welsh parish for the purpose of dedicating a new school-house. When the Bishop arrived at the place, according to Bottomley's account, he learned that in the company assembled was a woman, a school-teacher, an earnest parochial worker, beloved by all for her work, but who had a "past." It was said that this woman had had a love affair with

(*Continued on page 49*)

Teeth may shine like tinted pearls


STILL . . .
Pyorrhea attacks 4 out of 5..
Forhan's
TRADE MARK
FOR THE GUMS
"BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT"
FORMULA OF R. J. Forhan D.D.S.
NEW YORK
Specialist in DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION
UNDER AUTHORITY OF
FORHAN CO. INC.
NEW YORK, N. Y. U.S.A.

Too often, all seems so safe because teeth gleam in their natural whiteness. Then suddenly Pyorrhea swoops down on the unwary.

Clean teeth still gleam. But gums break down and Pyorrhea poison sweeps through the system leaving in its wake a trail of havoc, often causing such disorders as stomach trouble, anemia, nervousness, neuritis. And beauty vanishes with lost health.

As the penalty for neglect, 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay Pyorrhea's high price.

These Odds Can Be Bettered—Easily

For safety's sake, protect your gums as well as your teeth. Visit your dentist regularly. Have him examine your teeth and gums thoroughly. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, today.

Without the use of harsh abrasives Forhan's easily and safely restores teeth to their natural whiteness and protects them against acids which cause decay.

In addition, if used regularly and in time, it helps to keep gums sound and healthy and so safeguards precious health against the attack of dread Pyorrhea.

This dentifrice is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist. It is compounded with the correct percentage of Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists in the treatment of Pyorrhetic conditions.

Don't wait for danger signs, for gums to bleed and recede from teeth, or for teeth to loosen in their sockets. Be on the safe side and start using Forhan's for the Gums regularly, morning and night. At all druggists—in tubes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Never Feel Down-in-the-Mouth

More and more people are using Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant, morning and night, as an indispensable part of the correct practice of oral hygiene. This scientific triumph *cuts and neutralizes the after-taste effect of tobacco or too rich foods.* It leaves the mouth tingling with delightful freshness for hours after using. It is pleasant, refreshing, harmless and safe. For keeping breath and taste sweet and fresh use Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant. There's nothing better! 35c and 60c in bottles.

Make This 10 Day Test

Here's something worth knowing. Gums need the same stimulating massaging that keeps a woman's face youthful and free from the wrinkles of age. Lazy, lethargic gums invite disease. Forhan's for the Gums is designed to keep gums firm, sound and alive. So make this test: Before brushing teeth with Forhan's exercise your gums, following closely the directions in the booklet that comes with each tube. Do this for 10 days . . . . See how much better your gums look and feel!

Forhan's *for the gums*

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

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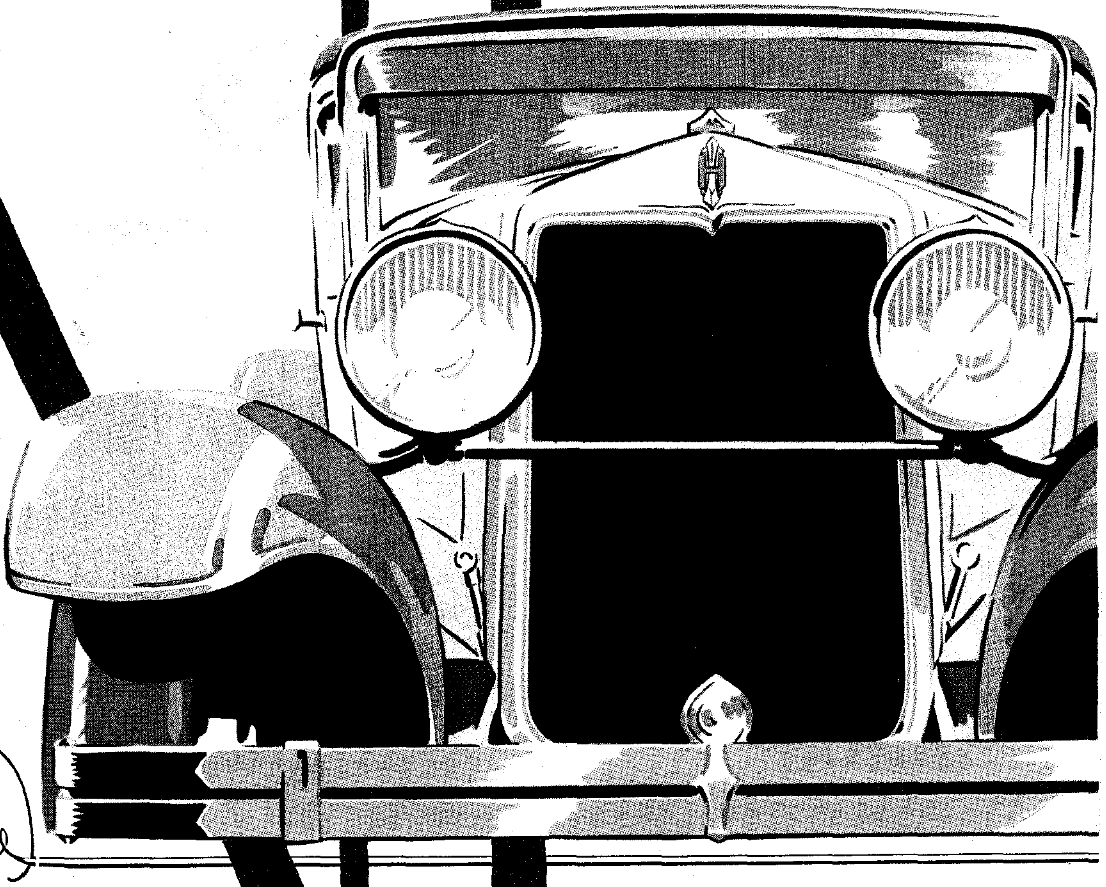

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Hupmobile Through and Through, b
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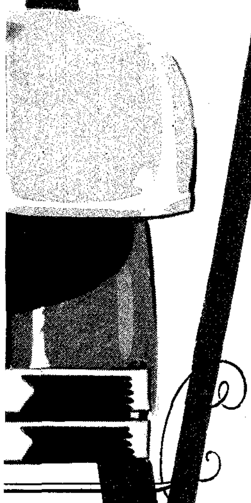
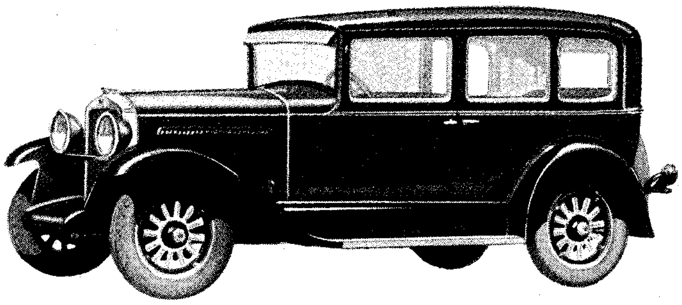
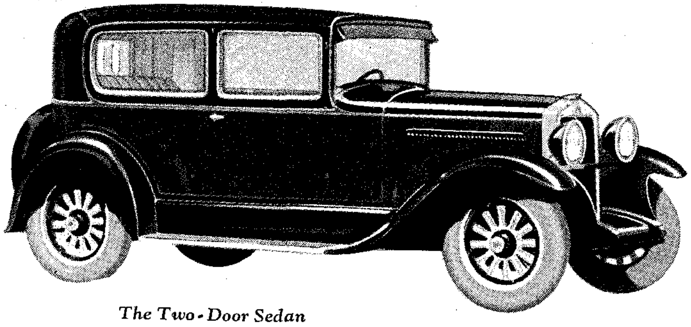
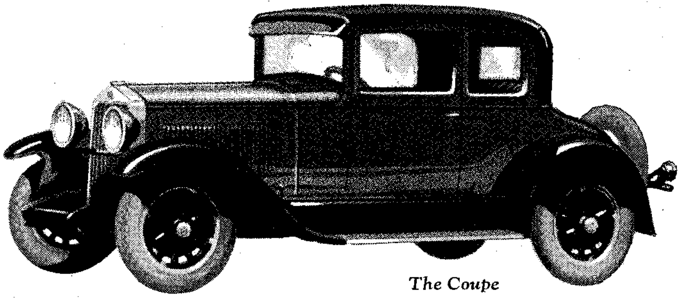




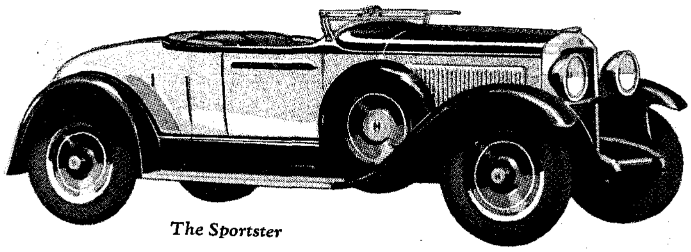
The Sedan



The Two-Door Sedan



The Coupe



The Sportster

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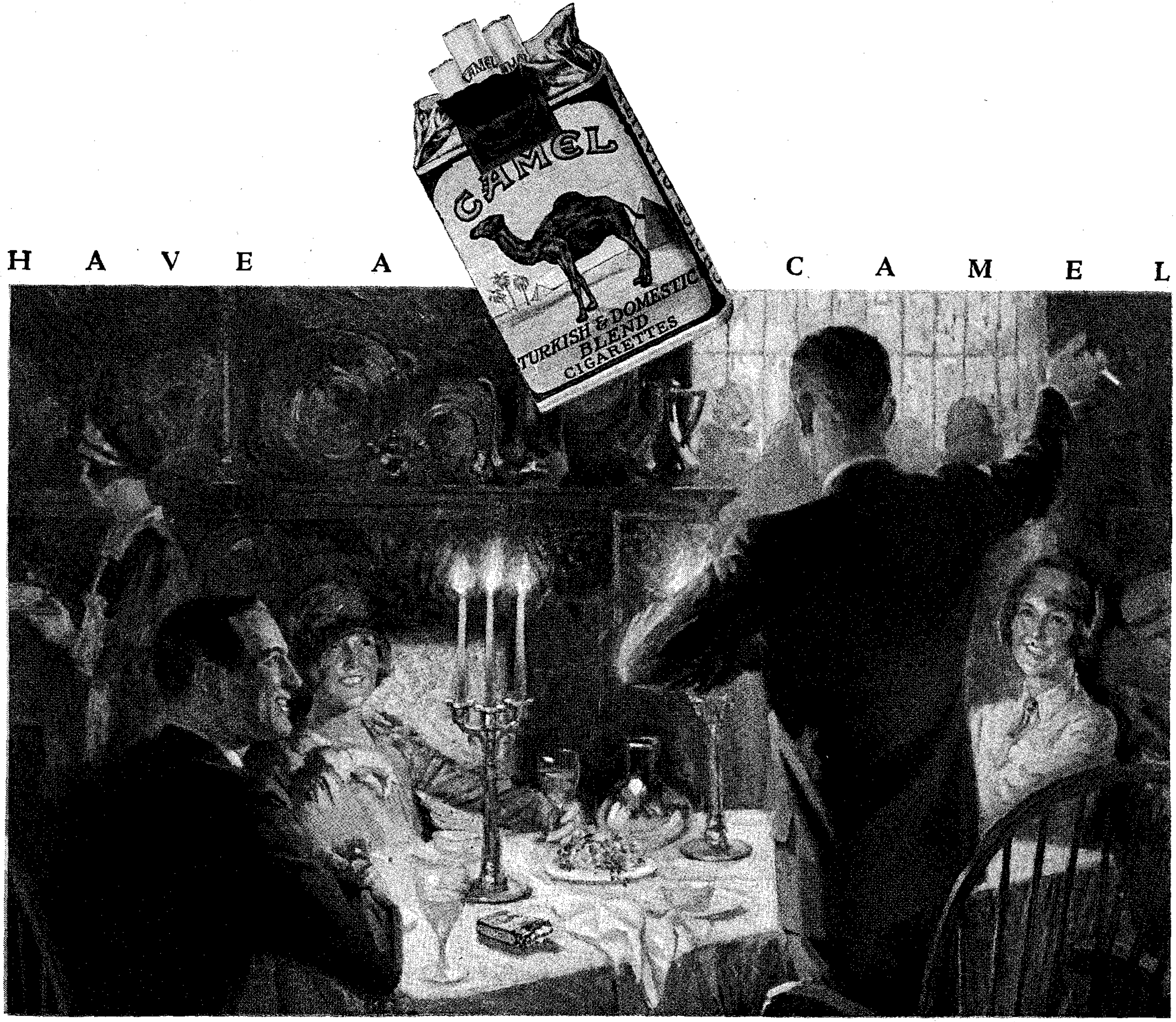
Perfected High-Compression Engine

EST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD

HAVE A CAMEL



Here's to Camel—on a million tables!

HERE'S to Camel. How much added pleasure it brings to the world. Wherever congenial friends gather, or in the solitary hours of work or travel, Camel insures the enviable mood of enjoyment.

All of the mysterious powers to please of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown are brought to fulfillment in Camel. This is done through a smooth and mellow blend that cannot be found anywhere else. For America's largest tobacco organization concentrates its abilities in Camel. Into this one brand goes all of its power to select and buy and blend for taste satisfaction. There simply are no better cigarettes made at any price.

Camel's mildness and mellowness are the favorites of particular modern smokers. So much so that Camel's popularity is greater than any other cigarette ever had. For your enjoyment of the smoothest smoke ever made, "*Have a Camel!*"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

© 1927

(Continued from page 44)

a married man, a friend of her girlhood, but realizing the error of her ways she sought to redeem herself. Bottomley asserted that the Bishop, on hearing of her presence in the assembly, said if the woman did not leave, he would. The editor of *John Bull* wound up his tirade with a recital of Christ and the woman taken in adultery at the Feast of the Tabernacle. Slyly Bottomley hinted that possibly the Bishop had not read this part of the Scripture.

This sort of thing won him a great popular following. He succeeded in getting himself elected to Parliament.

But the war was Bottomley's great opportunity, says the London correspondent, continuing:

He was the loudest patriot in England. He enunciated the "pull together, boys" policy and he gave frenzied patriotic addresses—at so much per. The war accentuated, too, his anti-American view. He had always held a fundamental belief that Yankees were the real dollar chasers.

America's neutrality, according to Bottomley, was a calculated policy to "scoop the pool" while old England and the rest of Europe weltered in blood. Uncle Sam, in the eyes of the editor of *John Bull*, was, if anything, pro-German. He viciously lampooned President Wilson.

And, above all, he championed the Tommies in the trenches. He came to have an enormous influence with the men at the front. He was for hanging the Kaiser early in the war, and he favored collection of a $10,000,000,000 indemnity when peace was made at Berlin. So strong did his influence with the soldiers become that the Government was at last forced to send him to the front and later to Scapa Flow, the naval base, to preach "sticking it" until the Germans had been conquered and peace made in Berlin.

Meanwhile, toward the close of the war, Bottomley began the promotion, through his newspapers, of Victory Bond Thrift Clubs, urging the poor to put their pittances into war bonds, purchased through his clubs. The response was immediate. Hundreds of thousands of dollars began to flow through Bottomley's hands. To give the investment an added attraction, lotteries were also run in connection with the clubs.

With the close of the war, we are told, Bottomley began to display an unprecedented prosperity. He bought two newspapers; he acquired country estates and a racing stable. People began to wonder, but—

Even then all might have gone smoothly for a much longer time if it had not been for Bottomley's nemesis, a race-track figure, Reuben Bigland, known as "Telephone Jack." Bigland had been his friend and confidante until some quarrel, the origin of which is not known, caused a definite break between the two. In a little paper of his own, the weekly *Truth*, Bigland urged an investigation of the war-bond lotteries and clubs.

Going further, Bigland sponsored the circulation of a pamphlet entitled, "A Record of Horatio Bottomley's good deeds and achievements on behalf of ex-service men, wounded soldiers, sailors, cripples, widows and orphans since his election as a member of Parliament." It contained nothing but a few blank pages. Again hawkers appeared on the Strand freely selling a pamphlet, "Downfall of Horatio Bottomley," issued by Bigland. "Downfall of Horatio Bottomley, Bottomley the Crook!" the hawkers called.

Shortly afterward Bottomley brought suit for libel against his former associate. The case was farcical. At the crucial point, on a technical plea for a delay, Bottomley's attorney argued that his evidence was not yet ready. The suit was thrown out of court.

Four days later the Public Prosecutor issued a summons, charging Bottomley with converting to his own use $25,000, part of the property of one Victory Bond Club. At the trial that followed, the elaborate structure that he had erected came toppling down. It was charged that he had dictated who was to win the lottery prizes. Several hundred thousand dollars of the money that had gone into the bond clubs could not be accounted for. And Bottomley was given a seven-year sentence, persisting in his plea of innocence, claiming that he was a martyr at the hands of his persecutors.

"I have been made the victim of an appalling error of justice," Bottomley said in a letter which was read before Parliament. But despite his protestations his fellow members voted to oust him.

A remarkable scene occurred outside the court after sentence had been pronounced. A crowd surrounded the Old Bailey, and surged after the van which was conveying Bottomley to prison. They were all curiously silent, many held their hats in their hands. Strong police measures were required to quell the demonstration.

Now Horatio Bottomley is back in his old haunts. Apparently his popularity had not waned much, and London is curious to see what he does with it. The *Post-Dispatch* writer tells of motorists slowly passing the gates of his Sussex estate to get a glimpse of him, and of crowds loitering near to see him come and go, adding:

He is a little sad and pensive, his friends say. Otherwise prison seems generally to have benefited him. It is reported that he is financially defunct, but there are no evidences of this.

It is reported, too, that he has acquired a new paper and will again open fire on his old enemies. The Church and the Government stir uneasily at this prospect. Bottomley himself has said nothing about his plans for the future. But there is not the least indication that the short squat little man is any less belligerent, any less shrewd and ambitious than on the day on which he entered Maidstone Prison.

Neither is there any indication that he has changed a single one of his views, even tho these views, as many of his enemies claim, were advanced merely as circulation builders for *John Bull*.

There is just one humiliation in his parole. The people's hero must report to the constable in the village nearest his Sussex estate, Upper Dicker, once a month until the period of his sentence has expired. There is a certain irony in this, for Bottomley owns almost the whole of Upper Dicker. He is called, in fact, the "father" of the village. But this will not long concern the irrepressible Bottomley. With freedom, anything is possible for him.

HOW LINCOLN'S OFFICE BOY WON FAME

A GIFT FROM ABRAHAM LINCOLN—his first drum—started Maj. E. W. McIntosh, we are told, upon the picturesque and interesting career, which closed a few weeks ago, when he died at the age of eighty-three in the soldiers' home at Leavenworth, Kansas. Lincoln was a lawyer in Springfield, Illinois, at the time, and as he pored over his law books he often noticed a little neighbor boy, called Epenetus, parading up and down the alley back of his house for hours at a time, with a paper hat on his head and beating time on a tin pan. The boy used to tell the rest of the story long years afterward, when he had become an honored veteran of the Civil War, and now the Omaha *World-Herald* recalls it in these words:

Lincoln and the boy's father were great friends. As Christmas time approached, Lincoln told the elder McIntosh that any boy who would parade day after day beating a tin pan deserved a real drum. Thus it came to pass that when seven-year-old Epenetus awakened on Christmas morning, there on the Christmas-tree was a snare-drum and sticks, the gift of the man who was later to become the outstanding figure in his country. Young Epenetus cherished that drum for years, carried it into battle and sent out its rallying call to the men who were serving its donor. For a long time it was in Memorial Hall, Springfield, but now it is in the National Museum at Washington, with an inscription plate telling its story.

The McIntosh family lived across the street from the Lincoln home, and one day this barefoot boy asked Lincoln for a job, so he could earn a little money. Lincoln set him to painting a fence. It took him a week to finish the job, and then Lincoln gave him the keys to his office and told him to clean it. He did such a good job that he was made office boy, and held the place for two years, earning fifty cents a week. He quit when the family moved to Bloomington, Illinois.

The former office boy remembered in after years the advice that his employer gave him as a guide to conduct. "Find out what you like to do and then stick to it. Be honest; work hard and don't complain. Don't smoke, don't drink, don't gamble." These were the memorable words that Lincoln uttered to the twelve-year-old lad.

Several years later, when on a furlough, the young soldier visited his former employer at the White House in Washington, and there he encountered the same simple friendliness that he had known back in Springfield.

Until the last few weeks of his life, the Major lived with his son, A. H. McIntosh, in Omaha, where his vigorous figure and colorful personality, we are told, won the esteem of all who knew him. When complete disability finally seized him, he was

After 3 hours in town

is your house

CHILLY

because "the fire had to be banked"?

Have more comfort —for ⅓ less fuel

ORDINARILY, you dare not keep drafts on when you leave for an afternoon or evening "in town." The fire may burn itself out before you get back. So you bank the fire and turn off the drafts. In half an hour the radiators grow cold. When you get home the house is chilly. It takes an hour to get up steam.

A clever invention ends this. Merely by replacing the air-venting valve on each of your radiators with a Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valve you have hot radiators 3 hours (not 30 minutes) after banking. You get up steam in 15 minutes (not an hour)—and save ⅓ your fuel.

By this saving, you earn 50% to 65% on your Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves—*the first year*. At the end of the second, you have your investment back—plus a profit. Every year, after this, you save $5.00 on each radiator.

Send for Book – Like any investment, this one is worth studying. For complete details (explaining the clever invention that makes this amazing comfort and fuel saving possible) send for interesting illustrated book "*How to Lock Out AIR—the heat thief.*" Just print your name and address on the edge of this ad and mail to Hoffman Specialty Co., Inc., Dept. Q-14, 25 West 45th St., New York.

Hot radiators 3 hours (*not 30 minutes*) after banking
15 minutes (*not an hour*)
–to get up steam
...*for ⅓ less fuel*

HOFFMAN No. 2 VACUUM VALVES

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

taken to the soldiers' home at Leavenworth, and there he now lies beside his brother, Capt. John McIntosh. The Omaha paper adds:

> Above all things, Major McIntosh loved contact with his fellow men. He always wanted to be a performer in life's great pageant, never a mere onlooker. He was very socially-minded and his enforced inactivity during the last year or so of his life galled him exceedingly. Practically his last trip into the city was made against the protest of his son. His palsied condition made it dangerous for him to be on the streets, but on this occasion he left home, unknown to his family, to pay a visit to his G. A. R. comrades of U. S. Grant Post, No. 110, in the court-house. A short distance from the house he fell and lay there until some passer-by assisted him to his feet. Did he return home? No. He summoned a taxicab, and continued on down-town.
>
> That is one of the beautiful memories that his son cherishes—his invincibility. And there are many other beautiful memories of which the son speaks with a choke in his voice.
>
> "I have nothing but beautiful memories of my father," he declares. "I can never remember in my life that he was ever unkind, harsh or unjust to me. And the same is true of his dealings with others. He never seemed to cherish a mean or ugly thought or perform a mean act. Never in all his life did he take advantage of any fellow man for his own aggrandizement. He was extremely generous and responded instantly to any appeal. He could easily have been a man of fortune, but he preferred to share his earnings with the less fortunate, and because of that fact he had a particularly full and satisfactory life."

Young McIntosh was a drummer boy in the famous "Wide Awake Fife and Drum Corps" which followed Lincoln in his campaign against Stephen A. Douglas, according to the Omaha *World-Herald*, and when the war broke out he enlisted at the age of seventeen in the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry. We read further:

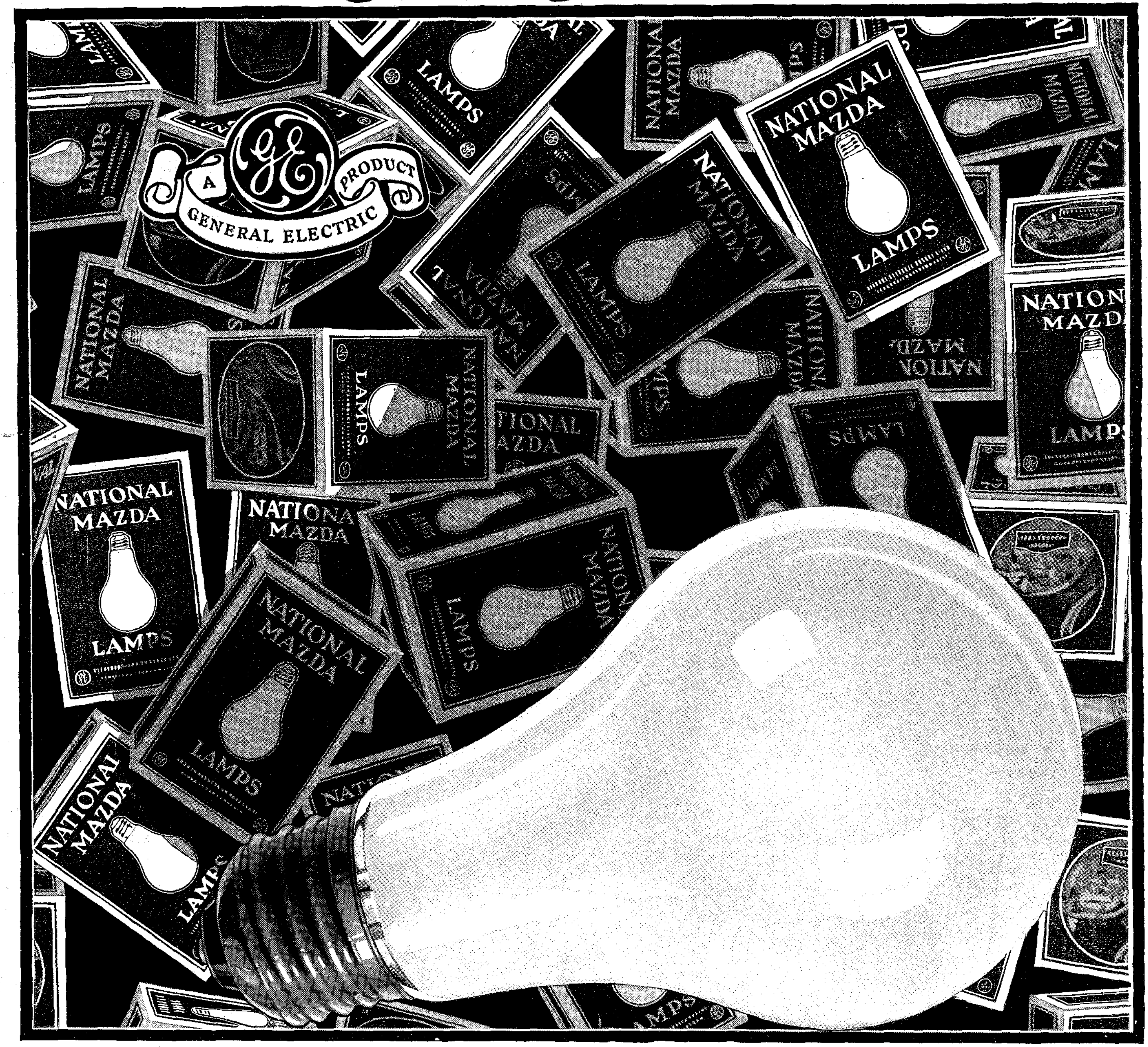
> Major McIntosh had a most exciting career in the Civil War. He used often to tell how his mother clasped him in her arms in farewell and how he came back to those arms, emaciated and broken, to be nursed back to health after war's desolation. He was one of the few who survived the catastrophe which befell the steamer *Sultana*, April, 1865, a few miles from Memphis. The vessel was conveying 1,700 Union soldiers from Andersonville prison and other places in the South. After having gone through twenty-two battles, sufffering physical and mental anguish on field and in prison, McIntosh was hurled into the cold waters of the Mississippi, when one of the boilers exploded. Two negroes in a boat picked up the struggling soldier, who had found refuge in a tree floating in the river.
>
> For five years after that experience, Major McIntosh was an invalid. In fact, the injuries of battle and resultant ill health after his incarceration in Andersonville prison, left him with a permanent back injury and finally prevented his carrying on his business as a contract painter and paperhanger.
>
> His devotion to the Grand Army of the Republic, and his activities connected with that organization engrossed all his interests in later years. He was the author of numerous campaign and patriotic songs. For years he visited all the Grand Army encampments, there to foregather with his comrades and to sell his song-books. Money literally flowed in from these sales, but it as readily flowed out from those generous hands whenever he heard of anyone in need. When he was sixty years of age, he learned to play the banjo, and when seventy-two, became a member of Colonel Pattee's vaudeville team of five. The five were called "Colonel Pattee's Old Soldier Fiddlers." Major McIntosh played the banjo, guitar, snare-drum and fife.
>
> Here at last and in his declining days, Major McIntosh actually came into his own. He was a born actor and gloried in public appearance. His handsome, erect figure, his snow-white hair and beard, gave him distinction, and he and those four old comrades were a picturesque group. For seven years they toured the Orpheum Circuit as headliners, visiting every State in the Union that they had fought to preserve. Here is one instance where the law of compensation seemed to be at work.
>
> Ill health finally compelled his retirement, but he never surrendered his drum, with which he had reached a remarkable stage of proficiency. For years he held the title of champion snare-drummer in the United States, and came off victorious in many a contest. It was the long-roll and double-stroke beat that won him fame.

HELP! PREHISTORIC STONEHENGE MENACED BY BRIDES

HONEYMOON homes in neat little rows under the shadow of England's most famous archeological relic, the towering monoliths of Stonehenge! What sacrilege! No wonder, observes a London correspondent, that Prime Minister Baldwin, Ramsay MacDonald, Viscount Grey, and other celebrated Englishmen, have launched an appeal to the British nation for $175,000 to protect the mysterious and hoary monument from such indignity. For that sum, we are told, is necessary to buy the 1,500 acres adjacent to Stonehenge, where enterprising promoters threaten to create a suburban village of cheap modern homes by the side of a building enterprise that was already old when Moses was leading the Jewish people out of Egypt. Only thus can the lonely grandeur of Stonehenge's skyline be preserved. The emergency moves a London correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* to write:

> On the rolling green plains of Salisbury in the southern part of England rise the awesome stone circles linked by scientists and pure romancers to countless legends of the Druids, of the Phenicians, the Saxons and the Danes; of lost and forgotten peoples who roamed the wild earth when great cities with their bridges, their streams of traffic and buildings like stone needles in the sky still slept in the bosom of Time. Cities came to be on the ancient Isle of Britain. The centuries, the decades, the

Home Lighting is Made Over

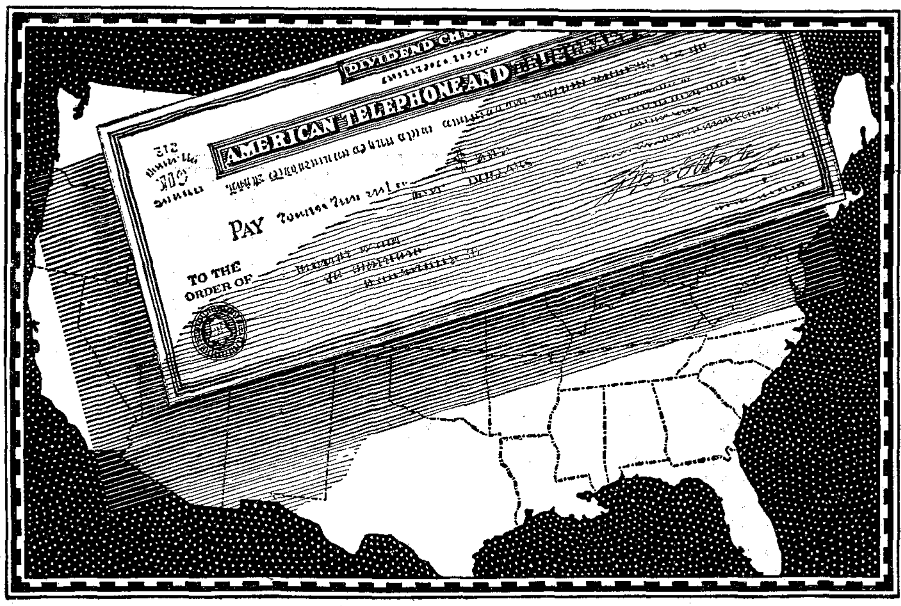


THIS NEW MAZDA Lamp, frosted on the inside, has remade—to its great betterment—the lighting of the American home. The NEW MAZDA Lamps have made the old kinds obsolete. Use these new, easy-to-clean lamps, which are also more rugged—put them in every socket and shade them. Then you'll have better light than you have ever had before. And instead of costing you more, the NEW Lamps cost you *less:* 23c in the two most-used sizes, 25c for either the 50-watt or the 60-watt, only 40c for the 100-watt. Buy them in the Blue Convenience Carton—the package which identifies National MAZDA Lamps.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
of General Electric Company
Nela Park Cleveland, Ohio

The NEW *National* MAZDA LAMP

MAZDA is not the name of a thing, but the mark of a service centered in the Research Laboratories of General Electric Company.



How many are 421,000 stockholders?

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

ON OCTOBER 15th, American Telephone and Telegraph Company checks representing the 152d dividend were mailed to its 421,000 stockholders. That is the largest number of stockholders of any company in the world.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is owned by a great investment democracy.

Its dividend checks are cashed at the banks in every state in the Union, by people representing all trades, stations and professions.

No institution is more nationally or publicly owned than the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which in turn owns more than 91% of the common stock of the operating companies of the Bell national System. The average holding is 26 shares, and no one person owns as much as 1% of the total stock.

The Bell System was developed in the interest of telephone users and is owned by the public that it serves.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

years, brought railroads, ships, subways, automobiles, the airplane.

But still on the plains of Salisbury, temple of giants, of Kings, Stonehenge remained inviolate, timeless, against the sunsets and the dawns. Birds sang in untrammeled choirs, as they must have sung in those days when some white-robed Druid priest reached high for his mistletoe to deck some fair maiden about to be sacrificed; or as when at high noon the Druids sat around Hele, the altar stone, and watched for the great god, the sun, to stand at the top of heaven and crown the day with gold.

Faintly, in the far distance, shines the spire of Salisbury Cathedral.

It is true Stonehenge has not been entirely free from the invasion of modernity. No motor trip through the British Isles would be considered complete without a visit to this ancient shrine. On a fine sunny day, or through the gray mists of English rain, during the tourist season, an endless stream of cars winds up to the entrance.

One owner of the property surrounded it with a high wire fence to keep off intruders. Airplanes have whirred over the ancient circle and have even been used to further the work of archeologists, but progress, tho it brushed Stonehenge, left it unscathed—until the real estate development threatened.

J. C. Squires, an English poet, discovered just in time that a large realty company was negotiating for a vast tract of land on one side of the monument. A project was under way to erect attractive little homes of the type to attract young couples just starting out in life. Each would have a garage. Sidewalks would be laid, of course; concrete roads put down, telephone poles would appear, water-mains, and all the appurtenances any suburban development must boast now to attract buyers. No name had been selected for the enterprise, but without using too much imagination it could be guessed this would be "Hanging Stones," the picturesque translation of the word Stonehenge. Those who loved England with her richness of history and tradition rose up in consternation.

Stonehenge has been compared to the Pyramids of Egypt in importance and antiquity, the London writer reminds us, adding that the riddle of how its twenty-ton boulders were raised into position is as hard to solve as that of the engineering methods of the Pyramid builders. He continues:

> Oddly enough it is only since 1918 that this wonderful old ruin has belonged to the British nation. Until that time it was privately owned. For centuries it was included in the estate of the Antorbus family, whose castle is at Amesbury, two miles away.
>
> The last Antorbus to possess it was Sir Edmund, who died in 1915. Some years before his death he offered to sell the property, and the twenty acres on which it stands, to the Government or any private or public body. The price was $750,000, but later was reduced to $600,000. The British Government, however, did not feel it could afford this vast sum, and at that time there was the dread that some American multimillionaire might take advantage

© Fernand de Gueldre, Chicago, Ill.

Marvelous Mary Garden

writes:

"My teachers, Trabello and Richard Bartelemey, all impressed upon me the solemn warning that I must always treat my throat as a delicate instrument. Yet every artist is under constant strain. Sometimes we get real relaxation in smoking a cigarette. I prefer Lucky Strikes—which both protects the throat and gives real enjoyment."

Mary Garden

Smooth, mellow, fragrant

And 11,105* doctors say Lucky Strikes prevent throat irritation

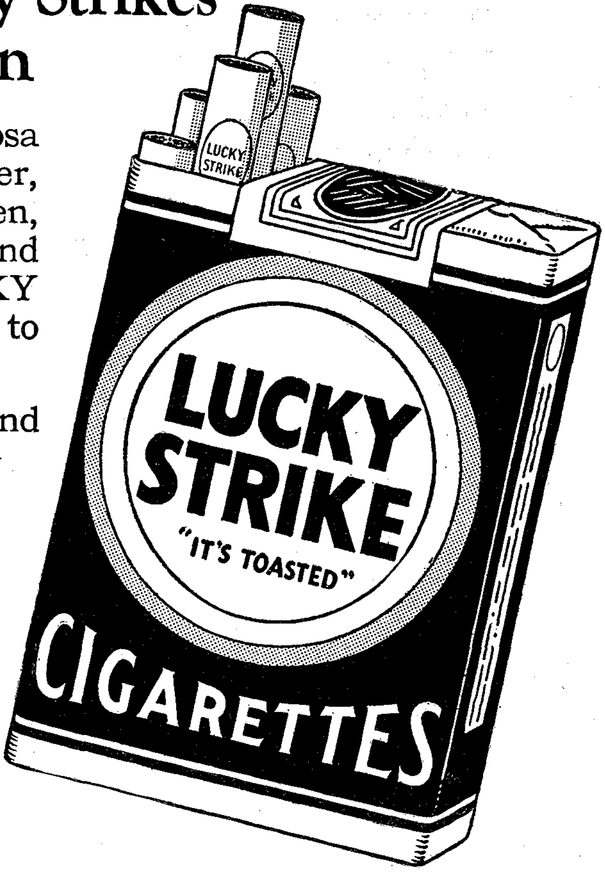
WHAT is the quality that Antonio Scotti, Rosa Raisa, Lawrence Tibbett, Leon Rothier, Florence Macbeth, Holbrook Blinn, Mary Garden, and other famous singers, actors, broadcasters and public speakers have found that makes LUCKY STRIKES delightful and of no possible injury to their voices?

For the answer we turned to medical men and asked them this question:

Do you think from your experience with LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes that they are less irritating to sensitive or tender throats than other cigarettes, whatever the reason?

11,105* doctors answered this question "YES."

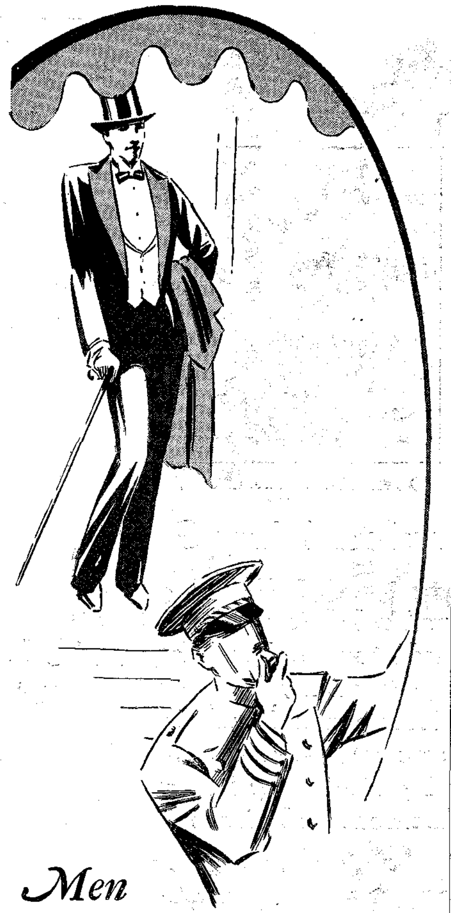
Consider what these figures mean; consider that they represent the opinion and experience of doctors, those whose business it is to know.



"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

* *We hereby certify that we have examined 11,105 signed cards confirming the above statement.*
LYBRAND, ROSS BROS. & MONTGOMERY
Accountants and Auditors
New York, July 22, 1927.



Men Who Set the Style

Their names are a part of America's social fabric. They move in the higher, select circles. With them, evening clothes is a habit. If they show such marked preference for Krementz Evening Jewelry the reason is not hard to find. Above all, it is correct! And so easy to use! The bodkin-clutch back on the studs and waistcoat buttons is easily inserted, holds securely; no trouble at all. Also, Krementz Sets are complete, with waistcoat buttons matching studs and links—the correct form!

Better shops now have on display Krementz Full Dress and Tuxedo Sets in designs that are correct for this social season. In rich, distinctive cases these sets are largely used for gifts. Name of dealer near you, illustrations of designs upon request.

KREMENTZ & CO.
NEWARK, N. J.

Krementz
The BODKIN-CLUTCH
GOES IN LIKE A NEEDLE
HOLDS LIKE AN ANCHOR

Set No. 2082—Full dress set, white mother-of-pearl centers; Krementz Quality White Metal rims; complete $8.00

Krementz
Gift
JEWELRY FOR MEN

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

of the offer, and even ship the famous stones away to America. At one time, in fact, there was a rumor that such a project was under way.

The next upset came when Sir Edmund erected a high wire fence around the whole ruin and began to charge admission to the grounds, the proceeds to be used to protect the ancient ruins, long subject to the raids of vandalism. On this occasion a hue and cry went up all over Great Britain. Lawsuits were instituted against Sir Edmund in the Court of Chancery, in London. During these he made plain his position, insisting that he meant no irreverence, but was moved only by a desire to protect the grounds. In a previous lawsuit, Sir Edmund was obliged to prove the clear title of his family to this stretch of ground with its group of prehistoric stones. Many found it hard to believe that any queer quirk of circumstance would set one of the world's greatest wonders in a gentleman's very back-yard. The title was, however, indisputably proved.

It was upon the death of Sir Edmund Antorbus in 1915 that his estate came on the market. Then Stonehenge with its acreage was purchased for the surprizing sum of $33,000—the price of a small-sized apartment house. The purchase was made by a Salisbury man who presented the whole ruin to the British Nation in 1918.

Only since the Government came into possession of the great monoliths has it been possible to conduct archeological research. Scientists have worked indefatigably in the ruins during the last nine years and shown them to be of greater antiquity and of greater value than was ever dreamed. A coin minted in the time of Ethelred was discovered in 1923, likewise a skeleton pronounced to be of a type antedating the Roman occupation.

An option on 1,500 acres of Salisbury Plain has been taken with the expectation that the English people will rally with the necessary $175,000 for purchase when they realize the situation.

The appeal made by a committee headed by Mr. Squires and signed by Stanley Baldwin, Ramsay MacDonald, Lord Grey, and others, reads:

"The solitude of Stonehenge should be restored and precaution taken to insure that posterity will see it against the sky in lonely majesty before which our ancestors have stood in awe throughout all recorded history."

The ruin is situated near the crown of a gentle slope, and its appearance even at a half-mile is strangely weird and imposing, says the *Public Ledger* writer, continuing:

First of all, there is a great outer circle of monoliths, sandstone boulders, pillar-shaped, ranging from thirteen to twenty-three feet in height. Upon the tops of these are laid other stones known as imposts, *forming rude archways.* These latter are the hanging stones from which the place took its name. This great outer circle numbered thirty stones originally, but only seventeen with six imposts now remain in position. Some of the fallen ones still lie where they crashed down. One of the imposts fell in 1620, and one of the great pillars in 1797. More than 100 years later, in 1901, a terrific storm bore down two more.

The second circle of stones is about nine feet inside the great outer one. These pieces are smaller boulders of primitive rock known as "blue stones," or called by some "foreign stones," because none like them has ever been found on Salisbury Plain.

Fallen monoliths and other stones litter the area within this second circle. The largest and most noticeable of these is a huge table rock, weighing many tons, known as the altar or slaughtering stone.

Entirely outside the circles to the northeast is another great stone which stands alone at a considerable distance. It is known as the "Hele Stone" or "Friar's Heel."

On the longest day of the year, June 21, the sun rises immediately over the top of this stone as viewed from the center of the circle. This has given rise to the theory of a sun temple.

The sun legend in connection with Stonehenge has always appealed to Thomas Hardy, whose home at Dorchester (the "Casterbridge" of his novels) is within easy distance of the circles. He made frequent visits to the ruin when he was writing the novel in which it figures so strikingly. Tradition tells us the striking of the sun's rays on the Friar's Heel used to be the signal for the sacrifice of human victims, and it is easy to imagine the early Druids in their white robes, oak-crowned, and wearing the mystic symbols around their necks, gathering to make their offerings to Bel, as they called the sun, the great beltane fires blazing over the plain.

For centuries it was believed that Stonehenge was built by the Druids, those strange figures among the early Britons who performed the functions of priest, magistrate and physician. Altho it is possible the Druids may have performed their sacrificial rites on these stones, says the London writer, it has been well established by archeologists recently that they were not the original builders of the temple or whatever the edifice may have been in its pristine state. We read further:

These newest findings of science place the building of Stonehenge at 1680 or 1700 B. C. The stones antedate the Druid legend by from 700 to 1,000 years.

The peculiar discovery of the play of the sun on Friar's Heel on the date of the summer solstice was of immense value in settling the antiquity of the ruin. The date of 1680 B. C. was arrived at by an *astronomical calculation having to do with* the sun's shift over a certain period.

The stones have been variously ascribed to the Phenicians and the Danes, while some scientists place their erection back in the days of the Bronze Age. There are almost as many theories as to the purpose for which Stonehenge was built as there were stones in its original series of circles. It has been called a place of serpent worship, a temple of Buddha, a planetarium, a gigantic gallows on which defeated British leaders were solemnly hanged in honor of Woden, a place where the National Army met and its leaders were buried, and a calendar in stone for the measurement of the solar year.

During the last few years airplanes have been used to assist the work of research. The eyes of the aviators from their vantage point in the sky can catch a general plan not possible for the savant working on the ground to discover. Not so long ago, due to findings made through aerial photography, *Modern Modes in Jewelry*

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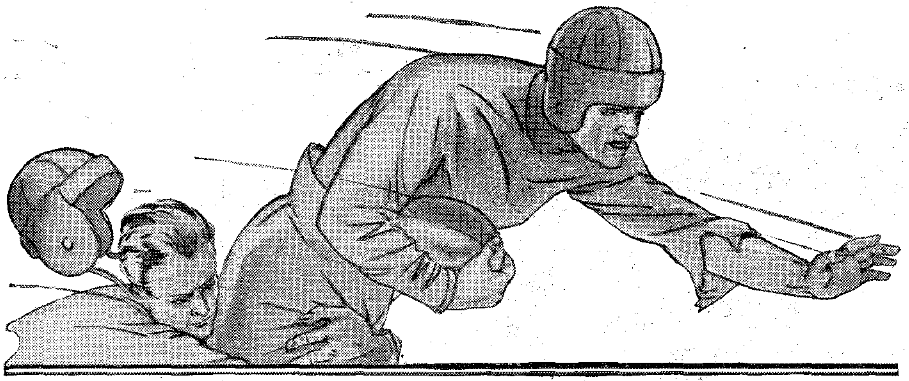

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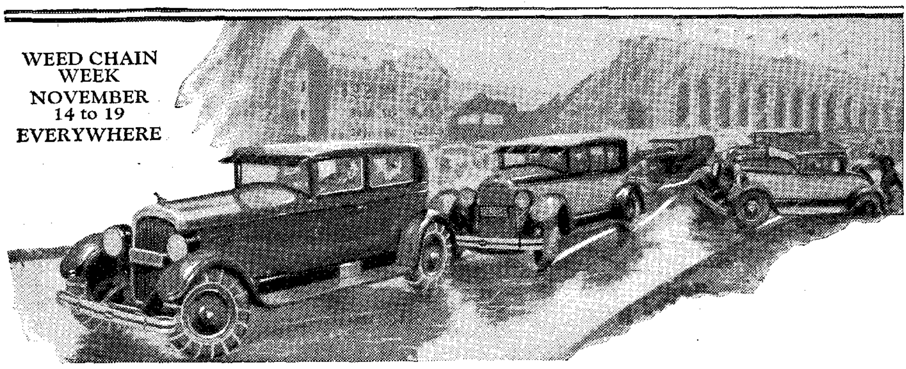


PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

an archeologist put forward the theory that Stonehenge was a combined temple, race-course, fair ground and market of some ancient tribe. Traces of an ancient road, remains of a deep pool, and various other marks, led him to believe this.

A thousand years ago English historians were guessing at this riddle. Stonehenge was first mentioned in British history by Henry of Huntingdon as one of the four wonders of England. In the same century Geoffrey of Monmouth, in his "History of Britain," attributes its erection to Aurelius Ambrosius in commemoration of 300 English nobles slain by Hengist, the Jute chief, and mentions that Aurelius himself was buried in it. Again, in recording the death of Constantine about the middle of the sixth century, he states he was buried by Uther Pendragon (father of King Arthur) within the structure of stones which were set up with wonderful art not far from Salisbury and called in the English tongue "Stonehenge."

A YANKEE DOCTOR, A "REB" BABY, AND OTHER CIVIL WAR ODDITIES

SHELLENA MARVELLENA HOLT got her name at the battle of Jonesboro during the war between the States, we are told, and truly marvelous were the circumstances. According to Mrs. Martha Travis, who lives in Jonesboro, Georgia, and has been giving Mr. A. D. Kean her recollections of the battle, this, briefly, is what happened: While the fighting was hottest, General Kilpatrick, Sherman's great cavalry leader, saw a white handkerchief on a pole outside a house belonging to Calvin Kite, and "came riding up at full speed to ask what the white flag meant." There he learned that Mrs. Holt, Mr. Kite's daughter, was about to have a baby. In the goodness of his heart, General Kilpatrick "sent a Federal doctor who stayed with the young mother until the birth of her daughter. Soon after the child was born, a shell came hurtling through the house and even through the head of the bed on which lay the mother and babe, but injured neither of them." Then it was that the Federal doctor distinguished himself. Because of this amazing escape, he "named the baby Shellena Marvellena, which he informed the family was Latin for Marvellous Deliverance from a Shell. And that young babe, Shellena Marvellena Holt, is living to-day." Mrs. Travis recalls that General Kilpatrick, "who had his headquarters on the old Redfern place, not far from her father's, became well known and personally liked by the residents of the country neighborhood." Writing in the Atlanta *Journal*, Mr. Kean says:

Whatever might have been the army discipline concerning the speaking to officers by privates, none of this discipline affected the civil population of the contested district. For Mrs. Travis tells of a small, freckle-faced, barefoot boy who stopt the general and his staff and asked him if he had seen anything of his two cows; one was spotted and one had a horn knocked off. And so pleased was General Kilpatrick with the boy's confidence that he detailed two men to help him find the cows and drive them home.

Another story picked up by Mr. Kean concerns General Atkinson, of the Federal Army, who made his headquarters at the home of Mrs. Travis's father, Sherod Gay:

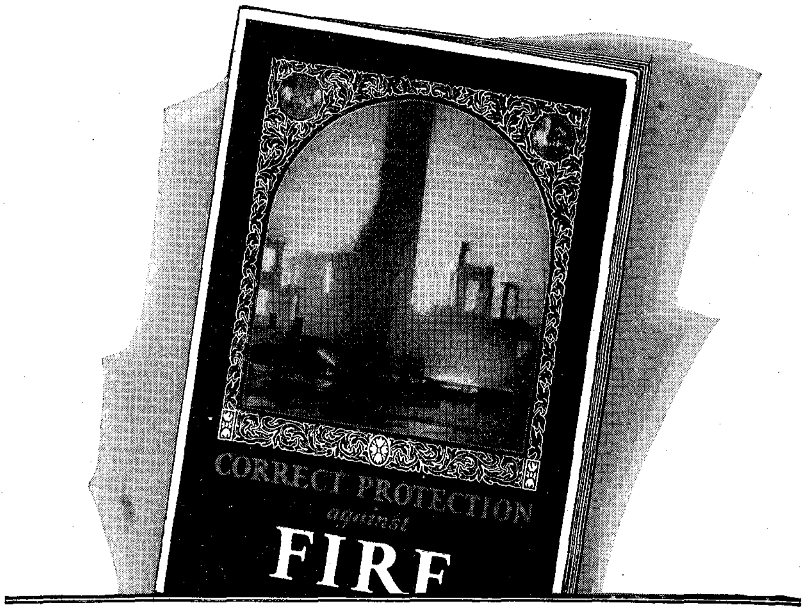
> Sherod Gay was with General Lee in Virginia at that time. And Mrs. Travis relates that when, in the evenings, the officers began to amuse themselves by playing cards, and one of the elderly ladies complained that it was the first time their home had ever been desecrated by cards, General Atkinson ordered the cards to be put up.

Still another of Mrs. Travis's stories recalls the loyalty of the slaves:

> The family of Sherod Gay attempted to refugee south to some place near Zebulon, but were stopt near North Mill on Flint River, and there they remained for several months. Then, hearing that General Sherman had left their neighborhood and started on his historic march to the sea, they came back to their home. Mrs. Travis tells with feeling of the loyalty of the slaves. How old Dan Gay had a precious load of wheat that had been saved for planting and was taking it off to the woods to hide, when, hearing the sound of rapidly approaching Federal cavalry behind him, he ran his wagon up into a gully and saved the wheat. And at another time she tells how her father sent fifty horses and mules in three divisions to be guarded by his trusty slaves, and only one proved recreant to his trust.

Mrs. Mittie Camp, also a resident of Jonesboro, gave Mr. Kean her recollections of the battle, and he tells us:

> One sultry evening in September, after they had listened to the roar of artillery and the fire of musketry all of the morning in the battle of Jonesboro, about two miles distant, a Confederate orderly came at a brisk pace to the plantation home of W. W. Camp and inquired who lived there. On being informed that it was the home of W. W. Camp, the orderly informed the young mistress that Colonel Candler had been badly wounded, and wanted to be brought to her house. Realizing the danger and the suffering of her old teacher, Mrs. Camp immediately went to the aid of Colonel Candler, who, tho he could not see, yet could recognize her voice, and asked this brave young woman to lead him from the spot and, if possible, prevent his capture by the Yankees.
>
> She immediately led him to her house. And once there, Mrs. Camp and Mrs. Hutcheson, the mother of Judge John Hutcheson of the Stone Mountain circuit, bathed and drest his eyes. Seeing a neighbor, Thomas Johnson, whose daughter had taught with Colonel Candler in Jonesboro before the outbreak of the war, riding through the woods in his buggy trying to give what assistance he could to the wounded, they prest him into service. Mr. Johnson readily agreed to flank the Federal Army to the south and carry his old friend, the wounded colonel, to Lovejoy station, about seven miles below Jonesboro, and still held by the Confederates. After a long and circuitous drive they



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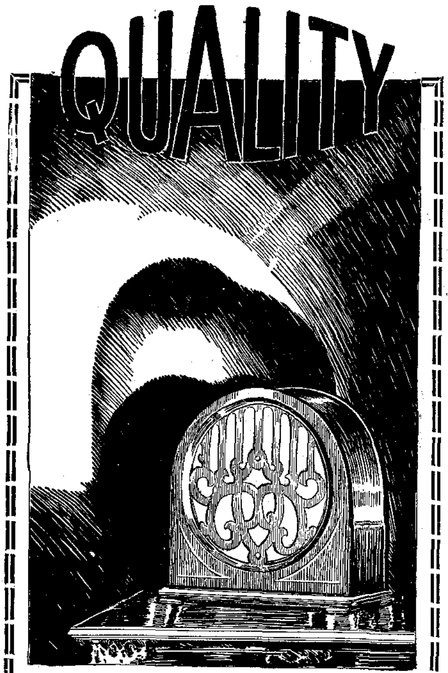

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

reached Lovejoy, and Colonel Candler was placed on the train and carried to Sandersville in Washington County, where he remained until he was able to rejoin his regiment.

Hardly had Mr. Johnson left with the wounded officer when "Federal troops began pouring in from all sides," and, as Mrs. Camp told Mr. Kean,

> One great burly private took a turkey from her coop, and on being observed by an officer he was made to ask the price of the fowl. Mrs. Camp, anxious to appear very independent and to let the invaders know that she had aplenty and to spare, told the soldier that she would give the turkey to him. But the officer informed her that she was no longer within the Confederate lines, and that she had best take the money, as Confederate money was outlawed inside the Federal lines. Soon after this, a heavy rain coming up, a party of twelve officers came to the Camp home and asked very courteously that supper be prepared for them. When the supper was finished, the ranking officer asked what the charges were for the supper for the twelve. On being told that she regarded them as visitors and that Southern people did not charge visitors for their entertainment, the major insisted that she must take pay for the "bountiful and delightful supper," and left her a dollar for each one of her self-invited guests. This was the first "greenback" money Mrs. Camp had ever seen.

TROPICAL LIFE FOR WHITE MEN

THE tropics, instead of being unfit for human habitation, as is so often asserted, are man's natural habitat, according to Prof. Ralph E. Danforth, of Chesterfield, Massachusetts. Writing in *The Scientific Monthly* (Lancaster, Pa.), on "Tropical Life as a Factor in Human Evolution," Professor Danforth maintains that tropical and subtropical conditions have played a larger rôle in the early career of humanity than the masses to-day imagine, and are pretty sure to play a great part in the future evolution of man. He writes:

> A stupid notion that clings with surprizing tenacity, in spite of much that has been written by travelers to the contrary, is the idea that tropical conditions lead to indolence and degeneration in man. Many of the very people who turn with awe to the early and venerable civilizations on the Nile, the Euphrates and Tigris, may be inconsistent enough to say in the next breath that man degenerates in the warm countries.
>
> At the present time thousands of families in Hawaii, in Australia, India, and many other parts of the tropical world are living not only healthy but active, alert, productive lives, as efficient, if not more efficient, than they would live in cold regions. The benign living conditions of the warm regions, however, permit those who are hereditarily indolent, ignorant or even vicious to live and to multiply, who would be killed by the inclemencies and extreme, sudden changes of so-called temperate regions.
>
> There are some fever-stricken stretches of scorching sand, dotted with palms, like the prevalent popular conception of tropics, but the prevailing types of trees in the tropical world are not palms, but broad-leaved trees, of infinite variety, in general aspect somewhat like those of the North, while the scenery may be as diverse, rugged, picturesque and inspiring as any this world affords. The temperature varies, with altitude, from perpetual summer, through perpetual spring, to perpetual winter in the tropics. Also there are regions perpetually dry and regions perpetually wet, regions dry half the year and wet the other half, regions with any conceivable combination of dryness or wetness one might seek. Far different is the picture in the average man's mind when he slurringly speaks of the tropics.
>
> It was under genial conditions that the earliest great civilizations developed through thousands of years of change in man's mental make-up and culture, affecting his physical habits at the same time.
>
> Many millenniums before civilization, man hunted and fished and gathered wild fruits, roots and nuts in regions adapted to his unclothed, sensitive body, so ill-adapted to extremes of temperature. Man's physical requirements are undoubtedly for a very mild and genial climate, and wherever, as in the temperate and arctic zones, we find him adjusted to very different conditions, it is by artifice, gradually acquired, that he has contrived to make it possible for his warmth-loving body to live in health, altho the time elapsed has been far from sufficient to permit the body to physically adapt itself to the rigorous climates without artifice.
>
> The artificial heat and the elaborate protection which we require are greatly favored by the generous stores of mineral fuel. As population increases, and coal and oil supplies diminish, and the near water-powers are fully developed, there will still be an increasing demand for fuel. This fuel will have to be grown. Vegetable fuel and food are stored-up solar energy, and can, therefore, be grown fastest and most cheaply where there is the most sunshine, namely in the tropics. Here timbers of all degrees of softness and hardness grow with much greater speed than corresponding timber would in the North.

Increasing supplies of food and fuel and lumber will find their way from the tropics northward and southward into the cooler regions in future, Professor Danforth thinks. Increasing numbers of folk with good heredity will probably colonize the pleasanter regions of the tropics, at moderate altitudes. There they will not need fuel except for cooking or manufacturing. There they will not need to store forage for their live stock, but they will have fuel and food and forage right at hand, and may produce it rapidly and for an indefinite length of time. He goes on:

> The open-air life is lived all the time, for even when busied in a building the large and numerous windows and doors are always open. Streets and roads may be dusty, but one may locate somewhat above and away from these. The purest fresh air may be had always by those who plan aright and seek it.
>
> Ultra-violet rays, so healing and so vigor-conserving, abound in the generous sunshine of the tropic regions, and need not be lost in window glass. Undoubtedly much of the unsanitary neglect and

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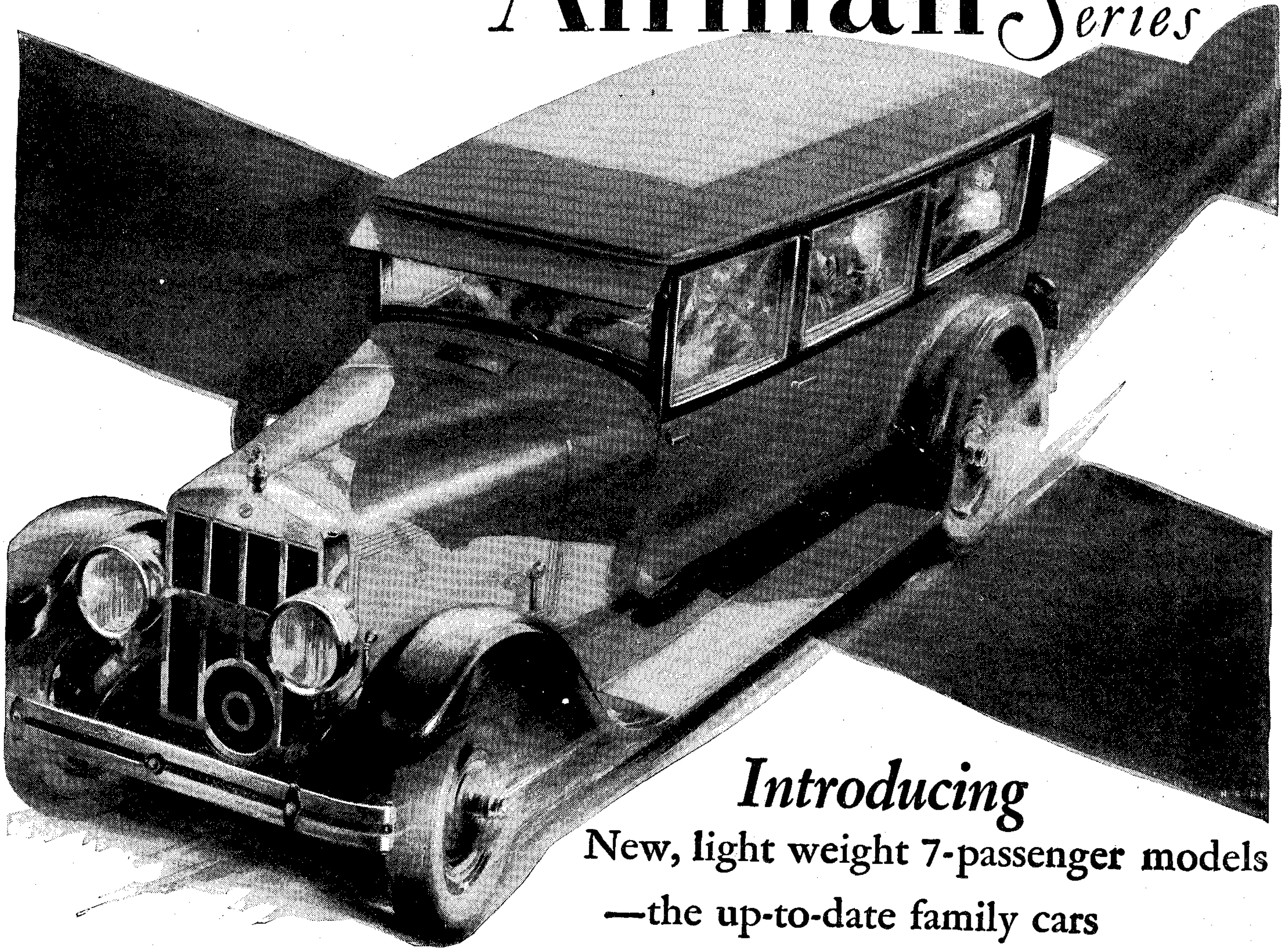

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

ignorance of many natives is in part compensated for by the health-giving sunshine and open air. There is no need to shut one's self in for the long winter months, nor to clothe one's self heavily.

Fresh fruit, just picked from the trees, is always in season—if not one variety, then another, always one's choice of several, throughout the year; and green vegetables from the gardens.

Dairy cows and poultry may have the vitamin-producing rays of the sunlight, and hence keep their milk and their eggs in the most serviceable state through the entire year. Experiment has shown that in northern winters, eggs and milk may be deficient in vitamin D. Even the milk of nursing mothers has been shown to lack their essential when the mothers spend most of their time indoors.

Human evolution in the present and the future may be affected by life in the tropics, therefore, by increased esthetic pleasure from sights and sounds abounding in life, beauty and sparkle; by increased health and comfort; by time, money and energy saved from fighting winter, and from costly preparations for winter, and so set free for constructive work aimed toward real and lasting progress; by an environment which can be made into a more ideal one than would be physically possible to north or south of the tropics.

This makes one feel optimistic; but apparently all authorities are not equally sure. A writer in *The British Medical Journal* (London), after noting the swing of the pendulum of opinion toward Professor Danforth's view that the climatic conditions of hot places are negligible, goes on to say:

The question is obviously important. Sundstroem, working in Townsville, North Queensland, has approached the problem by studying the changes in vital processes when men accustomed to temperate climates are transferred to the tropics. Townsville, described as the largest tropical community in the world with a pure white population, offers excellent opportunities for such inquiry. Various examinations and comparisons of the results with the standards in temperate climates, seem to indicate that climatic factors do exert a definite influence calling for human adaptation. This is about as far as Sundstroem is willing to push his conclusions, tho he regards the adaptation required to meet the altered cooling power of the environment as making demands upon the whole bodily economy. Some Australian writers have laid stress upon the fact that local insurance companies accept proposals from the residents of North Queensland at the same rates as apply to temperate regions. When the point was raised at a recent meeting of the Institute of Actuaries in London, the general view seemed to be that an extra premium was necessary in any part of the tropics. Prof. H. Priestley, to whose investigations at the Institute of Tropical Diseases we have previously referred, when addressing the Pan-Pacific Congress in Australia in 1923, exprest the opinion that physical health need not suffer, but he made reservations as to the effect of hot climates upon mental health. The diversity of views upon this aspect of the subject was illustrated last year in the correspondence which followed the publication of a letter by the Bishop of Singapore upon mental irritability and breakdown in the tropics. More work upon the lines of that done by Sundstroem is required, but very much fuller data are necessary before such comparisons as he makes can safely be accepted. Several generations may have to pass before conclusive results can be obtained, for the considerations involved are so numerous and so interwoven that the proof of this pudding may well be in the eating rather than in minute analysis of its ingredients.

A FEATHER IN THE BADGER'S CAP

GOLD-DIGGING appears to be the newest occupation for a badger. The American badger is probably unique in its record as a successful entrant in the great American sport, comments the New York *Herald Tribune*, referring to recent discoveries at Weepah, Nevada, for which a badger's earthworks are said to be responsible. Continuing with its dissertation on these furry prospectors, the paper resumes:

> The badger is one of the most extensive of subsoil workers. Some of his tunnels are a quarter of a mile long, and endlessly labyrinthed along the route.
>
> Our American badger seems not to have adapted himself to civilization with the tenacity of his British cousins. Time was when badgers were common in Ohio, but to-day they hardly range eastward of Wisconsin. Not long ago, however, it was claimed that there were badgers in every county of England. It is easy to make a census of them, for a badger's earth is obvious; but it is difficult to see them, for the badger generally sleeps through the day, and his gray coat blends with the gray rocks when he does venture out. One British naturalist has attempted a count in Cornwall and reports 107 badger earths in that county. It seems an extraordinary thing that a slow-moving animal nearly three feet long should persist in settled England. But the badger has certain advantages; its young are born in March, but they never see light until June, when they have learned to fend for themselves. Some badger earths have been occupied for decades, altho there is a tradition that a badger digs a fresh hole when he plans a family; but every earth goes through a spring and autumn housecleaning. And the dog which attempts to drag a badger from its den is in for a tough time, for the badger's teeth have a famous grip—so taut that in crueler days badger-baiting, setting dogs to get bitten by and draw a badger from a barrel, was one of England's national sports and gave us the phrase still current, to badger.
>
> The badger is one of England's oldest citizens—fossil remains have been found among Pleistocene deposits, millions of years old; the same species of badger ranges across all north Europe and Asia, and it has cousins to replace it in south Asia and Africa. It plays its part in the traditions of many peoples, and its fur fills many functions, from shaving-brushes to furniture covers.

Cheer up, Roughnecks.—

Pick husbands out like cantaloups,
  With care your choice decide;
It is not wise to take the ones
  That are too smooth outside.
    —*Boston Transcript.*

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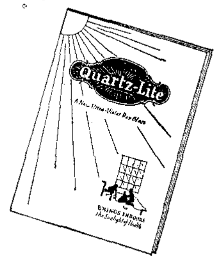

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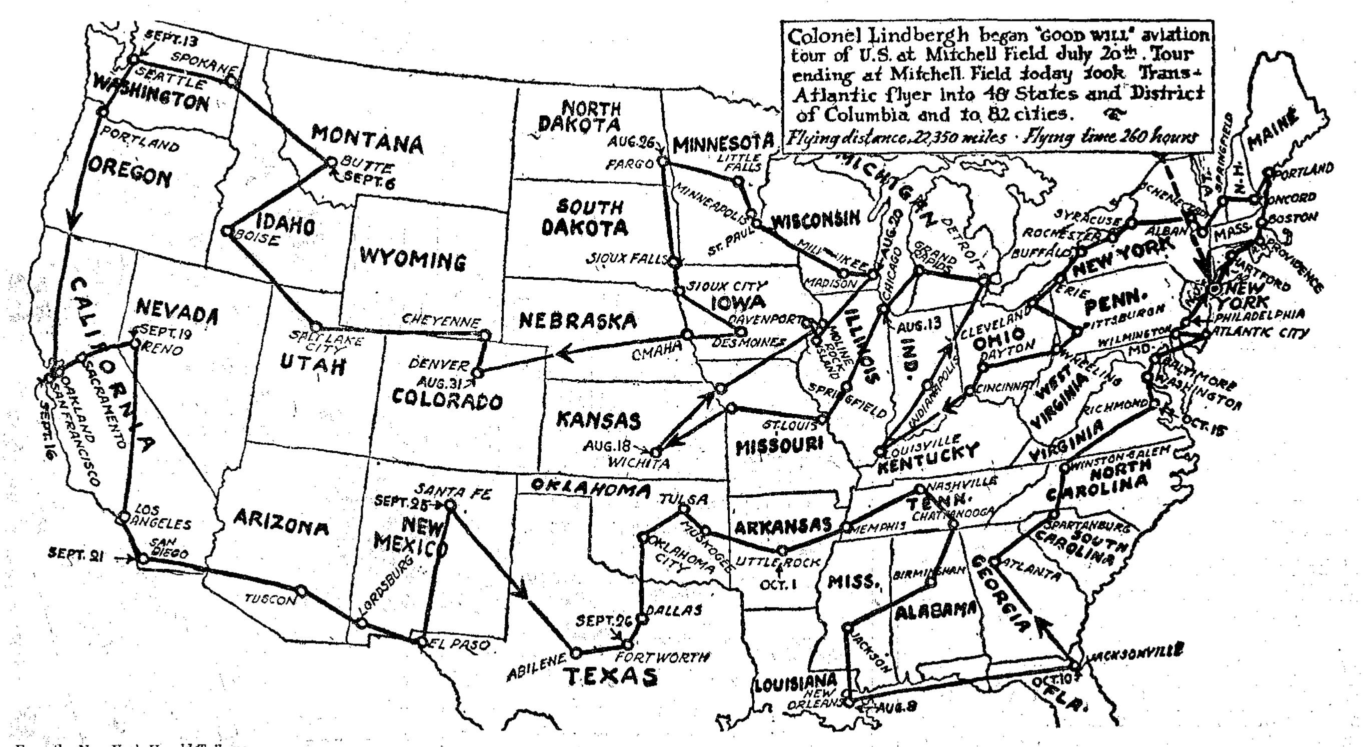
MOTORING · AND · AVIATION


Colonel Lindbergh began "GOOD WILL" aviation tour of U.S. at Mitchell Field July 20th. Tour ending at Mitchell Field today took Trans-Atlantic flyer into 48 States and District of Columbia and to 82 cities.
Flying distance 22,350 miles · Flying time 260 hours
WASHINGTON
OREGON
CALIFORNIA
NEVADA
IDAHO
MONTANA
WYOMING
UTAH
ARIZONA
COLORADO
NEW MEXICO
NORTH DAKOTA
SOUTH DAKOTA
NEBRASKA
KANSAS
OKLAHOMA
TEXAS
MINNESOTA
IOWA
MISSOURI
ARKANSAS
LOUISIANA
WISCONSIN
ILLINOIS
MICHIGAN
IND.
OHIO
KENTUCKY
TENN.
MISS.
ALABAMA
GEORGIA
FLA.
SOUTH CAROLINA
NORTH CAROLINA
VIRGINIA
WEST VIRGINIA
PENN.
NEW YORK
MD.
NEW JERSEY
MASS.
N.H.
MAINE
SEPT. 13
SEPT. 6
SEPT. 19
SEPT. 16
SEPT. 21
SEPT. 25
SEPT. 26
AUG. 26
AUG. 31
AUG. 18
AUG. 13
AUG. 8
OCT. 1
OCT. 10
OCT. 15

From the New York *Herald Tribune*

A GIANT GRASSHOPPER TOURING THE LAND MIGHT STEER A COURSE LIKE "LINDY'S"—MAPPED ABOVE

Counting a speech and a parade for practically every hop, it may be seen that "We" have not been idle since the historic flight to Paris.

"LINDY" BACK—"LOOKING FOR A JOB"

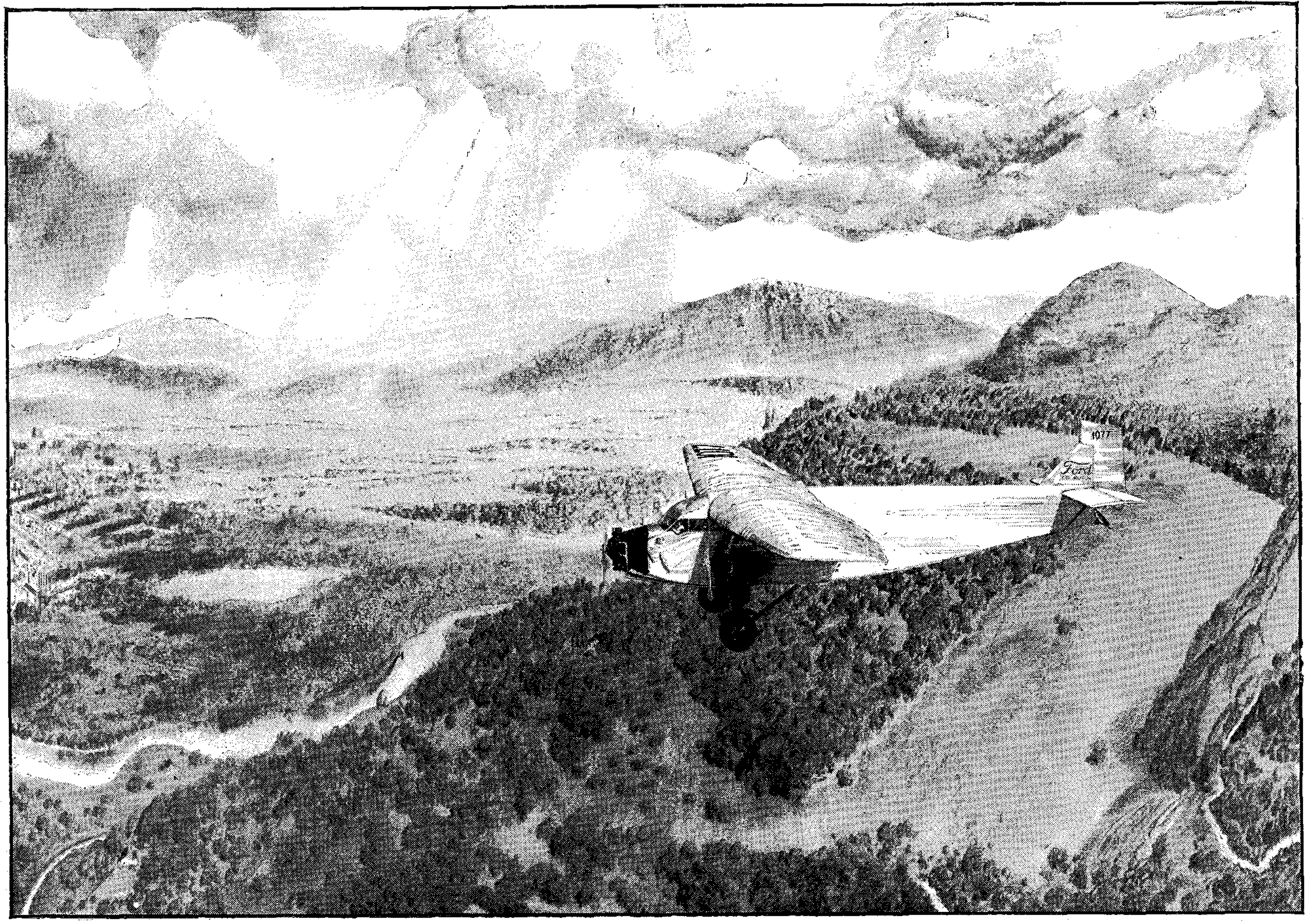
"THE MOST AMAZING TOUR that any man ever made in this country"—an air-tour covering 22,350 miles, touching every State in the Union, with stops in eighty-two cities, speeches at 147 functions, and parades aggregating 1,285 miles—was completed by Col. Charles A. Lindbergh when he alighted from his trans-atlantic "partner," the *Spirit of St. Louis*, at Mitchel Field, Long Island, the other day at 1:59 P. M., one minute ahead of his schedule. He was "a picture of health," relates the New York *World*, "his face wreathed in smiles and eyes sparkling with satisfaction over another job of flying well done." The same plane and the same engine—"the Wright-motored Ryan ship that carried him in a single flight last May from New York to Paris"—had borne him, "without overhaul of any sort," on his three months' itinerary in advocacy of public support of the Air Mail, and of aviation generally, under the auspices of the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics. "It was the same Lindbergh who had landed into glory at Le Bourget, yet how different!" exclaims the New York *Evening Post* in an editorial. "Then a youth with the halo of romantic adventure shining about him; now, a grave-eyed man pondering how best he may continue to serve his chosen cause. We can recall with amusement the doubts and fears we first had about his future. Would he 'blow up'? Would he do or say some foolish thing that would take his godlike popularity from him? Would his head be turned and his career ruined? It is a remarkable testimony to Lindbergh's character that not one breath of these whisperings is heard to-day. He has answered them all with the best possible answer—work." And the editorial runs on, after summarizing the statistical facts of "Lindy's" tour:

International Newsreel photograph

UNSPOILED BY THE ADULATION OF AMERICA'S MILLIONS

Caught by the camera on his landing at Mitchel Field in the *Spirit of St. Louis*, after his unprecedented tour of the United States, the immortal Lindbergh faces a warm welcome with the same boyish and sagacious reserve as of old.

> There can be no doubt that he has aided the air-mail, dramatized to millions of our people the need of airports and made them understand better what the age of air travel is going to mean. It has



NOW THAT MAN HAS WINGS

A GIANT all-metal plane drones overhead carrying the mail westward. . . . A man-driven machine leaps into the fresh sea winds of New York, to appear a few weeks later high over the jungles of Indo-China. . . . A winged car circles the lifeless ice-fields of the North Pole. . . . Flocks of planes dart upward through the clouds, and away from city to city, following lighted airways across the continent. . . . This is the world of today!

Now that man has wings he flies! No power in the world can hold him back!

At Le Bourget, in France, twenty-seven passenger planes leave daily on fixed schedules. At Tempelhof, in Germany, Lufthansa flights are guided by traffic police. The planes that fly from Croydon, in England, have an established record for dependability and safety that has brought insurance rates to Paris down to one-third less than by land and sea.

And yet America is already outstripping anything abroad!

A steady stream of mail is carried along the established airways from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Detroit to Dallas, Texas. Ford planes, with an extraordinary record for reliability, have carried four and a half million pounds of express for merchants and manufacturers who know the value in competition of more speed and wider markets.

The planes of one American air-express company fly farther in a single day than all the combined flights of Lufthansa, and twice as far as the combined flights of the Imperial Airways. . . .

One hundred American factories are turning out new planes to meet the increasing demand. . . . Close to a thousand air-ports are being rushed to completion to care for American planes flying in all directions. . . . A Bureau of Aeronautics has been established.

And as fast as the U. S. Government defines new routes with lights and ports, air-traffic increases proportionately.

We are about to see a repetition of the history of the automobile on a broader scale. This does not mean we anticipate an airplane in every man's garage, or that the airplane will lessen the streams of automotive traffic that pour over the highways everywhere. *But it does mean that everyone will soon recognize the airplane as a means of extending the radius of human activity far beyond the scope of any vehicle that moves upon the surface of the earth.*

Don't let sensational failures in the air blind you to the steady progress of non-sensational commercial flying. The prairie trails marked by the wrecks of Covered Wagons were soon enough obliterated by farm tractors and disk harrows! And the wrecks of wooden trains have not checked the swift smooth rush of all-steel limiteds, binding the nation together.

The Ford Motor Company has set the highest standards for its own accomplishments. Its rust-resisting, all-metal planes, tri-motored for unfailing dependability, are piloted by men whose preliminary training is based on 1000 hours of actual flight. Its great air-port at Dearborn, with modern passenger and express stations, is the center of stirring activity. *Every Lincoln automobile service station in the country is a potential service station for Ford planes.*

Now that man has wings he will open up new paths across the skies.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Sister and Sonny have just learned they are going to California this winter

Golden California—stretching its pleasant playgrounds along the sea. Sunny land of fruit and flowers—where living is a joy the whole year 'round.

Five famous Santa Fe trains leave Chicago every day for California. "Santa Fe all the way." Besides *The Chief* there are The California Limited, The Navajo, The Scout and The Missionary—all offering famous Fred Harvey meal service.

On the way—Grand Canyon National Park and the Indian-detour

After California—Hawaii

mail this coupon

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Santa Fe System Lines
1019 Railway Exchange
Chicago, Illinois

Am interested in winter trip to California. Send me free picture-folders and advise cost of excursion ticket.

Name..........

Address..........

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

been a good job, well done. The country no longer needs to worry about Lindbergh. All the reasonable prospects are that he will devote that austere young mind of his to making the country worry about its own shortcomings.

How far Lindbergh stands above the common allurements of notoriety is revealed by a news item in the same newspaper, thus:

> Curtiss Field, L. I., Oct. 27.—Col. Charles A. Lindbergh was as impolite as a gentleman could be in rebuffing sixteen chorus girls who broke into his privacy here this morning.
>
> With considerable vigor and grace he slammed the large door of the Sikorsky hangar in their faces and waited inside until they had disappeared.
>
> Supporting the Colonel in his retreat were Harry Guggenheim and three or four cronies of the days when Colonel Lindbergh was at this field preparing for his flight to Paris.
>
> Quite at peace with the world, Lindbergh was chatting with Mr. Guggenheim and the other flyers in front of the Sikorsky hangar. He was in a loquacious mood for the first time. But his mood abruptly changed. Sixteen girls, members of "The Florida Girls" troupe at the Paramount Theater, who had come to the field for a flight, spied him.
>
> "There's Lindy!" feminine voices shouted. "Let's go over and see him."
>
> They immediately made a grand rush for the Colonel.
>
> Lindbergh suddenly excused himself.
>
> "I guess I'd better be going," he told Harry Guggenheim.
>
> "Just a minute! Just a minute! I'll go, too," said Harry.
>
> The whole group dashed into the hangar, Lindbergh last. The girls, who were elegantly attired after the fashion of very successful chorines, reached the door just as it slammed.
>
> "He slammed the door in my face!" one girl shouted. "He's darn nasty. I didn't want to see him, anyway."
>
> But the other girls, determined to see the flying Colonel, hung outside the door for at least five minutes, then gave up. The Colonel and his party had slipt out by another door to the field and were preparing to fly to Farmingdale, Long Island. Thus he made his escape.
>
> But even as he took off, reminiscent of the day he left for Paris, a youth shouted: "Take me along, mister. I'll walk back."

True to his policy of avoiding pose and publicity, Colonel Lindbergh "issued a plea to newspaper men," says the New York *Herald Tribune*, "that he be allowed to pass out of the rôle of a public personage and back to that of a private citizen looking for a job." Estimating in an editorial that he has been "visually admired" by 30,000,000 of his countrymen, the same newspaper remarks:

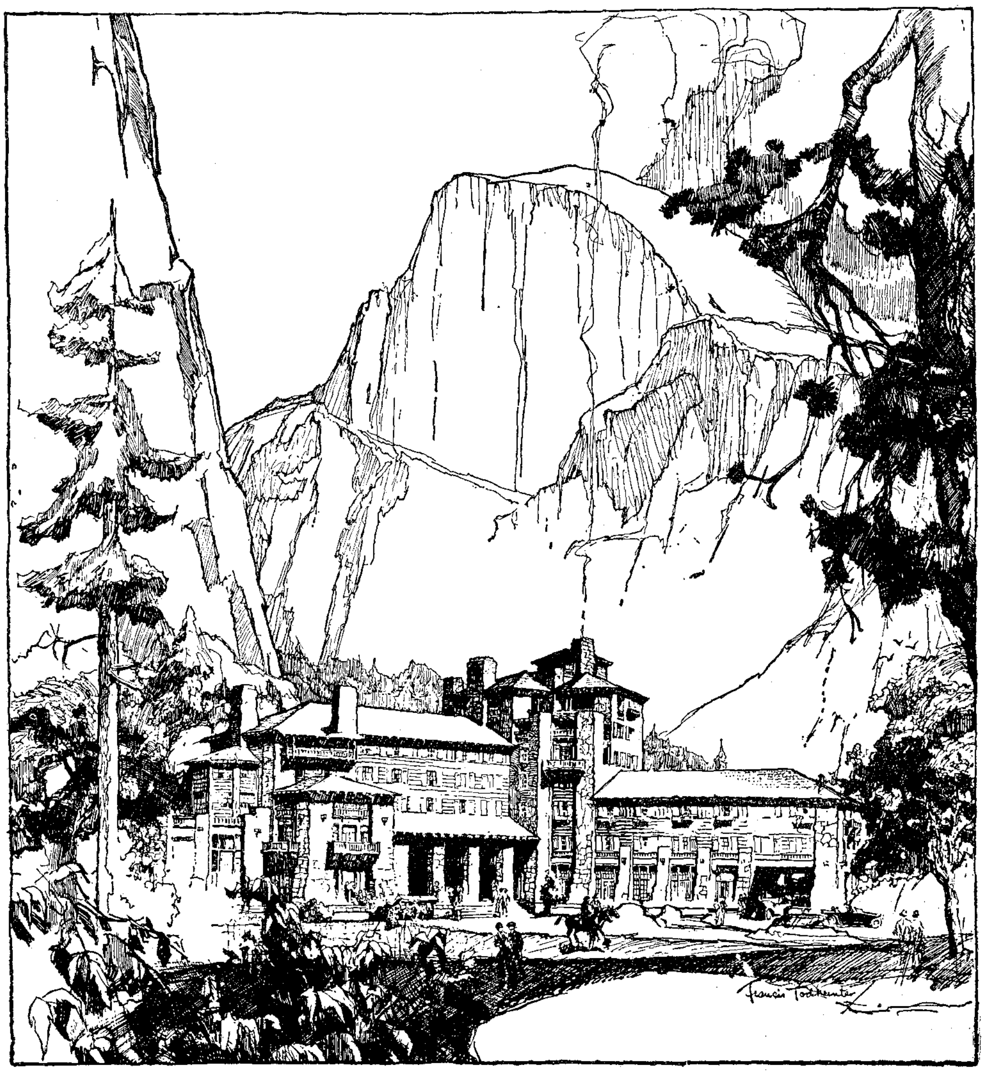
> It was with some reason that excited rumorists spread the report that he had been reduced to a state of physical and nervous prostration. Yet he emerges as he began—a young gentleman in perfect health, interested in the progress of aviation.
>
> Since last spring more than one optimist has conceived the idea that it must be easy to fly the Atlantic and has tried it out. One can only say to any one who conceives it to be easy to sit through sixty-nine formal dinners, all attended by prominent gentlemen desirous of expressing their overpowering admiration for the most stupendous feat of this or any other age, that he ought to try it out. To those who saw him in the later stages of this adventure, Colonel Lindbergh appeared, as he sat politely interested, but unassuming, through the waves of panegyric, to have developed a technique.
>
> Perhaps no one can, in the line of duty, hear himself extravagantly praised through sixty-nine formal dinners without developing a technique. The exuberant cities of America appear to have set out, almost deliberately, to destroy him with their sentiment. They found that he was indestructible. They piled it on thicker. Still Colonel Lindbergh arose smiling through the storm to point out the necessity for airports. They piled it to heights which one had supposed impossible anywhere save on the musical comedy stage. Colonel Lindbergh responded gracefully with statistics of passenger cost per mile. They took him to their ample bosoms. Colonel Lindbergh was heard murmuring, as he passed out of sight, something about his average oil consumption. His defense mechanisms functioned as perfectly as his incomparable Wright Whirlwind; that incredible reputation emerges without chip or damage, and the American people, who, after all, don't mean any harm by that sort of thing, will love him for it. We are reliably informed that the suggestion that he be sent to Congress was made only in jest and signified no ill-will.

The loads of Air Mail letters have "grown steadily heavier" during Lindbergh's tour, according to a New York *Sun* story, which continues:

> Postmaster-General Harry S. New revealed to-day the attendant growth of air-mail volume, in a letter to the Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, by which Lindbergh's tour was sponsored, says the Associated Press.
>
> In September, wrote Mr. New, air-mail planes carried 146,088 pounds of letters as compared with 96,925 pounds in April, the month before Lindbergh's flight to Paris. Every intervening month showed a gain.
>
> "Without doubt substantial encouragement has been given to use of the air mail by Colonel Lindbergh's tour," said the Postmaster-General. "It is quite difficult to determine exactly what portion of this increase is due directly to the tour, but at every office where Lindbergh visited there was a substantial increase, especially for that day. The net result, I am sure, will prove that a definite gain was made."
>
> Air-mail poundage since April has been about twice as heavy, month for month, as a year ago.
>
> With the conclusion of the journey Lindbergh is to prepare for the Guggenheim Fund a statement on the status of aeronautics as he observed them throughout the nation, and this work is expected to occupy his time in the immediate future. He has made no announcement of his further plans.
>
> The air-mail figures made public by Postmaster-General New were tabulated in pounds for each month since last April:

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

NO CALIFORNIA TRIP IS COMPLETE WITHOUT YOSEMITE



and now—THE AHWAHNEE IN YOSEMITE

OPEN ALL YEAR

A truly distinguished hotel, in architectural harmony with its majestic setting at the foot of Yosemite's granite cliffs and graceful waterfalls, The Ahwahnee presents, too, an interior that world-travelers already know as a rare treasure-house of interest, beauty and color.

The Ahwahnee—open all year—$12 a day upward, American Plan.
The Sentinel—Winter Season—$2.50 a day upward, European Plan.
Housekeeping Cabins—open all year—at low weekly rates.

Yosemite Lodge, Glacier Point Hotel, Camp Curry, High Sierra trail-camps and mountain lodges, at moderate rates. Open during the Summer Season. *For information* regarding stop-overs, etc., and illustrated booklets on Yosemite, send the coupon below.

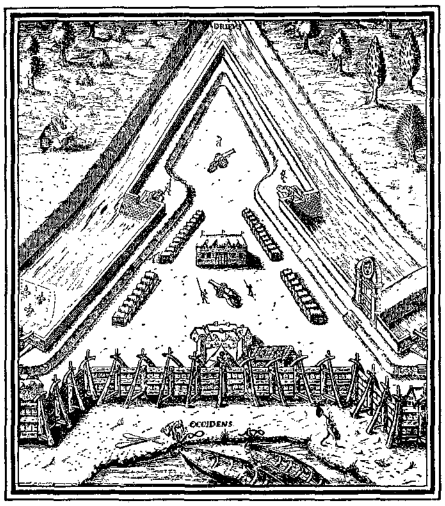
YOSEMITE PARK & CURRY CO.
Dept. 10, Yosemite, California

Please send me free illustrated Yosemite booklets.

NAME ____________________

FULL ADDRESS ____________________

They named it for the King of France . . . the Spaniards called it San Mateo



IT WAS built by French Huguenots on St. Johns Bluff, in Florida—Fort Caroline. Nearly four centuries ago, it was captured by the Spanish, who renamed it Fort San Mateo. . . . Four nations have struggled for the territory surrounding. Its monasteries and fortifications, its romantic, Old World towns belong to the Sixteenth Century—to the earliest period of American colonization. St. Augustine was founded in 1565. Fernandina and New Smyrna are venerable, historic settlements.

Jacksonville, within easy reach of these places, is a strategic starting point from which to visit them. It is a city of modern hotels—the flourishing commercial capital of the Southeast. To its west and south is the St. Johns river-country—an open, fertile district networked by hundreds of lakes and streams. Swimming, boating, golf and horseback riding call you every day into the warm outdoors.

Spend your vacation in Jacksonville this winter! Explore the St. Johns river-country. See for yourself these storied, medieval towns. . . . Before you plan your vacation, write for an illustrated, descriptive booklet with hotel rates. Address Believers in Jacksonville, P. O. Box 318, Jacksonville, Florida.

Believers in Jacksonville

"AN ASSOCIATION OF REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS MEN INCORPORATED FOR THE SINGLE PURPOSE OF COMMUNITY ADVERTISING. AFFILIATED WITH JACKSONVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE."

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

April	96,925
May	99,107
June	118,746
July	140,065
August	145,023
September	146,088

Lindbergh is estimated to have addrest, during his tour, some 2,000,000 persons who actually heard him speak, in addition to other multitudes who listened to radio broadcasts of his addresses. He dropt messages to 192 town and cities in addition to the eighty-two at which he stopt, and he was greeted by Governors in twenty-three State capitals.

The public has been convinced by Lindbergh's tour that commercial flying, in the hands of competent pilots using the best ships, will soon become a factor in the transportation industry of the United States, declares the Washington *Post*, adding:

People who might be inclined to take advantage of this rapid mode of traveling have been deterred through fear of accidents which, unfortunately, have been all too frequent of late in this country. It is high time to call a halt to "stunt" flying and the hazards that accompany such foolhardy exploits, and give the public demonstrations of what may be accomplished by safe and sane methods of navigating the air.

What Colonel Lindbergh has accomplished has been due to his thorough familiarity with all the intricate mechanism of his machine, his careful attention to weather conditions when the lives of others are involved, his expertness in handling the airplane under all flying conditions, and his confidence in his own ability to meet emergencies if they should confront him. "Stunt" flying is not his forte and the most "air shy" individual probably would willingly take a journey in an airship under his guiding hand. Aviators of his type are the main need of the industry to-day.

Many thought that Lindbergh's New York to Paris success was "tinged with luck," remarks the Washington *Star;* but—

Veteran airmen scoffed at this charge, and one well-known aviator summed it up this way: "For 'Lindy' to have stayed within fifty miles of his course to Ireland would have been luck, for him to have stayed within twenty-five miles would have been good navigation, but for him to have kept within five miles of his course was sheer genius."

And so it is with "Lindy's" air tour that has just been completed, which refutes, if refutation is necessary, the belief that anything but skilful piloting, cool nerve and unerring judgment made the youthful colonel one of the foremost flying exponents of the day. "Lindy" is supreme in his field and has done more for aviation than any other single person. His tour is in its way just as remarkable as his transatlantic flight. It is seldom that such a blending of skilled airmanship can be found in one person. On one hand there is a spectacular overseas trip, requiring the highest nerve and ability, and on the other hand the exhausting city-to-city flying, day in and day out, which has established a new record for reliability in the annals of aviation. "Lindy" has done both. He is spectacular and he is methodical. What a combination!

What the new form of transportation must have before its great commercial development is possible, comments the Springfield *Republican*, is safety, reliability, and independence of weather conditions. Hence:

It might not be going too far to say that Lindbergh's demonstration in his flights about the United States have been of greater practical value than his flight to France, but it would be hard to separate the two, since the impressiveness of the one has been greatly enhanced by the fame of the other.

At all events, it is of importance that Lindbergh has exprest disapproval of further "stunt" flights and that the glamour that surrounds his name and personality is now being utilized for the development of practical aviation. It makes the misguided persistence of a woman flyer in attempting a transoceanic journey under impossible conditions seem the more futile by contrast.

The New York *Times* quotes "Lindy" as saying, on his arrival, in answer to pressing questions about his health and condition:

"I may look fresher and in better health now than I did some other places en route, but you must remember I've been flying less than two hours to-day, while at other places where I was reported 'worn and tired' they looked me over after flights of six or eight hours, with a parade and a speech at the end of them. It hasn't been so many years since eight hours in the air would have been a record."

Whether his tour has accomplished the things it attempted to accomplish is for others rather than for him to say, Lindbergh declared. He said, however, he believed it unquestionably had demonstrated the reliability of modern airplane equipment and had driven home to the public that flying can be made as dependable as other means of transportation.

Neither his plane nor the Wright-motored Fairchild monoplane belonging to the Department of Commerce which accompanied the *Spirit of St. Louis* on the tour, had a single forced landing or was detained by mechanical trouble, he said.

Incidentally, Philip Love, pilot of the latter machine; Donald Kehoe of the Department of Commerce; Milburn Kusterer representing the Guggenheim Fund, and C. C. "Doc" Maidment, Wright motor expert, all of whom accompanied Lindbergh on the tour, were presented with gold wrist watches by him before they left Mitchel Field.

The *Spirit of St. Louis*, her pilot said, is due for a berth in the Smithsonian Institution, but "not just yet." Her motor, which has had 355 flying hours and carried Lindbergh about 30,000 miles, is "turning up" more than when it was new, but is due for a general overhaul and will be given one now if the Wright Aeronautical Corporation's "checking over" reveals it needs one.

Under the head-line "Lindbergh Is Alone," the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* voices these editorial reflections:

When Charles A. Lindbergh took off at dawn on a perilous flight across the sea, it

MASTER MOTOR BUILDERS

LEADERSHIP in power plant engineering cannot be bought with money. Packard has paid the price of supremacy in this field through twenty-eight years of pioneer work—more than a generation spent in acquiring specialized knowledge, experienced skill, perfected facilities.

* * *

The versatility of Packard engineering is best indicated by the dozens of world records held by Packard motors on land, water and in the air.

* * *

Packard designs and builds fine motors for racing boats and fast cruisers, for the swift combat planes, heavy bombers and great dirigibles of the United States Army and Navy, for Army tanks and for the American public at large in the Packard Six and the Packard Eight.

* * *

Packard is wedded to no one type of motor. It designs for each specialized use the engine best suited for the purpose—X motors, V motors, inverted V motors and motors with cylinders in line.

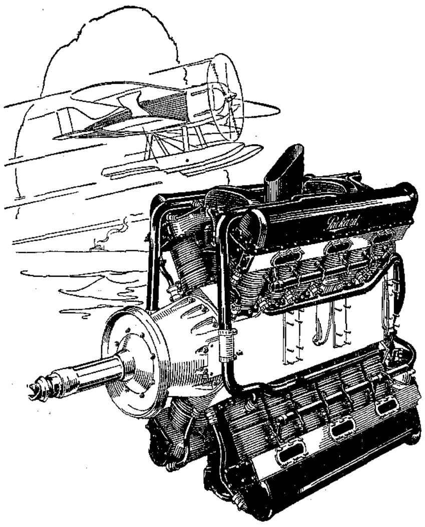
* * *

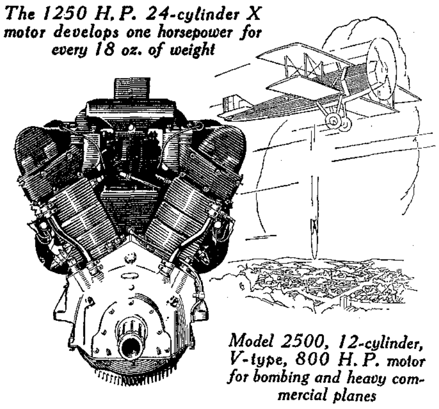
In each field Packard is supreme. This year nearly $4,000,000 worth of aviation engines will be delivered to the United States Government and private ownership. These in addition to Packard's latest contribution to the nation's vital defense equipment—the powerful new eight-cylinder V-type motor pronounced by military experts as the most appropriate power plant for the ponderous tanks of the Army.

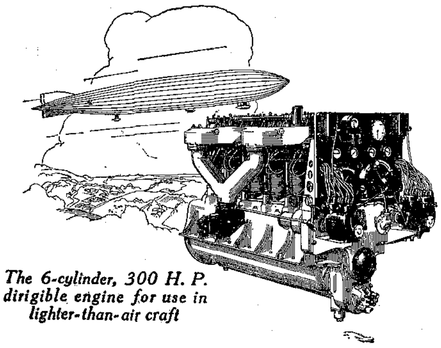
* * *

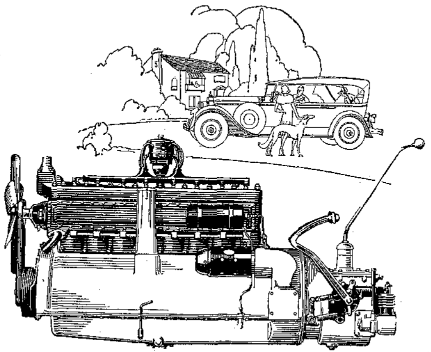
But beauty of line can never accompany bulk in motor. So in the new Packard Six and Packard Eight cars will be found the simple, powerful and dependable straight line power plants which have done most to establish Packard's engineering leadership.

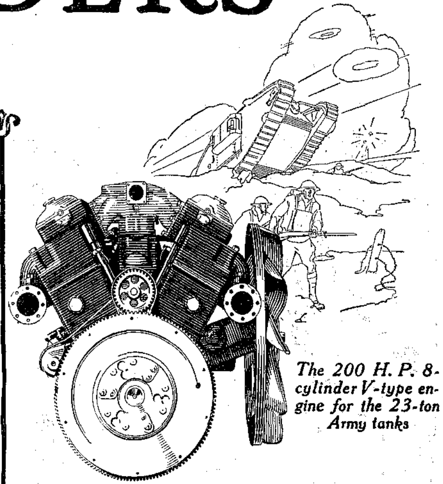
* * *

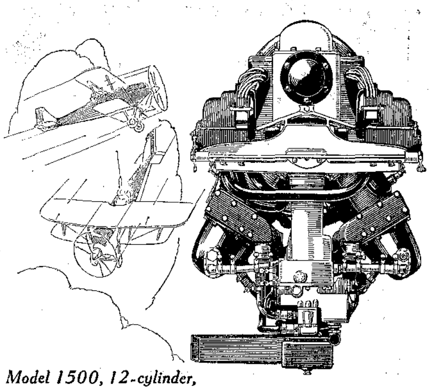

The 1250 H. P. 24-cylinder X motor develops one horsepower for every 18 oz. of weight

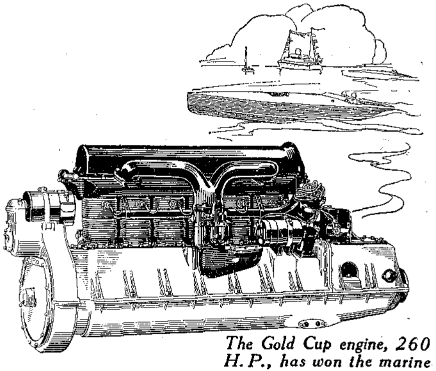

Model 2500, 12-cylinder, V-type, 800 H. P. motor for bombing and heavy commercial planes

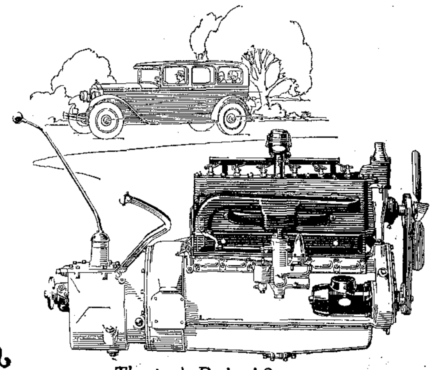

The 6-cylinder, 300 H. P. dirigible engine for use in lighter-than-air craft


The simple Packard Straight Eight motor develops 105 H. P.


The 200 H. P. 8-cylinder V-type engine for the 23-ton Army tanks


Model 1500, 12-cylinder, V-type, 600 H. P. aviation engine, inverted for visability

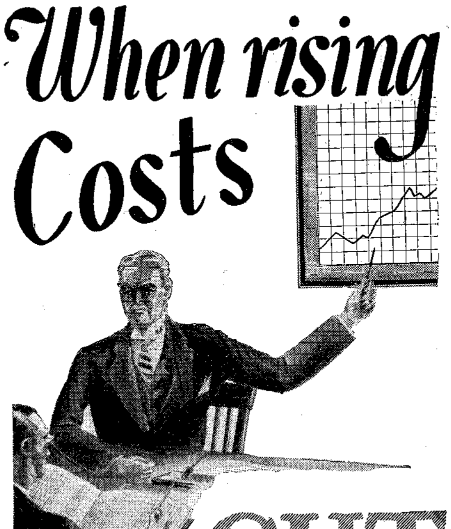

The Gold Cup engine, 260 H. P., has won the marine classic for 6 successive years


The simple Packard Six motor develops more than 80 H. P.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

When rising Costs



CUT PROFITS

PROFITS are the life-blood of capital. When rising costs consistently cut profits, production charts become the handwriting on the wall.

Time then to consider a change.

Investigate the CAROLINAS, where all the requirements of successful manufacturing at low production costs are admirably fulfilled and immediately you vision DWINDLING costs with GREATER production.

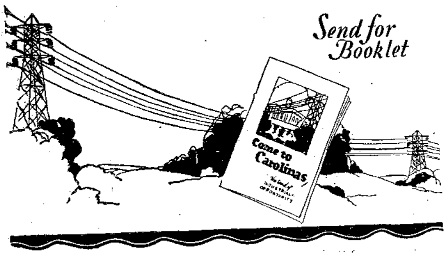
Many industries have moved to the Carolinas to their greater profit and enjoyment. We can supply you with the facts upon which they based their decisions.

Carolina Power & Light Company

INDUSTRIAL BUREAU

RALEIGH NORTH CAROLINA

Send for Booklet



MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

was remarked that no passenger, not even a mascot, was with him in the cockpit of his plane. As all the other entrants in the unofficial race to Paris had planned to make the trip in groups of two or three, the solitary figure of Lindbergh made a vast impression upon the imagination of the world, and he was called the Lone Eagle.

But scarcely a day had passed when men began to protest, most beautifully and eloquently, that Lindbergh had not been alone at all. With him, they said, there flew courage and the spirit of youth. At his side were the hopes and prayers of millions of men, shining through the fogs which blanketed his sight, beating back the storms which racked his ship. Alone? Lindbergh never could be alone!

Many months have gone by and their words have been justified. Lindbergh never has been alone. He has traveled thousands of miles and he has not needed to depend upon his courage or the world's hopes for companionship. Where he stood, men, women, and children have crowded about him. Where he brought his plane to earth, he was careful to avoid crushing thousands of cheering Americans. Where he sat down to dine, it was at a banquet table with hundreds watching his every gesture. He could not enter a hotel without shaking hands with the bell-boys, or leave it without facing a battery of cameras. A walk through the streets of a city amounted to a triumphal procession.

HOW HENRY FORD HELD UP THE NATION'S MOTOR TRAFFIC

"HIST! That must be one of Henry's new cars!"

"Where? Sure enough, thar she blows! Shiver my timbers!"

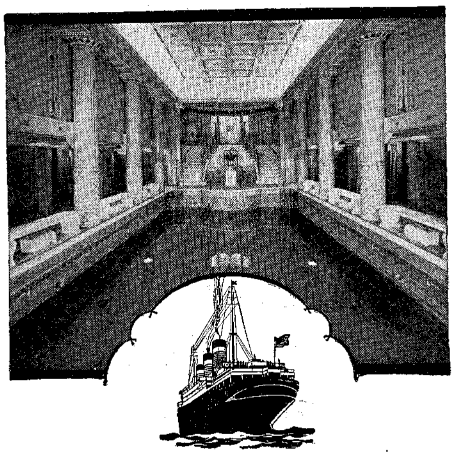
"Let's get a good look at it."

"Hurry up and lend me those binoculars."

"Wait a minute till I get a focus on it."

Exclamations of this general character, one gathers, were probably bandied in a group of motorists in Dearborn who became excited over the spectacle of "a new experimental car," which "happened to be parked one day in an inclosure near the Ford Administration building." People in cars on the roadway several blocks away, according to a Detroit correspondent of the New York *Sun*, "were using field glasses to try to see what it looked like, while others had their cars parked on other parts of the highway and waited in the hope of catching a glimpse of it." Apparently this flurry was a false alarm, but it serves as a vivid illustration of the suspense into which the nation managed to work itself over the "mystery" of the new Ford car. In the words of one editor: "Mr. Ford's 'mystery' advertising may be costing him lots of money through the idleness of his plants, but it certainly is working well." And then, as proof, he cites this ironic skit from London *Punch:*

> We gather from the press that the new Ford car will have a four-cylinder engine,



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But what they probably like best of all is the American spirit of fun on board. Even if they don't feel like taking part in all the various deck sports, they always enjoy watching them.

The photograph above shows the famous Pompeian Swimming Pool on board the *S. S. Leviathan.*

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overhead valves, a three-speed gear-box, a multiple-disk clutch and several new stories. But you're not to tell anybody, as all this is at present a profound secret.

A few days after the Dearborn incident cited above, the following came from the same correspondent:

A train loaded with Michigan dealers was backed into a siding at the Highland Park plant. They were taken into the factory and allowed a glimpse of the new model, but the entire proceedings were understood to be secret, and nothing was divulged.

The long-awaited announcement appears to be nearer than it was, however, and Detroit lives in day-to-day suspense of its coming. In the last week the business prognosticators have seen fit to credit Mr. Ford with being a much greater factor in the general business situation than was thought possible, and have heightened the impression that his "comeback" is being engineered with the craft and patience of which he alone among the automobile makers is capable. The conviction grows, too, that the number of cars that the entire industry is short on the present year's production—half a million or so—is due solely to Model T being out of the market—and that his competitors have not filled the gap left thereby. Altho several of them have prospered, it has cost them more to operate than in any previous year, and they have been forced to concentrate on increasing volume as never before.

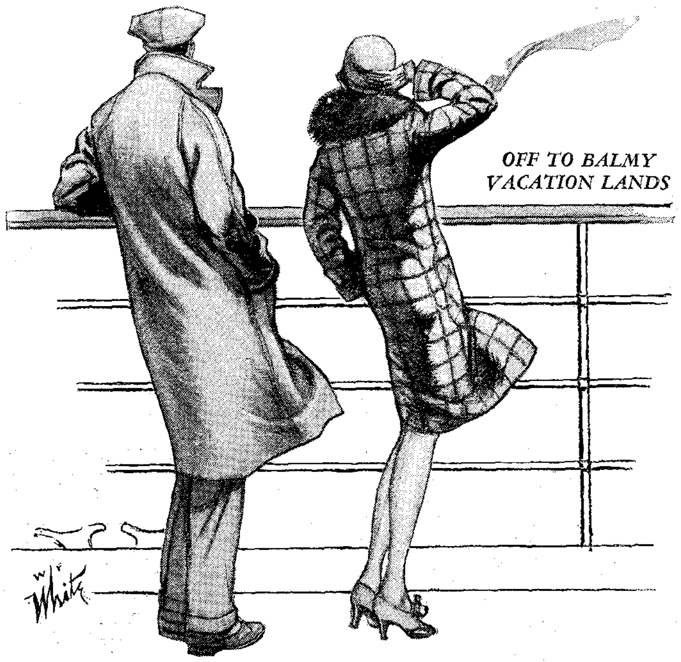
It is also pointed out that now, while nearly all the plants outside of those operated by the Dearborn manufacturer are scaling down their output and laying off men, the Ford total has been climbing, has reached more than 70,000 men, as compared with 90,000 at the peak of Model T operations, and according to indications is to keep right on increasing.

While expansion at home has been gaining headway, reports from abroad show that not only in the United States have assembly facilities been revamped and increased on a larger scale to take care of the 12,000 daily output for which Ford has tooled up, but his foreign assembly branches are adding to their capacity. One of the largest of these additions is a new plant at Yokohama, Japan, for which a contract has been let. It is to cost $2,000,000, and is to be ready for operation by next summer.

Dyed-in-the-wool Ford users, writes John C. Wetmore in the same paper, can hardly wait for the time when they can exchange their old cars for the new ones; but the emotion experienced by the dealers, he intimates, is something stronger than mere impatience. Thus—

Some motor-car dealers are now showing a sad lack of philosophy, common sense and business reasoning over the very natural slow-down in sales pending the coming of the new Ford models. This, however, is only a temporary trade condition and was to be expected with new cars and prices promised by so great a factory in the industry as the Ford Motor Company.

Ford agents must patiently await the coming of the harvest. So must sellers of other makes for the end of the period of indecision on the part of some of their followers. For both classes of dealers there is a bright rainbow of promise in the sky of a good time coming when the new Fords begin arriving, and when regular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MOTORING AND AVIATION

Continued

customers for other makes have resumed the purchase of existing favorites. The present slow-down is not worthy to be called a trade storm. It is really only a short autumn shower.

Several times in the past the motor-car industry has come through periods of doubt and worry, which were always immediately followed by renewed and redoubled prosperity.

History is bound to repeat itself, particularly in the motor industry, whose growth has been so steady and setbacks so few. So I prophesy that 1928 will be a boom year, with Ford again in full swing and delayed buying of other makes at an end.

Do not forget either that tho now Ford is the motor trade's greatest trouble, next year the resumption of the outpouring of Ford's millions in many business directions will be sufficient to turn the business scales into prosperity for the country at large, in which all will share and, most of all, the automobile industry.

Quoting the Ford Company's announcement that it already has tentative orders for 375,000 cars, a Detroit correspondent of the New York *Times* wrote on October 21, when the first new car was viewed privately by Henry and Edsel Ford, and several other officials of the Ford Motor company:

The new Ford no more resembles the car formerly turned out by the company than a grace porpoise resembles a whale. It is a smart-looking automobile, low and rakish and is thoroughly up-to-the-minute in appearance. It can make fifty miles an hour easily, and sixty if prest.

Henry Ford wore a happy smile as the first new car came to the end of its production journey. It was one of the first he had displayed since May 26 last, when the production of model T ceased. In the meantime it is estimated that he has expended many millions in rearranging the Ford plant and business, and that 10,000 dealers in the period not only have been without cars but have lost a sum that in the aggregate runs into many millions.

Tho the Ford has been off the market nearly five months, at the present moment it is in third position or better in retail sales in the low-priced field in several cities. Through rearrangement of machinery and introduction of higher-speed tools the company will be able to turn out 11,000 cars or more daily, as against a maximum schedule of 8,000 under the old scheme of production. In 300 working days it will be able to turn out more than 3,000,000 cars.

Production for the time being is necessarily limited. At present about twenty cars daily are being turned out, complete with bodies. This number will gradually be increased, and in two or three weeks should mount to at least 100 cars daily. From fifty to sixty thousand cars of the different models will be needed to supply dealers for display purposes alone.

For the present, production will be confined to closed cars of the sedan type, but it is expected that quantity production will be attained before the end of the year at a rate of at least 2,000 and possibly 5,000 cars a day.

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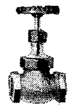
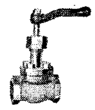


CRANE VALVES



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"LET'S see your cash-box, Buddy," commands the policeman, as the manager of the Triangle Garage enters his office, which has been left empty for an hour.

The manager opens the top drawer of his desk, finds all the money gone, and then looks up in amazement as the policeman places before him his missing cash-box, now battered, with a handful of bills and papers.

"Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun!" cries the garage man. "Back home again, and I never even knew it was swiped! Boy, you're there, and I sure hand it to this town's police force."

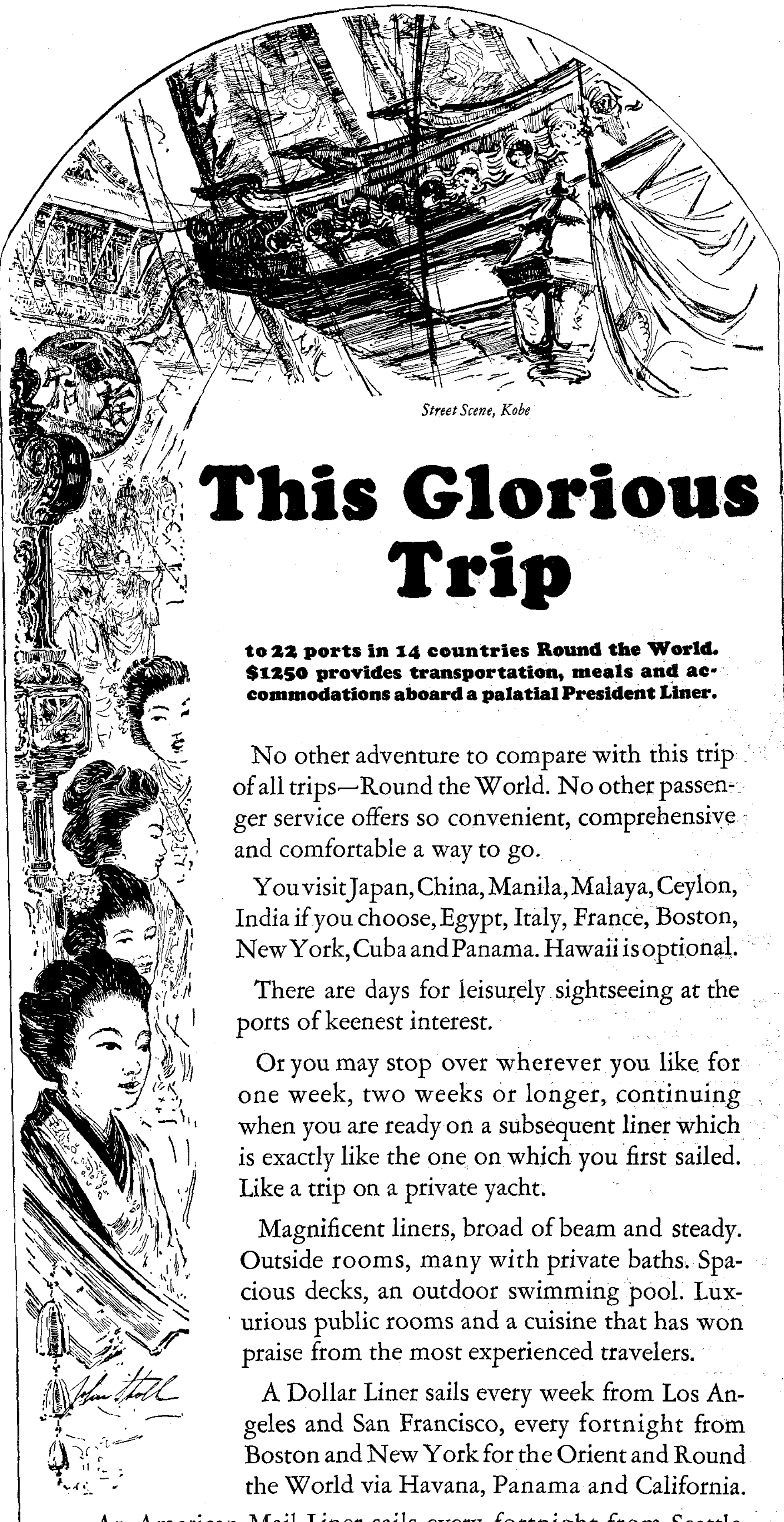
He should have "handed it" also to the new motor equipment of the police department in the Mid-Western town where this happened a few weeks ago, *The American Motorist* tells us, and to the quick-eyed neighbor who had telephoned, saying:

> "Hello! Police Department? Listen: From my window here in the office I can see two men behind a big sign-board, and I think they are trying to open a cash-box. They're pounding on it with a stone. Say, they're leaving now, walking down Twenty-eighth toward Locust. Both about five feet seven or eight, one blue suit, one kind of gray with gray hat. No; I couldn't see from here. Looks funny, all right. Hello, hello—"

With that clue, given while the trail was still hot, the police were already off for the chase before the wise neighbor had hung up, and within twenty minutes of the theft, we are told, a swift police car with two officers had picked up the thieves two blocks away from the scene of the crime, and the stolen property was recovered before the owner knew it was gone.

Taking this incident as a text, the *American Motorist* writer, George W. Sutton, Jr., goes on to say:

> Thousands of examples could be cited from police records to show the part that the automobile and motor-cycle are playing in the continuous war against the lawless elements of our population. The criminal, always ready to avail himself of new discoveries and new devices, has found in the automobile greater mobility, enhanced opportunities for his activities, and the means of escape after the crime is committed, a quick getaway generally being the most important factor in criminal enterprises. For the past ten years the police departments in our major cities have been adding each year to their automotive equipment. They have discovered new uses for automobiles and motor-cycles, and around these vehicles they have built up new systems of control and communication which has resulted in a tremendous increase in police efficiency.
>
> In protecting the public in such emergencies as riots, fires, and other unusual disturbances of considerable magnitude, the mobilization of a large body of police is a matter of minutes, and the restoration of order in a short time often averts panics and serious disorder.
>
> An example of this occurred recently when New York swept Fifth Avenue clear



Street Scene, Kobe

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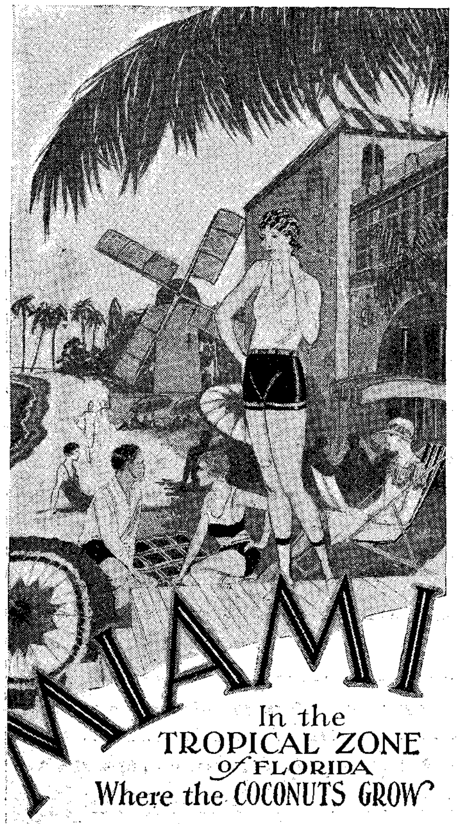

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

of traffic and then carpeted it with torn paper for the triumphal return of Colonel Lindbergh. For hours before the parade appeared the sidewalks were jammed from curb to store window, and as the time for the parade grew nearer throngs of people flowed down the side streets to melt into the river of humanity that lined both sides of the Avenue. A cordon of police lined the curb and strove to push back the solid wall of people when it threatened to bulge out into the street. At Forty-sixth Street a crowd of several hundred was struggling and pushing in an attempt to get onto the Avenue. The front line, composed of women and children, was pushed slowly forward a foot, two feet, ten feet, until it looked as if the line might break and the weight of the thousands in the rear might get into motion and swamp that front row of women and children like a wave. Police whistles shrilled and a big squad of motorcycles roared down the cleared Avenue to the point of danger. The blue-coated riders dismounted and jammed their way through the crowd to the rear, relieving the pressure behind, while the policemen at the front once more straightened out the line, thus averting what might have become a dangerous panic with many casualties.

Chicago's increase in crime is almost exactly paralleled by the increase in car thefts in Chicago, according to a leading jurist of that city, who goes on to express the opinion that half of all the stolen cars are used as a means of committing other crimes. We read further:

Chicago police have accepted the challenge of the motorized bandit and are fighting fire with fire, or rather automobile bandits with automobiles. Consider, first, that Chicago covers an area of 200 square miles and embraces a population of over 3,000,000 people. This fact was strest in an interview with John H. Alcock, Deputy Superintendent of Police of Chicago:

"To protect the citizens in this vast territory the city is divided into thirty-seven zones of various sizes, according to population, and to each of these zones is assigned a Cadillac touring-car, each manned by a commander and four officers on each eight-hour shift for the entire twenty-four hours. Each automobile is equipped with searchlights, two rifles or shotguns, tear bombs, and flare lights. These Cadillac autos tour the streets, investigating all alleged crimes and stopping and questioning all suspicious-looking persons or occupants of suspicious-looking vehicles. They keep constantly in touch with the district station to which they are assigned, calling over police lines every half hour, also reporting to the central headquarters on each alternate thirty minutes. In this manner a zone squad can be reached about each minute and a half, so that in emergency, if there is any important or serious occurrence requiring police attention, two or more squads can be dispatched to assist the regular police of the district."

In addition to these zone cars with their squads of five men, the Chicago department now operates over two hundred Fords, an average of six to each district. Each of these cars is manned by two officers in uniform, trained in the care and driving of a Ford in the Police Automobile School.

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Each car is equipped with a gong, and with solid cushion tires instead of pneumatics as a precaution against bullets which might flatten a tire and put an end to pursuit. These Ford crews report over the telephone every twenty minutes. The territory in large districts, where only a small number of officers is available, is now covered thoroughly and frequently.

New York was one of the first cities to reorganize its police and to build up a more modern and efficient system with the automobile as the foundation, Mr Sutton reminds us, adding:

Former Commissioner George V. McLaughlin, in his report to the Mayor, made a year ago, says:

"Motor equipment is second in importance only to additional policemen. In the present day the burglar and the hold-up man are equipped with high-powered cars, and, due to their experience with this equipment, it requires only a very few minutes for them to commit a hold-up, robbery, or burglary and leave the scene of the crime at a high rate of speed. No matter how efficient the means of communication is within the Police Department, apprehension near the scene of the crime is impossible unless the detectives and policemen can be dispatched to the vicinity in high-powered cars. Examination of the budgets of other police departments throughout the country indicates that many of them are ordering a substantial number of high-powered cars each year."

And to the credit of New York, let it be said that it purchased additional motor equipment in 1926 to the tune of 50 high-powered cars, 11 small touring cars, 250 small cars for patrol, and 75 motor-cycles.

The growth of motor equipment in the New York Police Department during the past years is vividly illustrated in the following table.

	1918	*1923*	*1925*	*1927*
High-powered cars	31†	228†	150	226
Runabouts	....	....	413	517
Patrol-wagons	26	29	31	32
Motor-trucks	6	23	23	27
*Ambulance	0	1	1	0*
Boiler squad, inspector's cars	0	0	9	9
Emergency service wagons	0	0	2	3
Motor-cycles, solos	200	407	465	311
Motor-cycles, armored side-cars	0	0	0	12
Bicycles	1,027	1,073	882	352

*Ambulance converted into patrol-wagon.
†Including runabouts.

Police headquarters in New York is operated much like the general staff headquarters of an army—with maps, charts, and card-index systems. Crimes are pictured through the use of immense maps, on which colored pins and other markers show the location of crimes of violence. It has been observed that these have a tendency to break out much like a disease epidemic. Whenever one of these outbreaks occurs, squads of detectives in high-powered cars are detailed to patrol the affected district.

Small runabouts carrying a driver and a sergeant, as supervising officer of patrol, have revolutionized the whole system of police patrol of the city. These cars serve three eight-hour shifts each day, with only one stop for a daily cleaning or adjustment. In the old days, when the sergeant covered his territory on foot, he could perhaps visit the various posts twice each day. Under present conditions he can make his rounds in thirty minutes and covers the route many times each day. This fact alone has had a marked effect in raising the efficiency of the individual patrolman, for he must now be on the alert every minute.

The sergeant or supervising officer in his

"—when the air is blue with smoke"

Where men smoke steadily

Take a peep into almost any business conference. You'll find heated arguments. Much smoking. Tensed nerves.

And something else today—you'll find men eating Life Savers between smokes.

They take quickly to this wholesome habit. One man notices another and soon all have discovered this new way of getting more pleasure out of smoking.

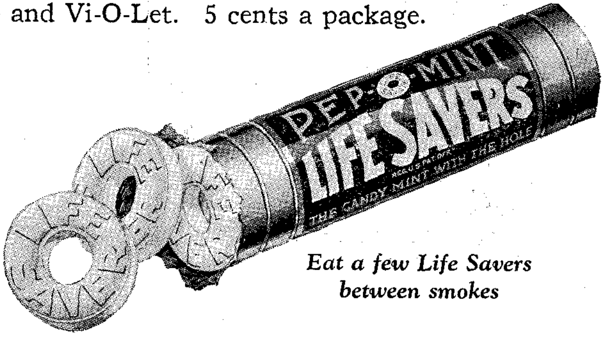
* * *

More and more smokers are doing the same thing. We wondered if you knew this about Life Savers, those little candy mints with the hole; how they freshen your mouth between smokes, soothe your nerves and make the next smoke taste so much better.

It's a fact: Life Savers easily double your smoke enjoyment. Their wonderful aromatic flavors freshen your mouth like a good drink of water when you're really thirsty—and steady your nerves for work or play. Once you try them this way between smokes, you'll always have a package handy.

Six popular flavors: Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve and Vi-O-Let. 5 cents a package.

P. S.
Have you tried LIFE SAVER FRUIT DROPS? Three refreshing flavors — Orange, Lemon and Lime.



Eat a few Life Savers between smokes

A House Party at Sea

Hermits neither come nor go—they just stay put. People who are *of* the world as well as *in* it, always strive to see all they can of it. They travel over the horizon—to other horizons beyond. The thrills of travel are personal; you alone can find *your* thrills. Spend two months on the balmy Mediterranean; visit the glorious cities of Antiquity; meet strange Peoples . . . enjoy inspiring scenes of Old World splendor . . . hear new voices and weird, seductive songs . . . Then come home packed with New Life, new color, a refreshed spirit. Join the Intimate House Party sailing on the

Cruise Supreme to the Mediterranean

on board the specially-chartered White Star Liner
HOMERIC
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Ask for the illustrated Book of this remarkable Sunland Cruise

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New York Philadelphia Baltimore Boston
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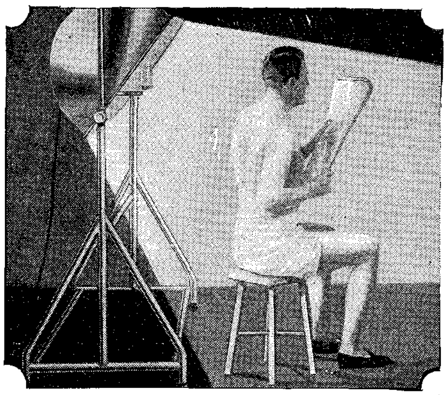
MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

patrol-car is in constant communication with his station house. If a crime or disturbance is reported, he starts for the scene immediately and possibly picks up one or more officers on the way. They stand on the running-boards, and in this way it is possible to transport a number of men with a sergeant in charge, and to do it with a minimum loss of time. The quick arrival of a sergeant in case of emergency is extremely important, because of his qualities of leadership, his authority and superior training. In the event of a raid or robbery, the use of automotive equipment enables the police quickly to surround, if necessary, a city block and to meet the situation with an adequate number of men under the direction of one or more higher officers.

The important part now played by the motor-cycle in thief-catching moves Mr. Sutton to say:

> New York's motor-cycle division of today, with a personnel of well over 300 trained men, was begun with two men and two motor-cycles in 1906, exactly twenty-one years ago. One of those two pioneers was Anthony J. Howe, the present inspector, at the head of the division. The inspector, then a patrolman, was chosen for the new work because of his remarkable record during ten years as a bicycle cop, in those days when both automobiles and motor-cycles were in their infancy.
>
> From that small beginning the motor-cycle policeman's scope of duties increased from merely chasing speeders until it embraces the enforcement of the entire penal code.
>
> Even the lightest cars can not serve the same purpose as the motor-cycle or equal its ability to make time on crowded streets when piloted by a skilled operator. This fact, if ever it needed confirmation, was established for all time at the time of the Tombs Prison break.
>
> One afternoon, just before four o'clock, when the Central Park motor-cycle squad were assembled for roll-call, the sergeant in charge of the squad received a telegraph flash from headquarters to rush his squad of twenty-five men down to the Tombs Prison, five miles away, through Manhattan's traffic.
>
> Red McKenna, notorious criminal, and two others imprisoned in the Tombs were making a sensational and murderous attempt to escape from the ancient prison in down-town New York that cost his own life and that of one of his accomplices, as well as the life of a Tombs keeper.
>
> At that hour, the metropolitan traffic is at its greatest density, but in exactly seven minutes after the alarm was sounded the twenty-six motor-cycle men reached the Tombs and surrounded it. Nowhere has such speed been attained under like conditions. And while the riders took their lives in their hands in the emergency, it is notable that their objective was reached without the slightest mishap.
>
> It is interesting to observe that the motor-cycle division is run at a profit to the city. The appropriation for operating expenses of the motor-cycle division for 1926 was $500,000. The fines brought in by the division amounted to $975,433, making the net profit to the city $475,433. For several years this division has been among the very few profitable branches of the city government.



for Men!
Who are "Sunlight-Starved"

Science now offers a safe new way to renewed vitality and glowing health.

SUNLIGHT, as authorities will tell you, is a vital factor in building strength and health.

A few minutes daily with the Battle Creek SUNARC will make you feel and look like a new person. Its soothing ultra-violet and infra-red rays tone up the entire system, increase resistance to disease, banish that "tired feeling" and build health and strength.

Without sunlight, all living matter would soon perish. All energy comes from the sun. Note the effects of sunlight on plant growth.

Identical equipment is used in the largest health institution in the world, where a battery of SUNARC Baths administered over 22,000 treatments a year.

Just snap a switch—that's all—and the SUNARC bathes you in sunshine which is even more beneficial than natural sunshine. Great for you and for all the family—as good "as a change of air."

Ask your Doctor about this method. Write TODAY for "Sunshine and Health" an absorbingly interesting *free* book.

SUNSHINE AND HEALTH

The Battle Creek SUNARC Bath is made by the manufacturers of the famous Battle Creek "Health Builder" and the "Mechanical Health Horse".

SANITARIUM EQUIPMENT CO.
Dept. 27-CB Battle Creek, Mich.

Battle Creek
SunArc Bath
SUNSHINE AT THE SNAP OF A SWITCH

***Joseph Boggia*, Chef de Cuisine, The Hotel Plaza, New York City, says:** "'The Blue Book of Cookery' appeals to me as encouraging to the future of the art of American cooking. It contains the most distinguished array of delicate and dainty recipes for the home that I have seen here. Isabel Cotton Smith has conceived a delightfully smart book."

The Blue Book of Cookery
and Manual of House Management
By Isabel Cotton Smith, Introduction by Emily Post

2000 Tested Recipes — Afternoon Teas
Menus for All Seasons — Menus for Children
Vegetarian Menus — 665 Pages, Indexed
Picnic Lunches — Generously Illustrated

Crown 8vo. Washable Fabrikoid Binding, $2.50, net. Rich Dark Blue Flexible Leather, with lettering and stamping in gold; gilt edged paper; $5, net. Postage, 18c extra. At all Bookstores, or from

Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

Asked about new developments in connection with the department's automotive equipment, Inspector Howe said:

Commissioner McLaughlin's innovation, the establishment of the armored side-car motor-cycle, has aided much in the suppression of crime. The men assigned for this work are selected for their efficiency in marksmanship and ability to 'get their man' while operating their cars safely at high speed. The police are protected by armor-plate shields on the hoods of the cars and they peer through bullet-proof glass. The psychology of these machines is marked and has an awe-inspiring effect upon the criminals who operate with motor-vehicles.

Another feature that is new in our work is the adoption of the Sam Browne belt approved by Commissioner McLaughlin. This expedites the use of the officer's pistol, in that it gives him freer access to his firearms in the pursuit of bandits and other lawbreakers. A patented catch makes the removal of the weapons difficult to any one other than the wearer. The pistol is worn on the outside, as are, too, the cartridges. As a matter of fact, the display of any weapon causes more or less fear in the average person. The ordinary policeman does not, according to my opinion, create the same fear in the criminally minded as one of my men with his pistol in full view.

Early this year a reorganization of the work of the police repair shops was effected by centralizing the automobile repair shop, the motor-cycle and bicycle repair shops, and the automobile paint shop. These various shops are now operated in one large plant, an acting sergeant in charge. A lubricating station is maintained in each of the five boroughs, where department cars report regularly for greasing and oiling,

FRENCH MOTOR-CARS BY AMERICAN METHODS

USE of American methods in European automobile production is reported by H. H. Kelly, writing in *Commerce Reports* (Washington). For instance, he says that André Citroen of Paris, probably the largest foreign builder, has concentrated on a single model, low-priced car and that practically all of the special machines used in the production are American:

Its all-steel body is made by American methods from sheets imported from the United States. It is finished by an American process. Some of the buildings in which it is manufactured were designed by American engineers, and American process manufacturing and merchandising methods are being used. The Citroen plant sells 60 per cent. of their production in Paris, and exports the balance. The company has expanded both its domestic and foreign program year after year, but the domestic market is limited, as there are only one-tenth the number of cars in proportion to population in France as there are in the United States. The Citroen works comprise six groups of factories within or close to the limits of the city of Paris. Thirty heavy trailer trucks are kept constantly in operation carrying material between the plants, and the management claims that this extra handling is justified because no single location could be found in Paris where the labor market would be adequate. These factories cover a total area of 600,000 square meters, and contain 9,566 machine

Some back-to-nature facts

First off, let's discount all Arabian Nights stories about the miracle of instantly curing dandruff; the miracle of quickly putting hair on a perfectly bald head. Our native horse-sense makes us ask: If such promises are true why is *any* man bald?

Now that we have put fairy-tales aside—what are some simple *facts?*

Physicians have been studying the hair and scalp for years and they have learned a lot. For one thing, they went right back to Nature to get one of their most effective scalp remedies—pine tar; pine tar from the pine woods—where the very air snaps and crackles with health.

So about 60 years ago Daniel Packer began to incorporate pine tar in a soap—Packer's Tar Soap. And ever since then doctors have been recommending this fine soap as the most convenient and pleasant way to give your hair the benefits of pine tar.

We have never offered Packer's Tar Soap as a cure-all. But we do know and promise you this: There is no more sensible way for the average man to care for his average head of hair than to wash it regularly with Packer's—and massage the lather in.

To get acquainted with Packer's is to get acquainted with a real man's soap if there ever was one. Pile up the snowy, generous lather, a lather laden with the tingle and aroma of the pine woods themselves. Your scalp glows with cleanliness and life and health. (If you run across a finer shampoo soap than Packer's won't you send us a sample? We would like to try it ourselves.)

If you are not soon using Packer's for luxurious baths—well—you will simply be missing some real fun.

Send 10c for Sample and Manual

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you a generous sample of Packer's Tar Soap and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book presents the most scientific thought on the care of the hair; suggestions for the care of dry hair, oily hair, falling hair and dandruff. Fill in coupon, clip and mail.

THE PACKER MFG. CO., INC., Dept. 4-K
Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.

I enclose 10c. Please send me sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap and your Manual, "The Care of the Hair."

*Name*________________

*Street*________________

*City*________ *State*______

(*PRINT CLEARLY to avoid mismailing*)

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PACKER'S TAR SOAP

PACKER'S Tar Soap

"PURE AS THE PINES"

SIMONDS
HACK SAW BLADES
WHATEVER THE METAL CUTTING JOB, A SIMONDS HACK SAW WILL DO IT BETTER AND FASTER
SIMONDS EDGE
SIMONDS HARD EDGE

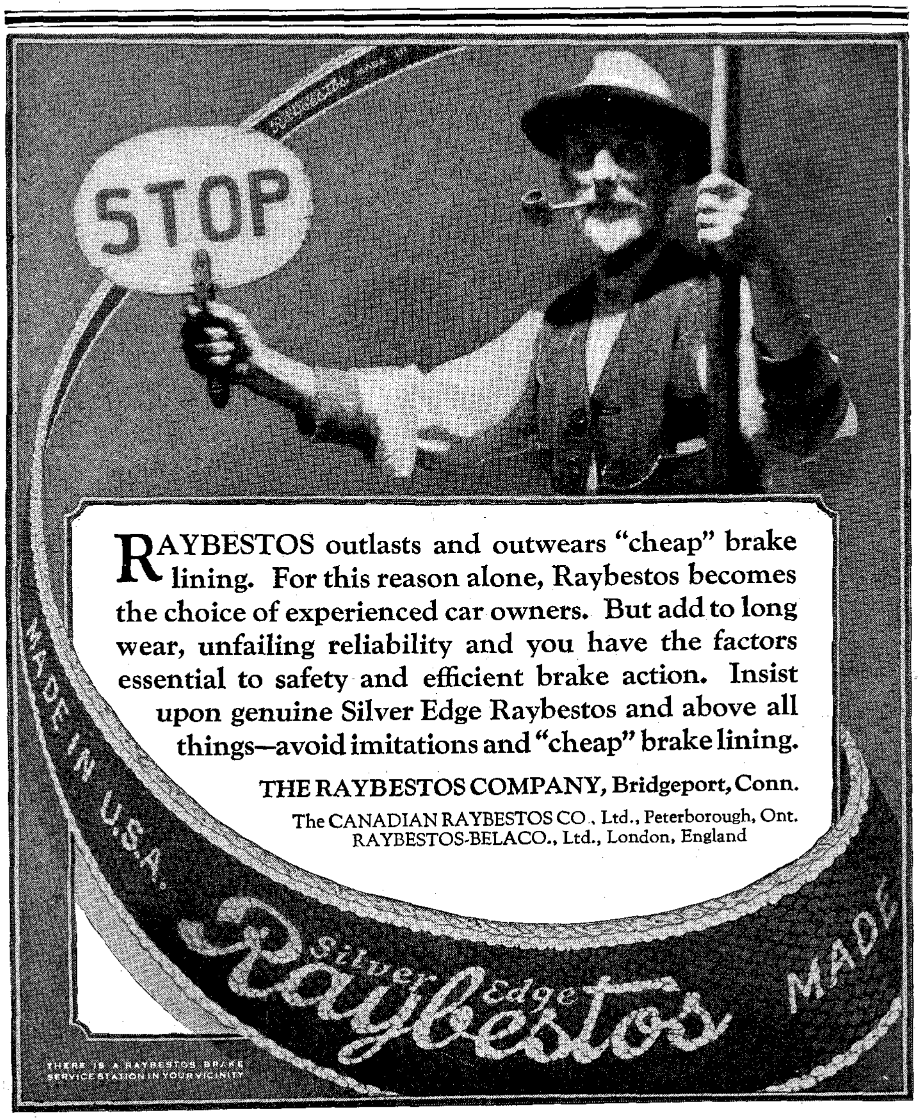
FOR both hand and machine work, Simonds Hack Saws are preferred by experienced mechanics. They know that Simonds Blades cut easier and faster—that the teeth will not shell—and that the high tungsten content gives longer life.

For power saw use, specify Simonds All-Hard Blades—for hand use, Simonds Hard Edge Blades. But be sure to specify "Simonds" and thus secure the advantages of a near-century's experience in the manufacture of fine cutting edges.

SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY

"The Saw Makers" Fitchburg, Mass. *Established 1832*

BRANCH STORES AND SERVICE SHOPS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES


STOP
MADE IN U.S.A.
Silver Edge
Raybestos
MADE
THERE IS A RAYBESTOS BRAKE SERVICE STATION IN YOUR VICINITY

RAYBESTOS outlasts and outwears "cheap" brake lining. For this reason alone, Raybestos becomes the choice of experienced car owners. But add to long wear, unfailing reliability and you have the factors essential to safety and efficient brake action. Insist upon genuine Silver Edge Raybestos and above all things—avoid imitations and "cheap" brake lining.

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The CANADIAN RAYBESTOS CO., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont.
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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

tools. A list of the various machines used in the factories shows that the products of forty American machinery manufacturers are represented. The total number of employees in the factory is about 30,000, of which 12 per cent. are women. The average pay of the employees is about $1.60 a day. The chief foreign markets for the production are near-by countries and the French colonies.

Within the last two years Citroen has established assembling plants in England, Italy, and Germany, and these plants employ 2,000 workers. The company has nine factory branches in France, with 400 agents and 3,000 sub-agents. Other factory branches are located in various foreign countries. The company also controls eight taxicab companies in Paris and other cities. The physical value of the company is estimated at $25,000,000. Up to recently 60 per cent. of the capital stock of the company was held by André Citroen, but in June of this year there was a reorganization with an issue of 200,000,000 francs of preferred shares. Under the reorganization plan the management will be turned over to a board of directors elected by the stockholders.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S MOTOR ROAD FROM HERE TO PATAGONIA

STARTING from your own doorstep, how would you like to motor leisurely over a good road down through Central and South America to Buenos Aires, or, say, somewhere in Patagonia within hailing distance of Cape Horn? The building of such an international highway for motorists, we are told, has long been a favorite idea of President Coolidge, and is now a live theme of discussion in government councils throughout Latin America. The President is convinced, according to a writer in the New York *Times*, that it would bring the people of these nations into closer business relations with us and create a better feeling in every country through which the road would run. The same writer goes on to say:

> It is a giant undertaking, but the men who build and who know roads, both in and out of the Federal service, declare it can be done. These men are convinced that the day will come when a motorist can start from any part of the United States and proceed over good roads to practically all points on the west coast of South America and, reaching Chile, will be able to motor east into the Argentine, Uruguay, and Brazil.
>
> As far back as last January the President was giving thought to the proposed linking of the American republics by a great international highway. In the latter part of January he referred the proposition to Secretary of Agriculture Jardine, in whose department is the Federal Bureau of Public Roads. In his reply to the President, Secretary Jardine exprest full sympathy with the idea.
>
> The proposition was also discust at the Fifth International Conference of the Pan American Union in Santiago, Chile, in 1925, and later in Washington. As a result

of the conferences, there was organized the Pan-American Federation for Highway Education. At a meeting in Buenos Aires the Union gave careful consideration to the proposal. It is certain that it will again come up for discussion at the meeting of the Union in Havana next January.

So far as the United States is concerned, the roads leading to the Mexican border are practically fully built and in use. The President, however, in his recent talk with Representative Henry W. Watson of Pennsylvania, regarding the plan, suggested a terminal in Maine, and Fort Kent was named as the official northern starting-point. All agree that Laredo, Texas, would be the place where the American system would link up with the international chain to South America.

The route from Fort Kent to the Rio Grande would be by way of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Columbus, Dayton, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Little Rock, Texarkana, Dallas, Fort Worth, and San Antonio to Laredo. Another route would be via New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Charlottesville, Lynchburg, Greenville, South Carolina; Atlanta, Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans, Lake Charles, Beaumont, and Houston, to San Antonio. Still another would be from Chicago south via either the St. Louis or the New Orleans routes.

The real problem to be solved, of course, begins on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande. In all the countries through which the highway would pass, this writer finds, there are already roads which are usable for parts of the distance, but in none is there a complete chain. He continues:

The records of the Pan American Union show that in the fourteen countries comprising Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil there is a strong good-roads movement. The mileage of projects built, under construction or authorized for the nations named approximate 6,000 miles. The gaps which need to be taken care of total another 2,175 miles. This, however, is only for the direct line from Laredo to Puerto Montt, Chile. It does not take in the extension of the highway to the south, the lateral from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires, or the northern link to connect the Argentine capital with Rio de Janeiro.

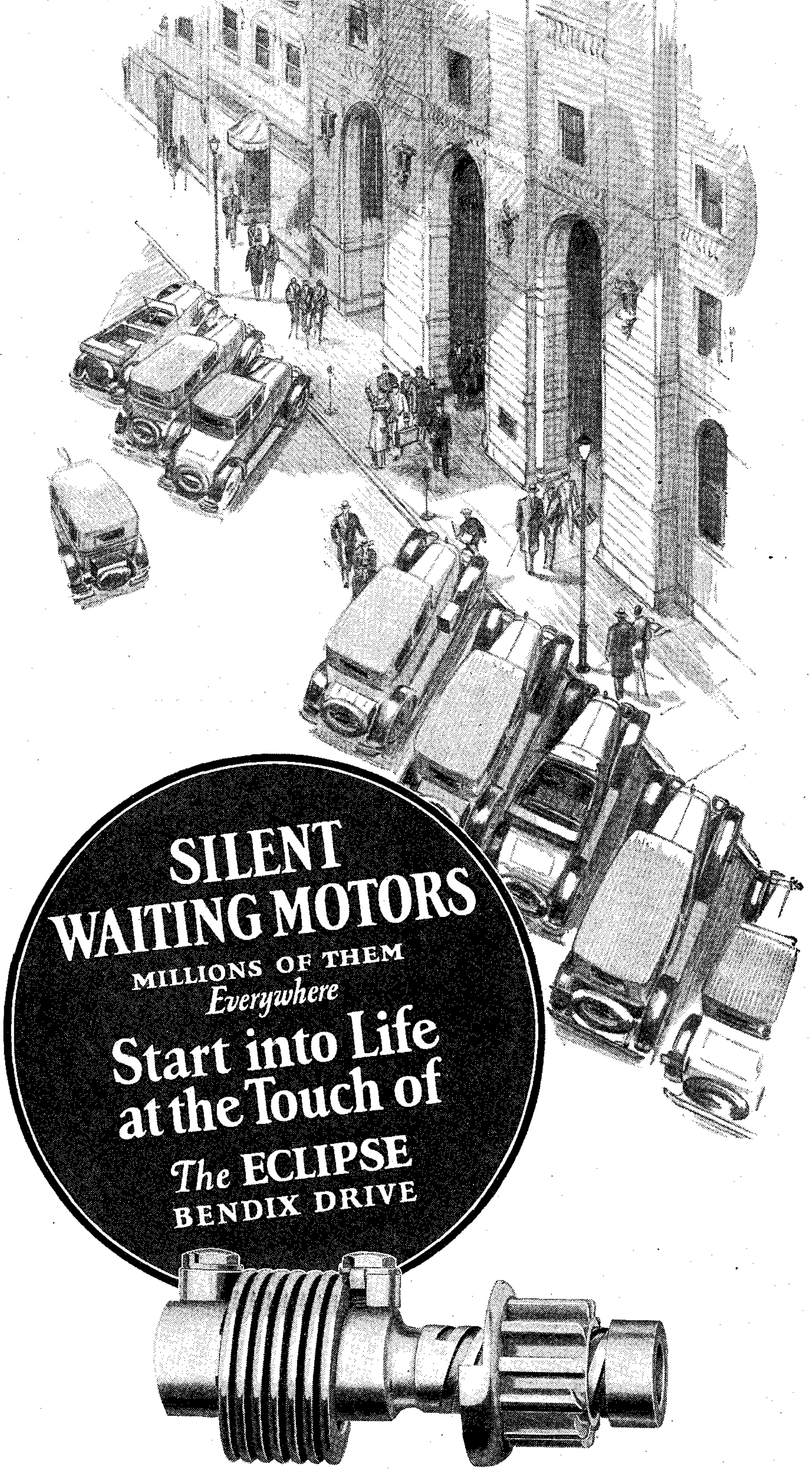
The highway enters Mexico at Nuevo Laredo, opposite the Texas city of Laredo, on the Rio Grande, but it does not follow the line of the National Railways of Mexico; it runs east of the rail line straight southwest through the State of Leon to Monterey, the metropolis of northeastern Mexico, where the scenic grandeur that continues for thousands of miles begins.

Leaving Monterey, the highway forms a crescent to the west to the City of Saltillo. Here, in the State of Coahuila, the traveler will get any time in the year about all the fruits that grow in the tropics, while the scenery is a continuance of the magnificent panorama which struck the eye when Monterey came into view.

After Saltillo the route is straight south, hardly a curve, to San Luis Potosi, a city in the center of a great plain where everything can grow, and about it the towering mountains that are the glory of Mexico.

Next comes a gentle swing to the east,

ECLIPSE
BENDIX DRIVE



"The Mechanical Hand that Cranks Your Car"

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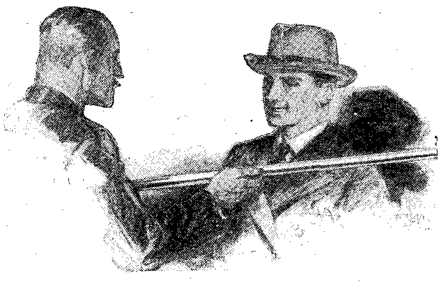
Why Brass Pipe *is such an* Economy



Simple comparisons with iron or steel pipe have won farsighted home-builders everywhere.

TWO brief sentences tell the whole story about water pipes. All else is explanatory.

—Anaconda Brass Pipe can't rust.

—iron and steel pipe rusts.

This means Anaconda Brass Pipe is permanent, therefore economical.

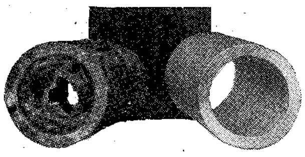
It means that rustable pipe is temporary and sooner or later must be replaced.

Anaconda Brass Pipe remains permanently new-like. Iron pipe clogs inside and it "pits" outside because of rust.

Brass pipe costs a little more at first, but saves the average home-owner $26 yearly, according to authoritative estimates.

These simple facts, as they've become known, account for the steadily increasing use of Anaconda Brass Pipe.

Below are pictured pieces of iron and brass pipe after identical service, side by side, in the same building. Note that the iron pipe is clogged with rust deposits.



Learn the many advantages of Anaconda Brass Pipe. Also about two other rust-proof features, Anaconda Copper for gutters and rain pipes, Anaconda Bronze for screens. Just mail the coupon for our free and informative booklet.

ANACONDA COPPER
BRASS ANACONDA **BRONZE**

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY L97
General Offices: Waterbury, Conn.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... *State* ....

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

and the journey is into the State of Guanajuato through Ciudad Fonzalez and Dolores Hidalgo into the City of Guanajuato, the ancient city of catacombs, which was in the days of the Tarascans known as Quanashuato, meaning "The Hill of the Frogs."

The journey is not a long one to the next important city along the proposed highway. This is Queretaro, where in 1848 the treaty of peace that ended the American war with Mexico was signed and where, on June 19, 1867, the Emperor Maximilian was executed.

From Queretaro to Mexico City the way is through the giant hills of Hidalgo, southeast to the capital. Approaching Mexico City one will vision for the first time the magnificent snowcapped peaks of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl. Nowhere in the Americas, North or South, are there mountains more inspiring than these great snow-covered peaks that look down upon the City of Mexico.

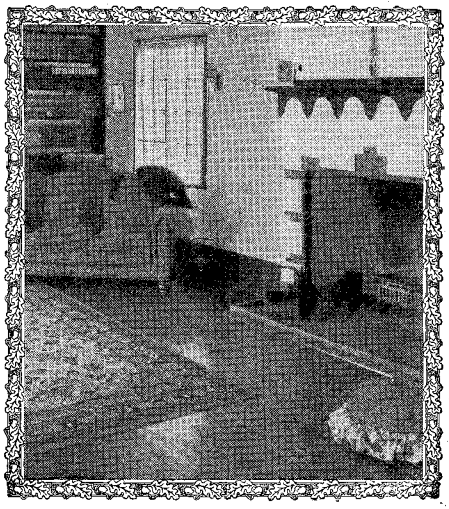
Bidding farewell to Mexico City, the highway veers southeast to Vera Cruz.

Southwest in an almost straight line the road crosses the western part of the State of Vera Cruz to San Marcos, on the Oaxacan border, and then due west across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, through the mountains of Oaxaca, the wildest scenery in the republic, to the Gulf of Tehuantepec, near Beuchitan, and thence skimming the Pacific coast line to the Guatemalan border.

The highway enters Guatemala at a little place that on the map appears as Ayutla, and runs on through the Pacific foothills of the mountains. The *Times* writer continues:

> Leaving Guatemala, the highway crosses into Salvador at a point about five miles east of the Pacific, and the route thereafter is through Sonsonate to San Salvador, the capital, past Lake Hopango, through Zacatecoluca to San Miguel. Then through the western edge of Honduras to the Gulf of Fonseca and across the Negro River into Nicaragua, thence to the Costa Rican line at a point about fifteen miles southwest of San Juan del Norte, the southernmost port of Nicaragua.
>
> Now for the first time since leaving the United States the highway once again reaches the Atlantic and the route is due south through Port Limon to the border town of Cuabito, five miles from the Atlantic coast line. Passing into Panama the route continues along the Atlantic, making a crescent south from Chiriqui Lagoon to the River Indios, about twenty miles west of Gatun, and then southwest to Panama City.
>
> At Panama City the final lap begins to the South American mainland. The route is the Chepo River, twenty miles from Panama, along the Pacific coast, to the Gulf of San Miguel at Las Palmas, then southwest through the foothills of the Sapo Mountains and over the Darien Mountains into Colombia. Here begins the more-than-3,000-mile stretch along the Pacific coast to southern Chile and the added 2,000-mile run which ends in the Cape Horn sector.

The route in South America skirts the western slope of the Andes to Concepcion, Chile, traversing a territory in which the



Oak Flooring

solves the problem of the old home made new. It makes all rooms modern, brightening the interior, adding to the attractiveness of furniture. Oak is the correct harmonizing foundation for rugs. Lay oak right over the old worn floor. The expense is slight compared to the permanent added value.

The Story of OAK

OAK makes a permanent floor, and the surface is easily kept in perfect condition, promoting health and saving housework.

Oak floors add value to property for rental or sale, at a negligible expense compared with temporary perishable floor coverings.

WRITE FOR THIS BOOKLET —containing modern color finishes with suggestions for treatment of various rooms.

OAK FLOORING BUREAU
1233 Builders' Bldg. **CHICAGO**

Old Style Black Fruit Cake

That black, well-fruited, moist fruit cake that most of us, as youngsters, grew up to know as the real, genuine, honest-to-goodness Fruit Cake. Delicious. Keeps indefinitely. "The last word" at a bridge luncheon or a tea. If your caterer or grocer hasn't it, send $1.50 for one-pound cake; $2.75 for two pounds in handsome box. Delivered by parcel post.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, *Distributors*
Dept. D-11, Canajoharie, N. Y.

Don't neglect a Cold

Just Rub Away Danger

safe relief

Serious illness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole (it may prevent pneumonia). Don't take chances. At the first warning sign, rub Musterole on the chest and throat. It tingles, penetrates and draws out soreness. Musterole, is a counter-irritant that helps to break up a cold. For prompt relief from chest cold, croup and bronchitis, tonsilitis, neuralgia, rheumatism and headache, pains in joints and chilblains rub on Musterole. Keep a jar handy.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

Jars & Tubes
MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

mountains reach an altitude surpassed only in Asia, with such great peaks as Chimborazo, which towers 20,498 feet. We read:

The course of the International Highway from the isthmian line south begins at Jurado, the northernmost settlement in Colombia, and follows the Pacific to Buenaventura and thence south along the Andean slope, entering Ecuador at a point about fifty miles east of the Pacific, thence south through Quito and Riobamba, and west to the City of Guayaquil. Leaving Guayaquil the route is southeast to Cuenca.

The Pacific is not again seen for about 800 miles, the journey being through the Peruvian highlands; at times in the very heart of the Andes, to a point a little less than 100 miles east of Callao. At Callao the Pacific again comes into vision and the road follows it, never more than a few miles distant, to Antofagasta, Chile, where it touches the shore line. From Antofagasta the route continues due south, and for the entire distance to La Serena is from twenty to fifty miles distant from the sea. Leaving La Serena it once more forsakes the shore line and the trip is still due south to Valparaiso. From Valparaiso the line is through Santiago to Concepcion.

The last straight line is to Puerto Montt, about seventy-five miles from the Argentine border. The Bureau of Public Roads estimates a total of 7,967 miles for the proposed road from Laredo, Texas, to Puerto Montt, Chile. At Valparaiso the tourist can head for Buenos Aires in an almost straight line of about 800 miles.

It is a great dream. In all the world there will be no other highway like it. In miles of length it will be in a class by itself.

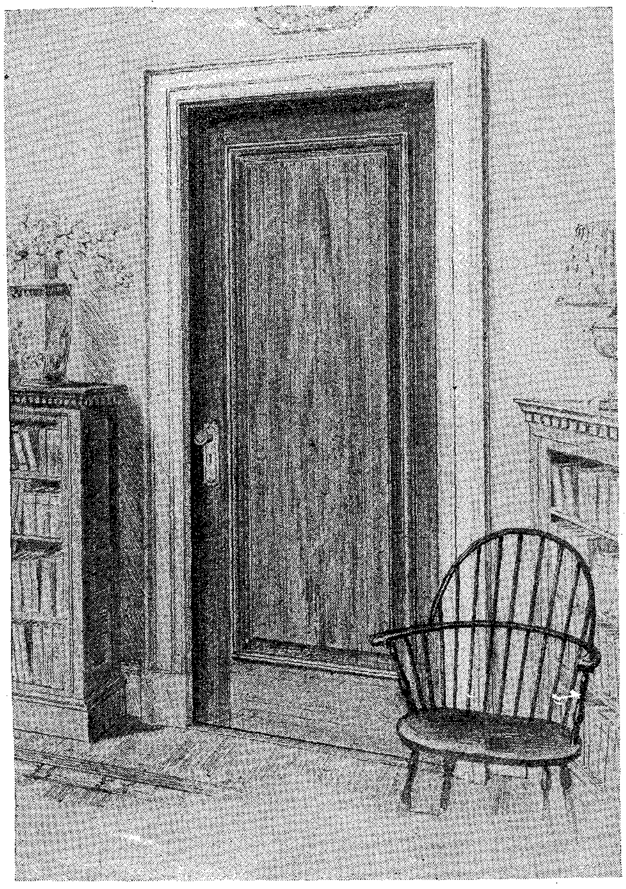
"TAKING YOUR OWN CAR TO EUROPE" MADE EASIER

A LARGE travel for next year of American motorists taking their own cars to and from Europe is now assured, we read in a Montreal dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, by the new arrangements which have been made by the Montreal Motorists League in cooperation with the American Automobile Association, the Automobile Association of Great Britain, and certain automobile societies in Europe. Through the Montreal connection members of the American Automobile Association can now plan to take their cars comfortably the next time they go abroad. As we read:

Members can now reserve space for their cars on the steamers at the following charges: Cars weighing between 1,500 pounds and 2,500 pounds, $285 for the round trip, and for cars weighing between 2,500 pounds and 4,500 pounds, $340 for the round trip.

These rates also include the cost of loading and unloading, port charges, washing and polishing car, foreign registration, plates, driving license, international customs pass valid for British Isles, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Australia, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Czechoslovakia, Finland, Poland Roumania and Luxembourg. Practically all of these countries permit touring for a period of one year under these documents, associate membership in the Automobile Association of Great Britain, touring-book and badge.

A deposit of $100 is required, which will be refunded immediately upon return of the customs documents duly vised by the foreign customs.



Sometimes it's unwise to pare expenses

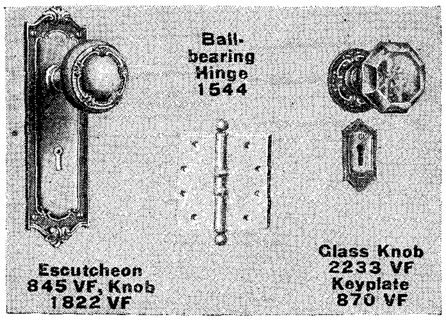
THERE is no annoyance comparable to that of cheap hardware "run down." Hinges that sag and squeak; door knobs that hang loose; latches that won't latch; locks that stick. To avoid them one need merely follow a simple rule. *Choose Sargent Hardware of solid rust-defying brass or bronze.* When first you plan to build, set aside for it a definite sum—from which not one penny may be borrowed for any other part of your home.

In comfort, convenience and total cost Sargent Hardware is a sound, economical home investment. It is made to give the kind of service one never notices—except to admire. Years from the day it is installed it will still be quiet, self-effacing, responsive and secure.

Sargent lock mechanisms are the finest of their kind ever made. Sargent cylinder locks, which may be master-keyed in many convenient combinations, are recommended for outside or otherwise important doors.

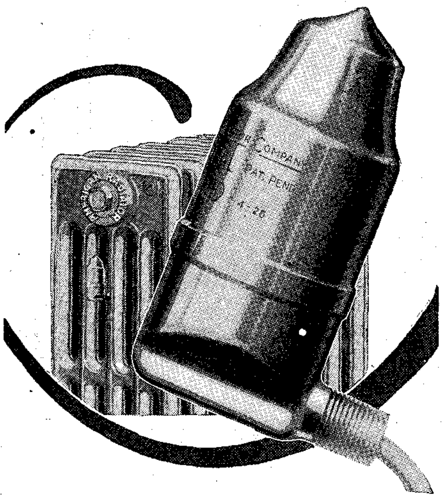
Write for interesting free booklet, "Hardware for Utility and Ornamentation." Your architect will gladly help you choose appropriate Sargent Hardware. Address Sargent & Company, *Hardware Manufacturers*, 40 Water St., New Haven, Conn.

SARGENT
LOCKS AND HARDWARE



AIRID
AIR VALVES
keep your
RADIATORS
HOT

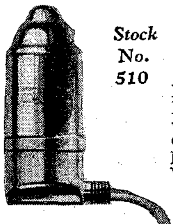
Keep your steam radiators hot—free of air—with AIRID Air Valve. AIRID rids radiators of air noiselessly, quickly. Does not leak—either steam or water. Enjoy the comfort of hot radiators by replacing your old style valve with AIRID. For new buildings demand AIRID in the heating specifications.



AIRID Air Valves (No. 500) require no adjustment. They fit any steam radiator and are easily attached without tools. Nothing to wear out—all metal construction. Guaranteed for five years by the world's largest manufacturers of heating equipment. Your plumbing and heating shop will supply you—or we will send you a trial AIRID Air Valve for $1.35.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

ACCESSORIES DIVISION
816 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.



Stock No. 510 **VAC-AIRID Vacuum Valve**

For "below atmosphere" job. Permits the air to escape, but prevents its return into the system. Contains the venting qualities of No. 500 AIRID and adds the Vacuum feature.

List Price $4.00

American Radiator Co. (Accessories Division)
816 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

☐ Enclosed find $1.35. Send me trial AIRID Air Valve.
☐ Send me complete data on VAC-AIRID Vacuum installation.
☐ Send me your booklet "The Little Things That Make The Big Difference" containing valuable heating suggestions.

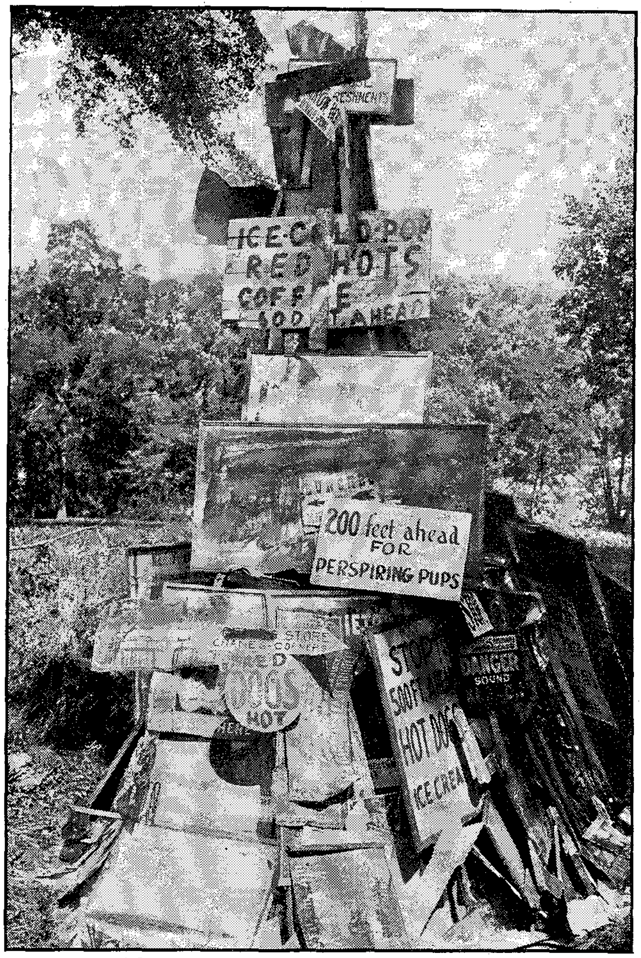
Name ______________________

Address ______________________

THE LATEST CHERRY VALLEY MASSACRE

GOADED to anger, even patient folk sometimes do desperate things, as witness the deeds of the Minute Men of Cherry Valley Turnpike. The Turnpike, as many motorists know, extends from Albany to Syracuse, and is now designated officially as U. S. Route No. 20, being the only transcontinental route across New York State. It has gained a reputation as one of the finest road construction jobs in the country, but the anger comes into the story at the point where the big, ugly poster signs along this highway begin to shut out the scenery and imperil the lives of the motorists. After painting an appetizing autumn pen-picture of this orchard and farming country, Bert Pierce, the automobile editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, tells the story of the Cherry Valley house-cleaning as follows:

> It was a panorama of soft charm, enhanced by gay fragments left in summer's reluctant retreat. Each hour held its individual spell in this day of the great outdoors and—yet the motorist stept on the gas with angry gesture and sped along.
>
> "Strange how vandals delight in marring landscapes," he muttered. "Who cares how far it is to buy things when nature offers such a view? Those signs stand as a disgrace to the community."
>
> The excoriated posters were blatant affairs, whose crude tints and devices shocked the eye after gazing over the hill scenery. Regardless of effect, they were perched brazenly on foregrounds in unsightly array.
>
> What is true of this particular place has happened in many other spots the country over. Occasionally the long-suffering residents of a particular vicinity tire of having their town front yard break out with a rash of colored animals and scraggly lettering. Then the inhabitants rise in community wrath and a wave of removal follows.
>
> Pause for the chronicle of the Minute Men of Cherry Valley Turnpike.
>
> From one end of this smooth thoroughfare to the other, citizens take special pride in their transportation trail and make boasts of its scenic effects. The country throughout enjoys a diversity of attractions, and in some regions the view is open to travelers for miles.
>
> With the increase of traffic on the broad highway came the pirate sign posters, first singly, then in groups, followed by a veritable influx. Trees began to bear strange fruit and many in ash and oak sprouted unsightly pine boards well covered with garish announcements. Ugly burdens were forced upon fence-posts, while strange wooden creatures and obstructing billboards appeared overnight in fields.
>
> The murmurs of complaints swelled into a roar throughout the territory, then the Minute Men of Cherry Valley decided that hour of enough had sounded. A modern Paul Revere, mounted on a high-powered car, started away on a tocsin trip and finished in just about the same time as it took the Revolutionary hero to "spread the alarm," altho the present-day courier covered much more mileage.



From the New York *Herald Tribune*

READY FOR THE BURNING

One collection of signs torn down in the Cherry Valley crusade.

Richfield Springs had been selected as the rallying point, we are told, and the Turnpike dwellers darted from their garages in well-fueled vehicles. Axes were piled into tonneaus, with here and there a crowbar to meet emergency. The spirit of battle seethed in the air while water boiled in the radiators. Speed limits vanished in the cloudy night. Hear Mr. Pierce further:

> The casualties among signs rolled into a new record for splinters. Crashing, cracking, and hewing re-echoed throughout that fair land, and the energy expended brought blisters to many eager, but inexperienced hands.
>
> When the morning sun climbed over a clump of tall trees to resume daily duties, as per schedule, an unusual sight was revealed. Stacked high on the town common were piles of unauthorized signs which

ENTIRELY NEW

COMPLETELY DIFFERENT . . . THOROUGHLY BETTER

The perfect anti-freeze

EVEREADY PRESTONE

Trade-mark

(ETHYLENE GLYCOL)

For the preparation of anti-freeze solutions as covered by U. S. Patent 1213368

While the initial cost of Eveready Prestone is more than that of ordinary anti-freeze solutions, it is economical to use because there are no replacements necessary all winter—except to add water. A can of Eveready Prestone contains the pure undiluted product—no water. For use in automobile radiators water is added according to the degree of protection desired. One gallon of pure Eveready Prestone is equal in protection value to two gallons of the usual water-diluted anti-freeze solutions. Eveready Prestone is put up in 1-gallon and ½-gallon cans.

YOU don't have to bother with ordinary, troublesome anti-freeze solutions any longer. This winter you can have perfect protection—complete, permanent assurance against freezing—by using Eveready Prestone. National Carbon Company, Inc., manufacturers of Eveready Flashlights and Eveready Radio Batteries, developed this scientific anti-freeze after years of research. It is unlike alcohol or glycerine. No odors. No loss of strength. It never becomes gummy. It is a distinct, different chemical compound that meets every qualification set by the U. S. Bureau of Standards for a perfect anti-freeze.

Eveready Prestone will last all winter without replacement or replenishment even though you drive through much warm weather before real winter begins. It does not evaporate or boil off or overheat your car. One filling and you have the most trustworthy protection against freezing possible. Eveready Prestone is perfectly safe too. It is non-inflammable. It positively will not harm the finish of your car, corrode the metal or attack the rubber hose of the cooling system.

Eveready Prestone has been thoroughly tested by leading automobile manufacturers and thousands of car owners under every kind of winter driving condition and is enthusiastically endorsed by them. It has been proved the one certain, permanent winter protection that functions perfectly without affecting the operation of the cooling system or the performance of your engine.

Eveready Prestone does not deteriorate and none is ever lost from the radiator through boiling or evaporation. It never leaves deposits. It is always free-flowing. It does not give off disagreeable odors when the temperature rises.

Insist on the most reliable, trouble-free winter protection for your motor—Eveready Prestone. Your dealer has it, or can get it for you very quickly.

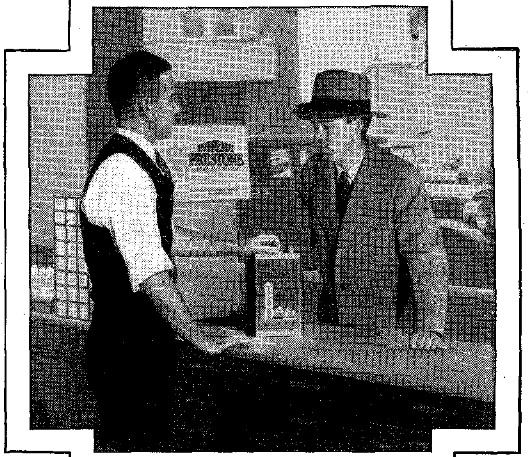
Manufactured for

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

New York San Francisco

by CARBIDE AND CARBON CHEMICALS CORPORATION

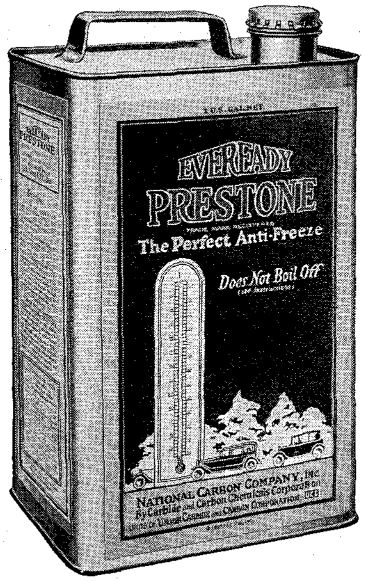
Units of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

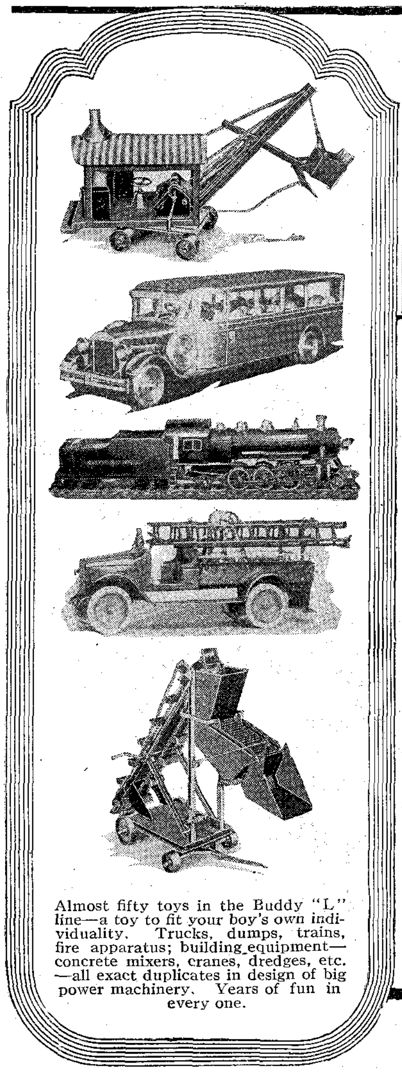


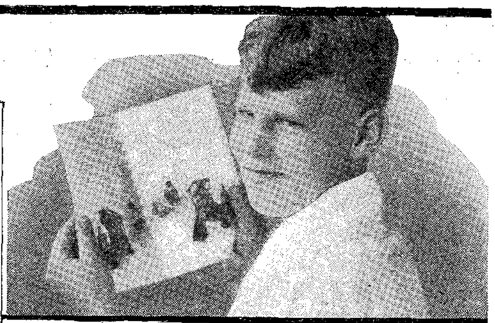
Be safe by putting Eveready Prestone in your radiator now

9 points of superiority

1 Gives complete protection
2 Does not boil away
3 Positively will not damage cooling system
4 Will not heat up a motor
5 Will not affect paint or varnish
6 Non-inflammable
7 Odorless
8 Does not become viscous at low temperatures; will not decompose at high temperatures
9 Never deteriorates—economical to use







Almost fifty toys in the Buddy "L" line—a toy to fit your boy's own individuality. Trucks, dumps, trains, fire apparatus; building equipment—concrete mixers, cranes, dredges, etc.—all exact duplicates in design of big power machinery. Years of fun in every one.

Your Boy Will Enjoy This Story of Buddy "L"

Here's the real Buddy "L." His daddy wants to send your boy the story of how the very first all-steel indestructible Buddy "L" toy happened to be made; wants your boy to read how this most remarkably interesting line of playthings was designed and built.

Buddy "L"

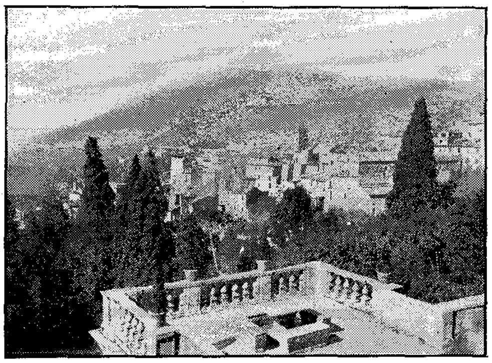
All Steel Indestructible
TOYS for BOYS

are more than playthings—they awaken the imagination; create confidence, build character. And they last. Their appeal as toys never wanes. Big, rugged toys, over two feet long, built of heavy gauge steel, braced, trussed and spot-welded (they can't break or be taken apart and they are still good after play dayyears have long since gone.

FREE—Send for the interesting story of Buddy "L." It's free. You'll enjoy reading it. Pick out what your boy likes best—then write us and we'll tell you at what store you can get these better toys at prices you'll be glad to pay.

Moline Pressed Steel Co.
Dept. LD East Moline, Ill.

Eastern Sales Office: 200 Fifth Avenue, New York
Western Sales Office: 788 Mission St., San Francisco



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Three Hundred Beautiful Life-Like Pictures

(*Just Published*)

SEEING ITALY

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Famous Traveler and Lecturer

A bright and friendly guide to everything of interest for the visitor to the famous Land of Sunshine and Song—practical advice on the customs of the country, the hotels and their rates, and what is best to see and best to do in every Italian town of importance.

300 Pictures

The entire volume is pleasantly spiced with anecdotes of the author's experiences during many years of travel in this country and also includes 300 of the choicest pictures from his famous collection of photographs on Italy. An ideal Christmas gift.

What Shall We See ? Where Shall We Stay
What Will It Cost • Whom Shall We Tip

The endless array of questions which confront the traveler to Europe's garden of enchantment are all accurately—and fascinatingly—answered in this sparkling new volume, just from the press.

8vo, Cloth, 429 pages, 300 illustrations, $5.00 net; $5.22, post-paid. At all booksellers or direct from the publishers.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

had been wrenched from their perches. Boards that a few hours before had proclaimed to the world that "Perspiring Pups" were awaiting public ownership in exchange for the modest sum of five cents, lay prone, with shattered surfaces and parts of letters chopped away. Flaring wooden posters sprawled upside down, colors blotched and portions of their missions missing. Legless imitations of animals were propt against the pyres, their rigid heads mutilated beyond recognition. Hither and yon a manikin, flayed of paint, stood at attention. Oblongs of tin, wrenched into ripples, protruded at queer angles from crevices and corners.

All day the spoils of victory furnished material for public rejoicing. Children joined hands and danced about the piles, singing high-pitched songs of triumph. Elderly folk, who had found the handicap of age too great to permit them to assist in the foray, shouted congratulations, while the weary Minute Men slept. Even visiting motorists had a part in the jubilation and honking of horns reechoed over hill and dale.

That night the official celebration was staged. It marked the first annual meeting of the Cherry Valley Turnpike Association, with 300 members present. Torches were put to the heaps of signs and as the flames crackled and roared skyward choruses of praise were intoned to the chiming of bells. Light flickering through clouds of smoke showed smiling faces, as spectators stood amid the shadows.

After the ceremony was concluded the gathering adjourned to a nearby building to listen to an address by Col. Frederick Stuart Greene, Superintendent of Public Works of the State.

"We recently prepared a map showing the different widths that we shall have to have in the course of a few years, and the Cherry Valley Turnpike is down on that map to be forty feet wide," said Colonel Greene in the course of his address. "It has been my good fortune to have traveled a great deal by automobiles in this country and Europe. I do not believe I have ever seen a more beautiful route than this one from Albany to Cazenovia.

"So far as I know," he added, "the Cherry Valley Turnpike is more like the old Roman roads that still exist in France and England than any I have ever seen in America in the way in which it extends in a straight line. Traffic on this route has just begun."

At the conclusion of the meeting the ashes of the captured signs were given over to the autumn winds.

Turning to points nearer his home, the same writer adds:

There are many places near New York City where vigilance committees might pass a few well-directed hours among the unauthorized signs. Long Island is a special sufferer from this form of unwarranted intrusion. Any motorist who has passed along the Merrick Road, or other popular thoroughfares in Queens and Nassau Counties, can bear witness to the unsightly conditions created. Not only do many of these posters offend all sense of artistic fitness, but in many cases create real peril by misinformation concerning curves, road status, etc.

One placard, which many may recall,

reads "Slow, turn, detour," with a huge hand pointing just around a curve. The other day a driver, unfamiliar with the thoroughfare, started to obey instructions and narrowly escaped collision with another vehicle rushing along at high speed. Startled and angry, the motorist went back and read the sign more closely. Under the detour warning was a small lettered inscription, "and get a chicken dinner at ——— Inn."

"They should have a shroud department at that roadhouse," he declared to his companion as they proceeded onward.

When the grand total of accidents is analyzed for all time, the experts assert that it will be found that a surprizing number of victims stopt, looked, and listened, under misapprehension, at the wrong time.

The Cherry Valley Turnpike Association has been in existence only a little more than a year, yet it has made a decided change for the better, we are told, in the fortunes of the whole string of prosperous communities stretching over the 135 miles westward from Albany through historic Cherry Valley and Cazenovia, the reputed home of Hiawatha, to Syracuse. How it has been done is frankly stated by the association's president, John A. Losee, as follows:

> We have a director practically every ten miles along the route. We have been able to interest our people in the removal of illegal and objectionable signs along the highway, and they have also become very much interested in taking hold and working on the clean-up proposition; each town, in fact, is trying to outrival the others in making its section of the route clean and beautiful. The matter has been taken up by the newspapers of this section, and we believe we have made a good start toward what we hope may prove to be a general cleaning-up and beautifying proposition for those living along highways all over the United States.

A booklet issued by the association gives the following account of the turnpike itself:

> This historic highway was begun in 1799, when a charter was granted for a coach road from Albany to the tavern of one John Walton, at Cherry Valley. In 1803 the Legislature granted a charter to continue the road westward to Manlius Square, and it is an interesting comparison with present-day building costs that the price originally set for constructing this last seventy miles was but $75,000, and its stockholders, when they so desired, might pay for their subscriptions in labor. The road was completed in 1811, and was thronged with traffic while Syracuse had still to incorporate as a village.
>
> The Cherry Valley Turnpike was among the first of many such projects in New York, and by 1809 there were sixty-seven Turnpike companies and twenty-one chartered bridge companies in the State.
>
> In all it was a busy highway during those post-revolutionary days, with its never-ending stream of life and travel through its wooded avenues and stumpy clearings, over its log causeways and newly graded hills, past its new wooden houses and log cabins. Shops and stores sprang up everywhere. The farmers prospered because of the outlet to market the road afforded them. In 1815 there were fifteen taverns in Cherry Valley, and sixty-two between that village and Albany.

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

Assurance

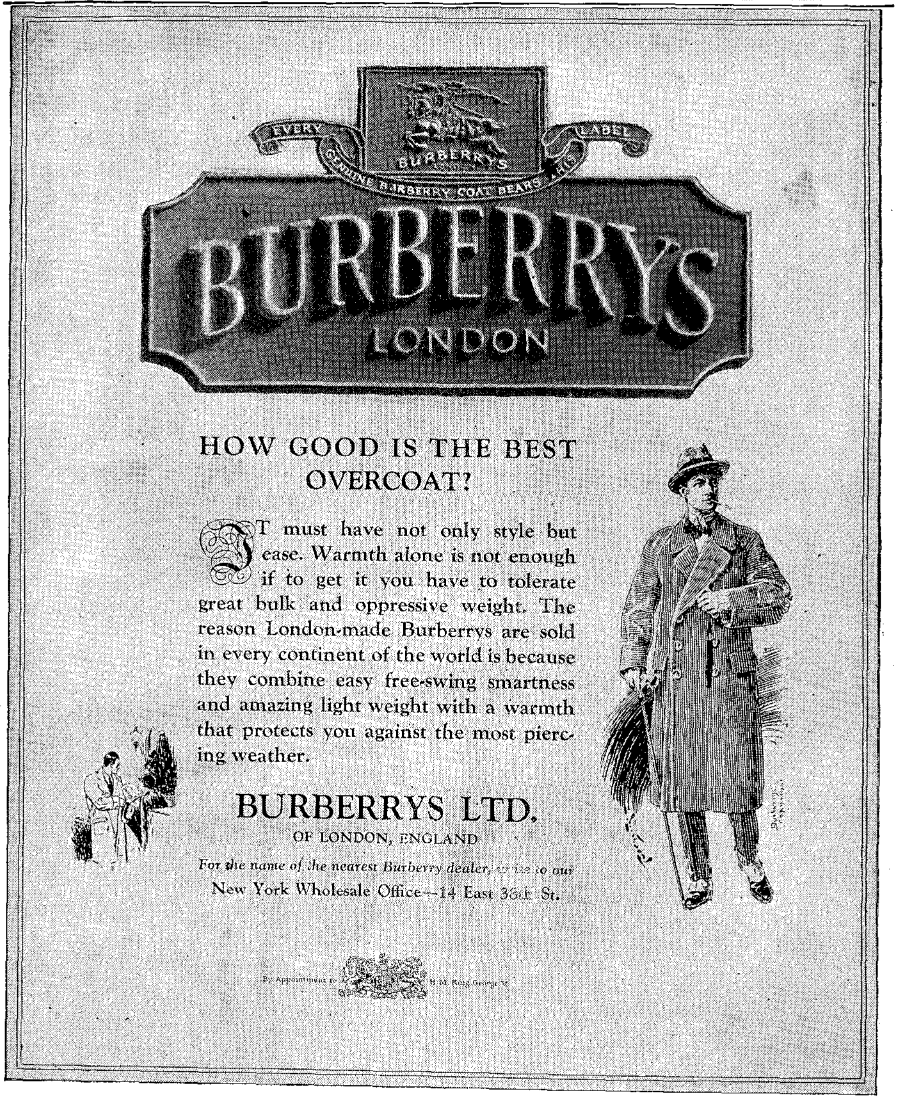
Judge a shoe by reputation, not by appearance. In FLORSHEIM SHOES you have absolute assurance of quality—money's worth and daily satisfaction.

The FRAT—*Style M-271*

Most Styles $10

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers *Chicago*

The Florsheim SHOE



EVERY GENUINE BURBERRY COAT BEARS A BURBERRYS LABEL

BURBERRYS
LONDON

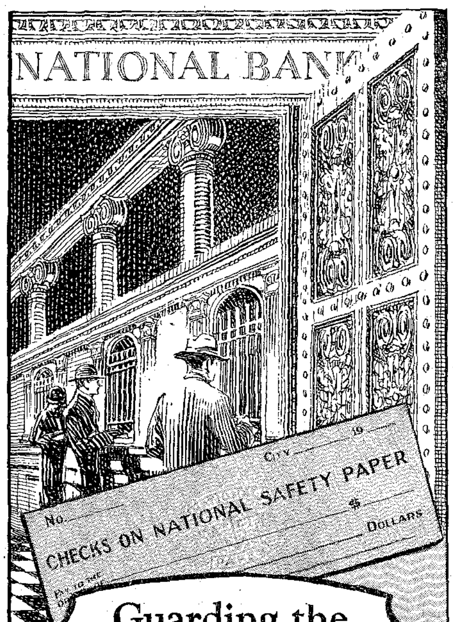
HOW GOOD IS THE BEST OVERCOAT?

IT must have not only style but ease. Warmth alone is not enough if to get it you have to tolerate great bulk and oppressive weight. The reason London-made Burberrys are sold in every continent of the world is because they combine easy free-swing smartness and amazing light weight with a warmth that protects you against the most piercing weather.

BURBERRYS LTD.
OF LONDON, ENGLAND

For the name of the nearest Burberry dealer, write to our
New York Wholesale Office—14 East 38th St.

By Appointment to H. M. King George V.



Guarding the Door to your Bank Account

There's a door which leads straight to your bank account—a door which must be guarded.

We mean your checks. Are they completely protected? Could the amount be raised?—the payee's name, date or endorsements altered? You must leave the check-changer no way to get in.

National Safety Paper

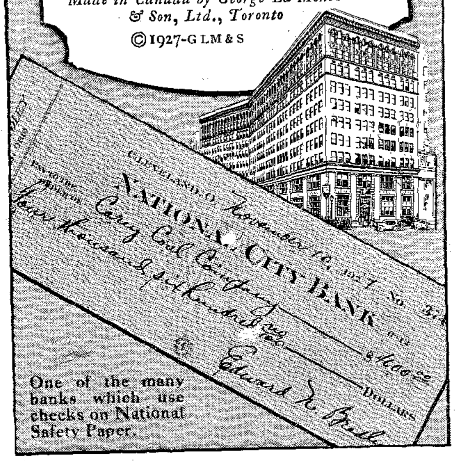
safeguards *all the writing* on both sides of the check. The slightest change with chemicals or mechanical eraser is exposed by a glaring white spot in the paper.

Look for the wavy lines which identify National Safety Paper. If you do not find them on your checks, ask your bank for this protection.

National Safety Paper is the ideal check paper—safe, durable, easy to write upon, and distinctive in appearance.

Write for our book
"The Protection of Checks."

George La Monte & Son
Founded 1871
61 Broadway, New York
Made in Canada by George La Monte & Son, Ltd., Toronto
©1927-G L M & S


CLEVELAND, O. November 10, 1927 No.
NATIONAL CITY BANK
PAY TO THE ORDER OF Carey Coal Company
Four thousand & six hundred
$4600
DOLLARS
Edward R. Brill

One of the many banks which use checks on National Safety Paper.

INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

MORE MILLIONS FOR BETTER ROADS

IT is "cheaper to have good roads" than to go without them, it has been stated in high official circles in Washington, and the Federal Government as well as States and subdivisions are now definitely committed to huge highway expenditures. More than a billion and a half dollars was spent in this country last year on road-building and maintenance, it is estimated, and touring motorists who have been "detouring" most of the time will readily believe it. As a result we find a definite stimulus to many lines of industry, including concrete, steel, brick-making, etc., and an important influence on national habits in distribution and transportation. The fall road-building season, writes J. C. Royle in a Consolidated Press dispatch from New York, is now in full swing, and is absorbing a large quantity of itinerant labor released from the harvests. Mr. Royle reminds us that in the public budget, counting local, State and national governments "payments for roads are now exceeded only by expenditures for education and protection of the public peace." He adds:

> In 1906 local governments supplied 96 per cent. of the funds for roads. To-day the State governments supply about 37 per cent., the Federal Government 10 per cent., and the local governments 53 per cent. The annual activity in the fall for rehabilitation of old roads and building of new ones is one of the mainstays of several industries, including cement and other building materials.
>
> The cement industry of America has increased tremendously in the last two years. The American industry made 184,000,000 barrels of cement in 1926 and shipped 161,000,000 barrels. This was about 38,000,000 barrels under actual capacity. From this it can be seen readily how much the fall road-building campaign means to this industry. About 27 per cent. of the total domestic production is used in construction of paving and highways.
>
> The building of highways has changed the trend of many other industries. It has been responsible in part for the development of the automobile trade. It has altered the marketing of live stock and farm products and the delivery of steel and other manufactured goods. The comi winter is expected to see more highw traffic than ever before, and States a communities are making preparations keep the main roads open, feeling t can not have them closed by snow or ot causes without suffering serious financ loss.

The enormous expenditures in highw building are, of course, to be charg directly to the motor-car, which, as we re in *The Index*, published by the New Yo Trust Company, "representing a treme dous financial investment and performi an essential function, could not reach i greatest efficiency unless improved hig ways were provided." While horse-dra traffic prevailed, roads were a matter local administration, but, as we are r minded in *The Index*, the motor broug the question into a broader jurisdiction.

> In 1916 the Federal Government rec nized the new situation by passing t Federal Aid Road Act, appropriating fun for road building, now amounting to abo $80,000,000 a year. Under the terms of t Act the States accepting participation in t Federal fund were required to organ highway departments and to provide s at least equal in amount to those sup by the Federal Government. All of States accepted these provisions. Federal Aid system comprises ab 184,000 miles—not unduly extensive; t roads will connect practically every and town of over 5,000 inhabitants in United States. Practically 90 per cent. o the nation's population will live within te miles of a Federal Aid road.

State appropriations for road buildi have far exceeded Federal expenditure we read further, many of the States exten ing to the counties assistance correspond ing to the Federal Aid system. A few word about highway financing, as developed i recent years, are then presented in th New York bank's little periodical:

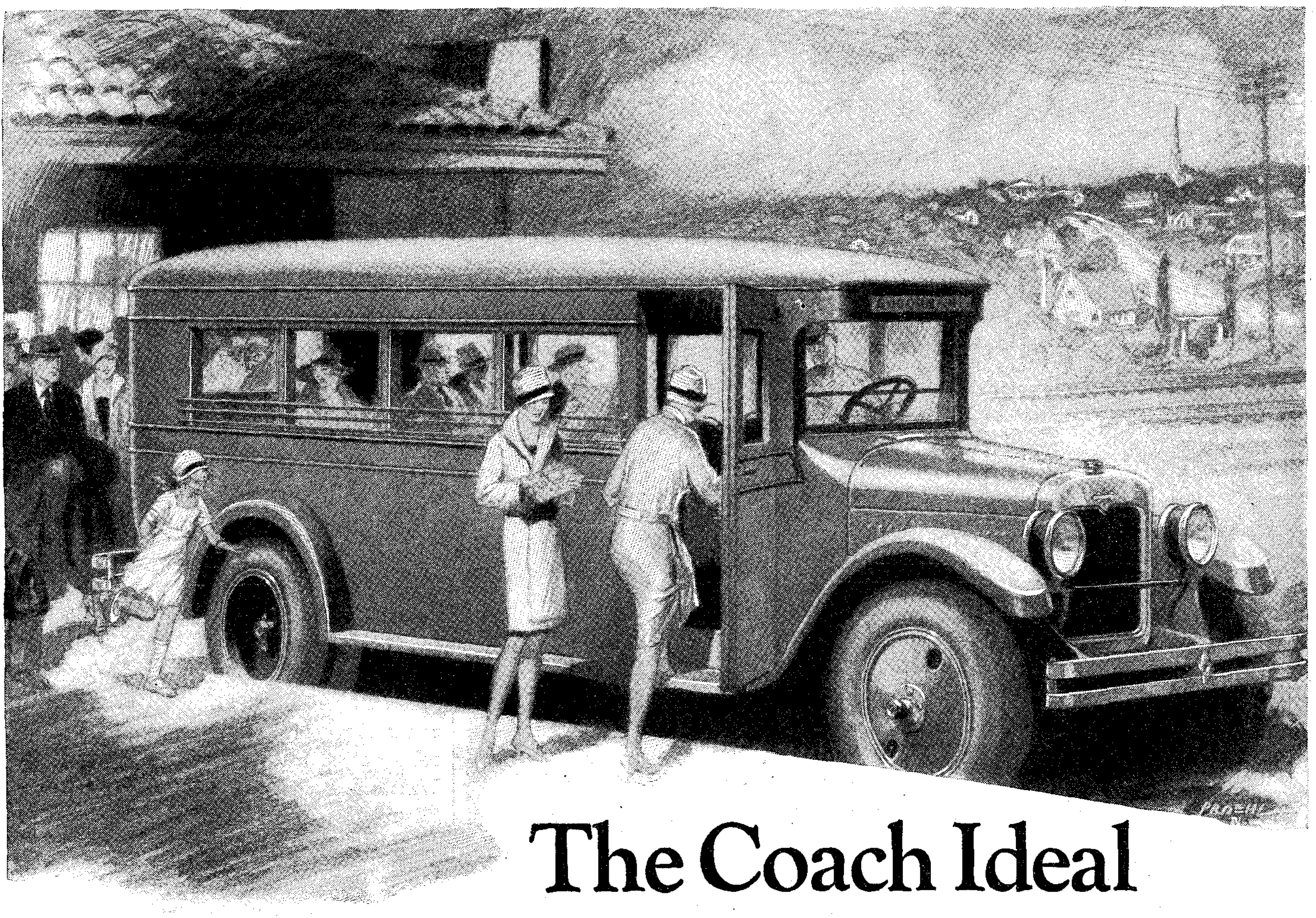
> At the outset of modern road buildi the usual practise was to defray the cos from property taxes, and from bond issues Later, as it was recognized that th automobile received a special benefit fro the road improvement, a special vehic tax was instituted. The average tot

RECENT EXPENDITURES ON HIGHWAYS

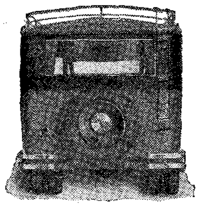
(From *The Index*, based on statistics from the Federal Bureau of Public Roads.)

	1914	*1922*	*1923*	*1924*	*1925*
Total Road Mileage.....	2,445,761	2,960,000	2,995,727	3,004,411	3,006,082
Rural Highway Expenditures..............	....	$898,352,307	$996,781,038	$1,181,521,115	$1,288,939,707
Motor Vehicle Licenses, etc. Revenues.......	$12,382,031	$152,047,824	$188,970,992	$225,492,252	$260,619,621
Gasoline Tax Receipts ...	....	$12,703,088	$38,566,338	$79,734,490	$1,146,028,940
Federal Aid Amount Authorized............	....	$75,000,000	$50,000,000	$65,000,000	$75,000,000

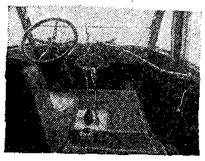
(The 1926 figures are not yet completely available, but under the Federal Aid system $75,000,000 was authorized from the Federal budget and 9,417 miles of road were completed. Gasoline tax receipts for the year amounted to $187,603,231.)



The Coach Ideal for Owner–Rider–Driver



International Model 15 is built on proved coach-engineering principles of design, throughout. The 6-cylinder engine has a large reserve of speed and power. Any chassis-unit or part of any unit may be removed without disturbing any other unit, and with minimum effort.



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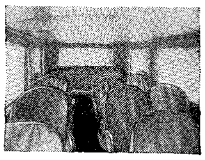

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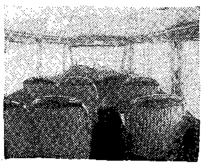

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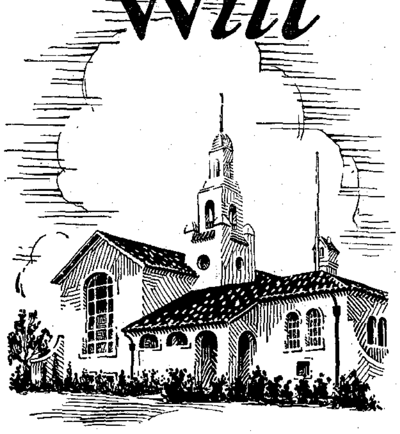

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

Federal and State, of special taxes per car is now about $26; the levy has purposely been kept low in order not to discourage the purchase of automobiles.

Yet the total sum annually produced by special taxes and property taxes has grown, it is estimated, to an amount equivalent to about half of the total annual highway expenditures. The revenue from the gasoline and automobile taxes has made possible a lowering of the general property tax, and particularly of the assessments on contiguous farm land, which has sometimes been unduly taxed.

The general use of bonds has effected a further distribution of costs, and there has been a recent tendency to resort too often to the issue of securities. To-day the current general tax receipts used for highway development amount to only about 4 per cent. of the annual tax bill of the nation and its subdivisions.

Experience with motor transportation has taught the lesson that national highway improvement begins to pay for itself almost immediately and continues to do so as long as the degree of development is not in excess of the economic traffic needs. If the automobile stimulated the building of good roads, it is equally true that good roads have made the universal use of the automobile possible, and in so doing have played an important part in the progress of American industry.

WHY TRADE DOESN'T FOLLOW THE DOLLAR

IT has been a popular belief that a lending nation is in a position to secure and does secure special privileges for its own exporters in the markets of the borrowing country, and specifically in the sales of supplies wanted for the particular enterprises that are being financed—in other words, that trade follows the dollar, But this popular contention, held almost axiomatic, is seriously damaged, says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, by A. P. Winston of the University of Texas, in an article in the *American Economic Review* (Evanston). "Price and quality," we read on in the New York paper, "were, it is proved, in pre-war days the decisive actors in determining the distribution of orders by South American governments, and by the Chinese when they built railroads with the proceeds of foreign loans." Professor Winston reaches his conclusions by a detailed study of the capitalization and ownership of railroads in South America and China and of the expenditures of those railroads for rails and rolling stock. His researches run over a period of years just previous to the war. He selects that period because "post-war commerce has been subject to numerous abnormalities which might lead some readers to question inferences based on the trade of this period." In fact, he says, "any series of years fairly to be regarded as normal would serve; we are dealing essentially with a question of commercial psychology."

Coming down to facts, *The Journal of Commerce* notes that Professor Winston's elaborate tabulations show this:

> Great Britain, with an ownership of 23.5 per cent. of Brazilian rail mileage, sold 12.4 per cent. of the locomotives, 15.3 per cent. of the cars and 10.3 per cent. of the rails. France, with an ownership stake of 46.26 per cent., furnished 0.2 per cent. of the locomotives, 1.7 per cent. of the cars, and 27.1 per cent. of the rails. The United States, with a negligible investment interest in Brazil at that time, provided over half the locomotives bought, 26.5 per cent. of the cars, and 17.8 per cent. of the rails.

Similar analyses made for Chile and Argentina show the same lack of nationalistic connection between borrowing and buying. In Argentina the nations without substantial investment sold more goods than the two nationalities which owned 85.4 per cent. of the railways of the country. In Brazil the Americans and Germans with an insignificent investment sold 75.2 per cent. of the locomotives.

A study of railroad loans to China in connection with exports of rails and rolling stock to China reveals to Professor Winston a similar striking fact: "Large sales with scant investment from the United States, heavy investment by the French with small sales, the Germans, Belgians, and British contributing a large amount both to capital and material."

So Professor Winston comes to the conclusion that railway materials in Asia and South America have not been purchased with a prevailing regard for the nationality of manufacturers:

> For each nation trade has followed investment somewhat in proportion to each nation's industrial capacity. French manufacturers have not found a market even when large amounts of French capital have been placed. Manufacturers of the United States and Germany have sold in large amounts where substantially no American or German capital has been employed. Even railways financed from Great Britain—great in manufacturing as well as in foreign investment—have drawn to some degree upon the markets of other nationalities.
>
> Investors in enterprises so hazardous and frequently unprofitable could not sacrifice their economic advantage for patriotism if they would. Borrowers have refused to grant the lenders a monopoly of supply. Proponents of this doctrine do not find for us the patriot who sacrifices his profits by preferring his manufacturing compatriots.

Striking as these conclusions are, *The Journal of Commerce* does not believe that they prove absolutely that trade will continue to ignore the flag because it did so before the outbreak of the war:

> The nationalistic spirit has been immensely strengthened since that conflict, and the tendency to link trade with patriotism has become more pronounced. Doubtless borrowing governments, if they are left free, will in the future, as in the past, buy in the cheapest markets that provide them with the quality of goods required. However, they will probably

more often than in the past find that the scope of their discretion has been restricted by the terms of the loan or by the grant of special concessions that makes it desirable for them to buy in countries from which they are borrowing.

OUR LEAD IN ALUMINUM

ALUMINUM wasn't much more than a curiosity thirty-five years ago, but to-day it is almost as familiar as iron, is relatively cheap and is extremely important in industry. These observations on the part of the New York *Journal of Commerce* are called forth by statistics recently issued by an authoritative German bureau which show America's increasing lead in both production and consumption of the metal. The figures are given in round numbers in metric tons:

Production	*Total*	*United States*	*Per Cent.*
1926	199,700	75,000	38.0
1925	187,100	68,000	36.3
1913	65,200	20,900	32.0
Consumption			
1926	190,400	109,000	57.2
1925	183,100	90,000	49.1
1913	66,100	31,200	47.2

Last year there was established a new record, we read, in the aluminum industry—"a world's production of nearly 200,000 tons and a consumption of over 190,000 tons." *The Journal of Commerce* points out that:

> In this expansion American predominance is notable. Our refineries produced 75,000 tons, or 38 per cent. against 36.3 per cent. in 1925, and our industries consumed 109,000 tons. The latter increase was striking, or 57.2 per cent. in 1926, against 49 per cent. in 1925. The data also show that Germany was a poor second, her output last year having been 29,600 tons and consumption 22,600 tons. If comparisons are made with 1913 the world's production and consumption are about three times what they were before the war, with American output nearly 400 per cent. and consumption about 300 per cent. larger than in those days.
>
> Rapid strides have been recently made in the development and heat treatment of aluminum and its alloys. Many new high strength, light alloys have been found which by heat treatment are equal to some plain carbon and alloy steels. The use of these in industry is increasing rapidly, particularly for certain structural purposes. One prominent instance is the extensive use in street-car construction. On December 1, last year, such a car was put in operation in Cleveland. According to reports, it is nearly 30 per cent. lighter than steel cars and can be operated at a power saving of more than 20 per cent. If this be true, that field alone is a wide one. And in airplanes, dirigibles and in auto buses the application of these alloys is rapidly increasing—an explanation of the large consumption of the metal by American industry. Its development must be closely watched.

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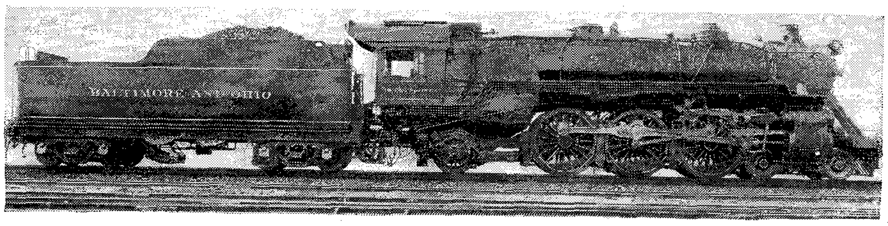

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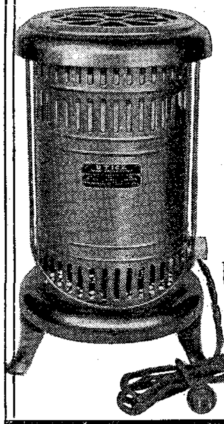

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

October 25.—The Italian liner *Principessa Mafalda*, which sailed from Genoa with 1,256 passengers and crew for Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, is sunk about eighty miles from the coast of the State of Bahia, with a loss of 293 lives.

October 26.—Samuel Schwartzbard is acquitted by a Paris jury of the murder of Gen. Simon Petlura, the Ukrainian Army head who was charged with inspiring pogroms in Ukrainia.

The French Minister of Commerce announces the virtual conclusion of a temporary tariff agreement between France and the United States under which American goods in general will have the same treatment they had before the new system went into effect, except in cases where the rate applied to German goods is below that formerly applied to similar American goods, in which cases American goods will pay the rate paid by Germany.

October 28.—Former Prefect Axente is arrested in Roumania on a charge of printing secret manifestos on behalf of Prince Carol, seeking the throne of Roumania, and Colonel Teodorescu, it is announced, is to be court-martialed on a charge of possessing a secret military code.

October 29.—Prof. Peter Kozloff, a Russian explorer, is reported to have discovered the tomb of Genghis Kahn, Mongolian conqueror, near the ruins of the dead city of Khara-Khoto, in the Gobi Desert.

Twenty-one people are killed and many are injured, and much material damage is done, by a storm sweeping the British Isles.

October 30.—Admiral Paul Kondouriotis, President of the Greek Republic, escapes with a slight injury from an attempt to assassinate him.

Maximilian Harden, noted German editor and writer, dies at Montan-Vermal, Switzerland. He was sixty-eight.

October 31.—United States Marines are reported to have been in another engagement with Nicaraguan guerrillas, of whom five were killed, with no casualties among the Marines.

DOMESTIC

October 26.—Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas, Republican leader of the Senate, announces his candidacy for the Republican nomination for President.

October 29.—John J. Mitchell, one of the best known bankers in the country, and Mrs. Mitchell are killed in an automobile accident near Libertyville, Illinois.

Mrs. Frances Wilson Grayson, who has been attempting a flight to Copenhagen, postpones the project, it is announced.

October 30.—Four people are killed in a Fairchild cabin monoplane, belonging to the Colonial Air Transport Company, when it crashes near Hadley Field, New Jersey.

October 31.—Secretary of the Treasury Mellon recommends to the House Ways and Means Committee a maximum reduction of $225,000,000 in Federal taxes.

The Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics announces that Col. Charles A. Lindbergh has been retained by the Fund as a consultant on its program for the development of aviation.

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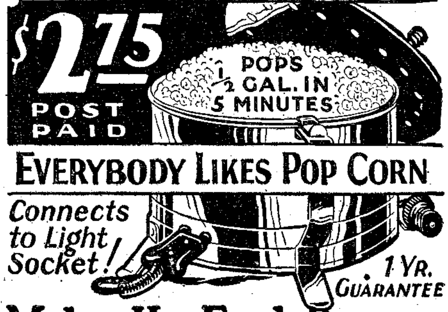

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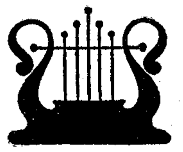

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications

choose.—"U. S. S.," Washington, D. C.—Lord Palmerston did not originate the expression, "I do not choose." Palmerston was born in the year 1784; Lord John Russell in 1792, but in 1801 Maria Edgeworth in her "Moral Tales" made use of this expression: "He did not *choose* to keep a clerk who was not in his interests." The same expression occurs in Routledge's edition of the "Arabian Nights," published in 1853: "He did not *choose* to speak to her in public." Go still further back if you wish to, but in this instance the sense is somewhat different—"wish to have or want." The "Vicar of Wakefield" was written in 1765, and therein Goldsmith says: "The landlady returned to know if we did not *choose* a more genteel apartment." But the phrase is Shakespearian. "Oh me, the word *choose!* I may neither *choose* whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike," occurs in the "Merchant of Venice," act i, scene 2, in the year of our Lord 1595, and he juggled with the word throughout his plays. "I will not *choose* what many men desire," occurs in the "Merchant of Venice"; "I can not *choose* but pity her" in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona"; "You can not *choose* but lose by it" in "All's Well that Ends Well"; "Thou canst not *choose* but know who I am" in "Twelfth Night." When, in 1729, Butler wrote, "He chose to forego the pleasure rather than endure the pain," he decided in accordance with his inclination.

Dail Eireann.—"A. R.," Chicago, Ill.—The pronunciation recorded in this column, recently, has been modified by usage and a pilgrim, recently returned from Ireland, tells the Lexicographer that the Dail is referred to there as the *Dahl* or *Doll.*

drive slow.—"R. C.," Sydney, New South Wales.—The good man who told you that "drive slow" is not good English has forgotten that age and respectability are two characteristics that make for good English. *Slow*, as an adverb, dates from the 14th century, and Shakespeare used it in "Midsummer Night's Dream," act i, scene 1; Milton also introduced it in "Il Penseroso." Dryden introduced it in his translation of Vergil's "Georgics." It was not strange to Byron. Thomson introduced it into his wonderful poem on "Summer," and it was popular with Thackeray, and with many more writers, and in chapter 8 of "Vanity Fair," we read: "We drove very *slow* for the two last stages on the road." It is true, however, that the form *slowly* antedates *slow* by at least one hundred and fifty years, for Wyclif introduced it in his translation of the Acts of the Apostles, chapter 27, but at this time, English spelling was not as stable as it is to-day. Therefore, we find the form *slowli* in this citation from Wyclif; yet in another of his works he spelled it *slowliche*. In old English the word was spelled *slawlice* or *slawliche.*

eeny, meeny, etc.—"E. E. N.," Pelham, N. Y., writes: "In 1923 while doing some work under Professor Krapp of Columbia University, we were tracing vowel-sounds from Old English through Middle English to modern English. The question of *eeny, meeny, miny, mo* came up for minute study. If I remember correctly, it was decided that *eeny, meeny, miny, mo* was good Middle English for *any, many, minus, more.* This belief was strengthened by the Elizabethan 'mo' for *more.* If this be so, the riming system of elimination by counting was extant during the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries. Since it was the sort of thing that would not be written down, but would be passed on by word of mouth from generation to generation, it escaped the normal corruption of ordinary words which went through the subsequent changes to modern English."

shoppe.—"E. N. C.," Columbus, O.—The Lexicographer has no information concerning the pronunciation of the spelling *shoppe*. The form, so spelled, first occurred in Chaucer's time, and is noted in the "Cook's Tale," and altho it continued in use down to 1600, he has no guide which would help him to determine the point you raise

The word itself has been spelled variously—*schoppes* (1362); *schop* (1420); *chope* (1435); *schoopp* (1515); *choippis* (plural, 1554), and as the people spelled as they pronounced, the pronunciations may have been as varied as the spellings

spinster.—"H R. B.," New York City.—According to legend, King Alfred's mother trained her daughters to spin, and from this early practise that part of a house devoted to feminine occupation became known as the *spindle side.* From the use of the spindle by single women, we derive the term *spinster*.

supplanted with, supplanted by.—"T. B. McC," Mayaguez, Porto Rico.—The preposition *by* is correct, yet "supplanted *with*" dates back to 1624, and is to be found in Capt. John Smith's "History of Virginia," and was used originally in 1576. To-day, however, *by* is accepted as correct.

thoroughbred.—"C. N W.," Clarksdale, Ariz. —The word is a common noun and should not be capitalized.

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LAYING 173 EGGS
—*Grand Junction (Col.) paper.*

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"How did he do it?"

"He refused to let me marry his daughter."—*Der Brummer (Berlin).*

Turn the Rascals Out.—
REPUBLICANS TRIUMPH
Toss Girl Off Train
—*Scare heads in a Portland (Ore.) paper.*

Puzzle for Morticians.—Head-line in exchange—"Too Many Deaths from Football."

Well, how many would be just about right?—*Boston Transcript.*

Popular Cause.—If Pullman porters really want to abolish tipping, all they have to do is to take a decided stand on the matter; we can assure them of plenty of backing.—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

Sweetening the Blow.—An author who recently submitted a manuscript to a firm of Chinese publishers received the following letter covering its return:

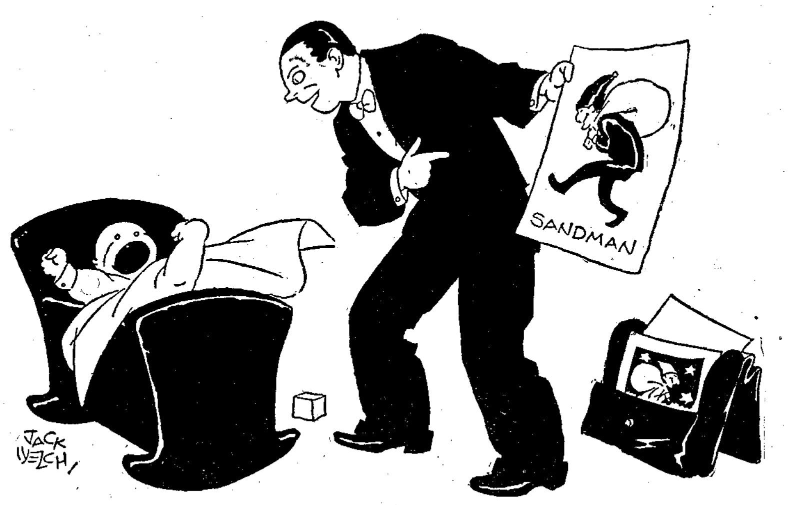
"We read your manuscript with boundless delight. By the sacred ashes of our ancestors we swear that we have never dipt into a book of such overwhelming mastery. If we were to publish this book it would be impossible in the future to issue any book of a lower standard.

"As it is unthinkable that within the next ten thousand years we shall find its equal, we are, to our great regret, compelled to return this too divine work and beg you a thousand times to forgive our action."—*Siam Observer (Bangkok).*

Waking Up.—JULIA—"What is the cure for love at first sight?"

AMELIA—"Second sight."—*London Opinion.*

Ragging the Classics.—It was an amateur play and the manager said that everybody in the cast was jealous of everybody else. He declared that never again would he manage an amateur play. When questioned about his main difficulty, he made reply: "I'm having a deuce of a time keeping the peace between Damon and Pythias."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



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PATHETIC FIGURES

A high-powered salesman trying to sell his baby the idea of going to sleep.

—*Life.*

Roaring Idea.—
LIONS TO PROVIDE
MILK IN SCHOOLS
—*Long Island paper.*

Damaged Partner.—"Have you heard that Mr. Lehmann has had both his legs cut off on the railway?"

"What a shame! He danced so beautifully!"—*Nagels Lustige Welt (Berlin).*

A Walkover.—Dayton, October 12.—Lieut. I. A. Woodring, averaging 158,968 miles an hour, won the Mitchell trophy air race held in connection with the dedication of Wright Field to-day.—*Kansas City Times.*

Model for Husbands.—The harassed-looking man was being shown over some works.

"That machine," said his guide, "does the work of thirty men."

The man smiled glumly.

"At last," he said, "I have seen what my wife should have married."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Cookery with a Kick.—YOUNG WIFE—"I'm afraid, dear, my pie is not all it should be. I think I must have left something out."

HUSBAND (with a grimace, after sampling it)—"There's nothing you could leave out that would make it taste like that. It must be something you put in."—*Boston Transcript.*

We Demur.—The cake was of three lawyers with plain white icing.—*Stockton (Calif.) paper.*

Practical Politics.—"Atlas carried the world on his shoulders."

"What we want is a man who can carry a few close States."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Call a Chiropodist.—As Fall proceeded, Mrs. Fall sat in the front row of the spectators' section visibly disturbed. She wrung her hands during the three minutes her husband was on her feet.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

Licensed Gold-digger.—MISS BROWN—"I suppose you were nervous when you first asked your husband for money."

MISS BRIDEY—"No, I was calm—and collected."—*Boston Transcript.*

Get a Cradle.—FIRST ASSISTANT VICE-PRESIDENT—"What sort of a position would your son like?"

SECOND ASSISTANT VICE-PRESIDENT—"As nearly horizontal as he can get."—*Cornell Widow.*

The Needle, Watson.—No trace of the flyers was found, but the condition of the plane indicated that they had jumped from the plane before it landed, or left it after it descended.—*Unidentified Clipping.*

Picked the Wrong Sport.—CONVICT (reading newspaper)—"Dere's justice for yer! A football player breaks two men's jaws and another man's leg and is de lion of de hour, while I gets ten years for only stunnin' an old guy wid a blackjack."—*Boston Transcript.*

Florida Climate.—"Hello, Maggie! How are you getting on at school?"

"Fine. I'm getting in the best position in the class."

"Splendid! Top, I suppose?"

"No; right at the foot, near the hot-water pipes."—*Tit-Bits.*

Brain-work Stuff.—FARMER—"Thought you said you had plowed the ten-acre field?"

PLOWMAN—"No; I only said I was thinking about plowing it."

"Oh, I see you've merely turned it over in your mind."—*Christian Evangelist.*

Taming the Wild.—"Hello, old man, where have you been?"

"Just got back from a camping trip."

"Roughing it, eh?"

"You bet. Why, one day our portable dynamo went on the bum and we had no hot water, heat, electric lights, ice or radio for almost two hours."—*Life.*